SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXI MARCH, 1917 NO. 3

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A snow-shoe hike across country.

AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES AND THE WHITE OUTDOORS

BY LAWRENCE PERRY

OUT of the white, gleaming, open spaces has come to the students of our northern colleges and universities the ringing outdoor call. The response to it marks one of the significant phases of extra-curricular life in seats of learning which look frequently upon areas of snow and ice between early December and March, while the young men of institutions situated in less vigorous environment who are obliged, as one may say, to take their winter weather when they can get it, have begun to recognize the opportunities for exhilarating sport that lurk in the heart of the so-called closed months.

It is a thoroughly wholesome condition; it makes for husky physique, singing blood, and clear heads. Probing deeper, we find in faculty circles a well-established theory that this modern outdoor tendency serves in considerable degree to ameliorate problems of student control; for be it known that your average college boy lacks something of that complete repose in his hibernating period which marks the ursine species. It may be only a coincidence, but the fact remains that old barns and hayricks contiguous to northern centres of education are no longer burned on winter nights, and that derangements of dormitory lighting systems and other manifestations of youthful exuberance are rapidly passing into the limbo of tradition.

Dartmouth makes as much of winter sports as she does of football. Activities on snow and ice are conducted on a definite, organized basis, and she is spon-

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sor for brave, inspiring out-of-door intercollegiate contests, with dark, quivering pines and silent white mountains as a background, at a time when her southerly friends are shivering over steam-radiators,

There may be no doubt that eventually every college and university which is situated in a region where snow and ice obtain over at least a few weeks of winter will go in for winter sports along definite,

From a photograph by Leland Griggs.

A Dartmouth ski-jumper.

A skilled ski-jumper coming down-hill like a flash and soaring into the air, is a thrilling spectacle to witness.—Page 267.

or cheering for basket-ball in stuffy gymnasiums, or for hockey in damp buildings devoted to the manufacture of artificial ice.

Williams has a strong winter-sport system which involves a large percentage of her student body; so have the University of Vermont, Colgate, Middlebury, Massachusetts "Aggies," and, in an unorganized but growing basis, New Hampshire State, Cornell, Wisconsin, and Amherst.

organized lines. Once a start is made, enthusiasm arises spontaneously. For there is a poetry in the winter hills that grips, a lure that once felt is irresistible. The tang of the sharp air adds zest to the competitive spirit, sharpens the desire to excel, while at the same time opponents on ski or snow-shoe or ice-boat are bound together in the fraternal ties of a common enthusiasm.

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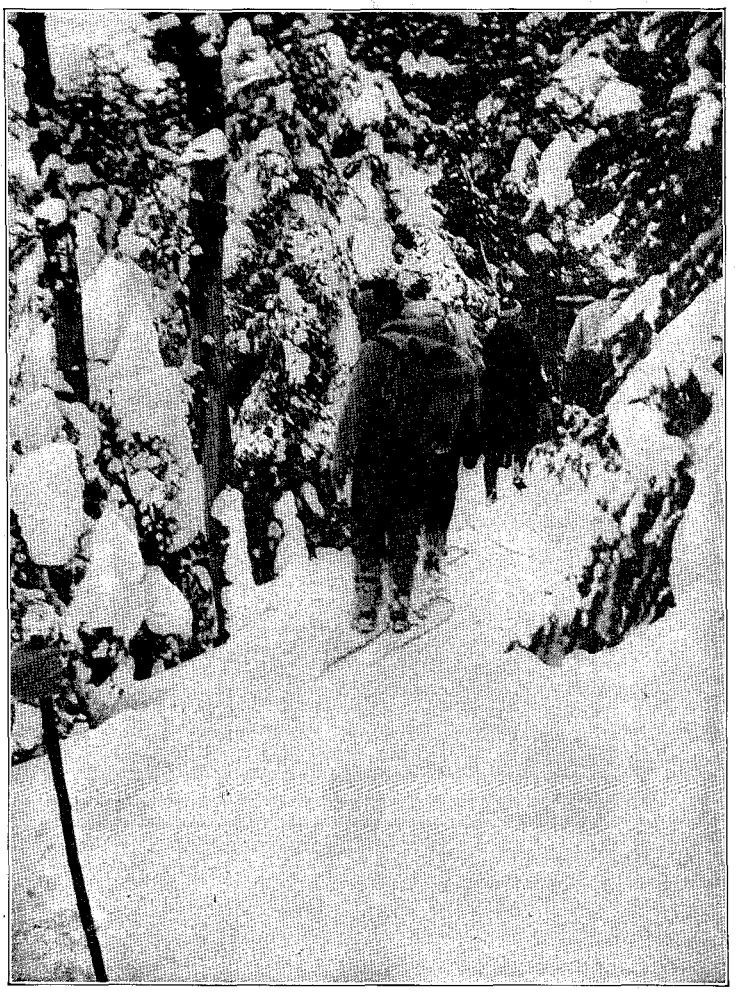
And those who for the first time fare forth on a hike when the world glitters and the new-fallen snow crinkles under foot, find that life holds for them that which they did not expect. Indian file, while the odor of frying bacon and broiling steak arise. The evening wind begins to moan through the pines, the shadows melt on the snows, and the eyes of lusty men turn toward the pine-bough beds



From a photograph by Leland Griggs.

Dartmouth students on the trail.

Indian file, over partially obliterated trails, the long line of sturdy youth wends its way.

over partially obliterated trails, the long line of sturdy youth in many-colored toques and mackinaws wends its way, say, to a trail cabin at the base of a brooding mountain. Here are blankets, firewood, cooking-utensils. A sparkling brook flows near by. Soon smoke is curling from the cabin chimney, and the pedestrians gather about the roaring logs with their pipes with their layers of double blankets. Never doubt they'll sleep; never doubt they'll return to their classrooms with brighter eyes, quieter nerves, and a vast store of bounding health.

Cornell, while finding the weather too variable to admit of the organization of winter sports upon a definite basis, is none the less ardent in their pursuit, and

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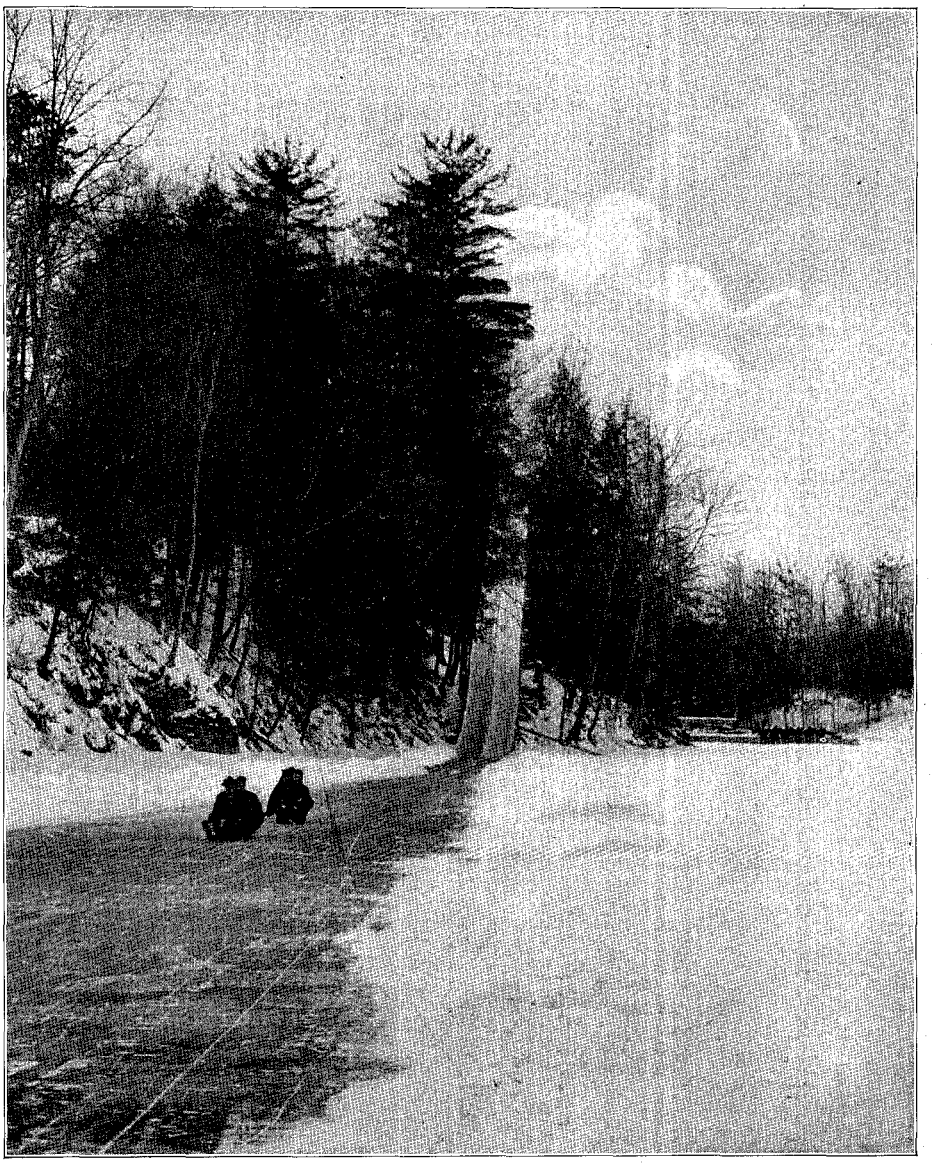

The steel toboggan, Beebe Lake, Cornell University.
Here tobogganing flourishes whenever weather allows.

even finds in them a source of financial increment. Cayuga Lake rarely freezes over, and when it does the ice is generally fissured and seamed because of the great depth of water. On the campus, however, is Beebe Lake, an artificial body of water a quarter of a mile long, sheltered by steep banks. Here tobogganing flourishes whenever weather allows, and skating, of course. The university permits the athletic association to charge an admission to skaters and toboggan parties and the money goes to the support of minor sports. There is a steel toboggan slide on the south bank of the lake and it is very popular with the entire student body. Skiing is also in favor with the students, but there is no club

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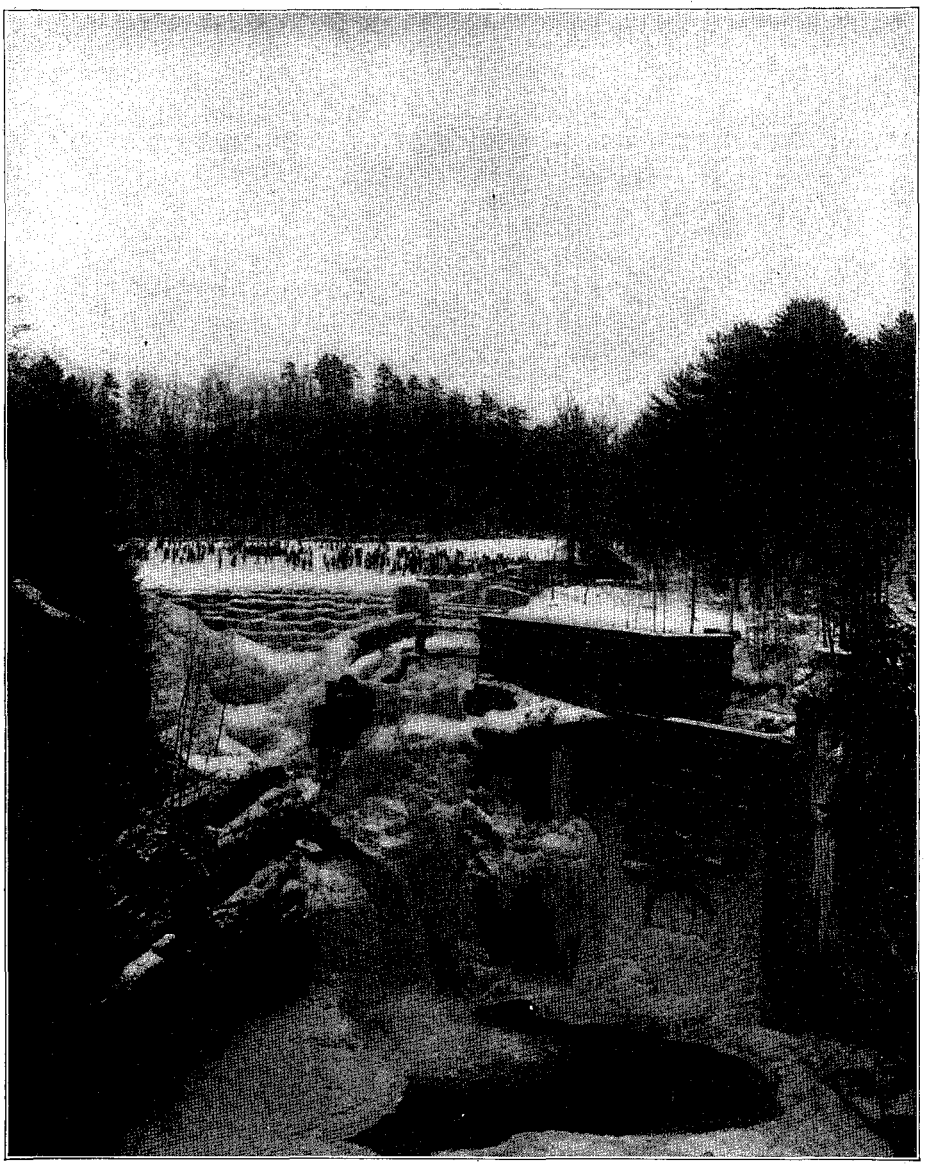

Cornell students on Beebe Lake. Triphammer Falls in foreground.

Beebe Lake, an artificial body of water a quarter of a mile long. . . . The university permits the athletic association to charge an admission, and the money goes to the support of minor sports.—Page 262.

and the sport is purely an individual affair. There is every desire for the conduct of winter sports on the Dartmouth scale, but unfortunately the climate at Cornell is tempered by the lakes of central New York and thus Ithaca is not in the snow belt.

Amherst and Yale have not gone in for outdoor sports amid the snows in any organized way, but among the student body are included many who fare forth on ski and snow-shoe when conditions permit, and entrants from both these seats of learning have flaunted the purple and white and the blue at the Williams and Dartmouth carnivals. Colgate, a small college with a vast amount of spirit, has an outing club and sends her men far

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and wide to winter meets in the northern region, while each winter she holds a meet of her own. The weather in the region of Hamilton, New York—the seat of Colgate—is ideal for winter sports of all sorts. Middlebury College, at Middlebury, Vermont, has frequently sent her ski and snow-shoe men to Hanover, and this year for the first time she has a flourishing outing club.

Hockey at Colgate University, Hamilton, N. Y.
The seat of Colgate is ideal for winter sports of all sorts.

The University of Vermont at Burlington also has a comprehensive winter outdoor sport system directed by an outing club which comprises practically the entire student body.

These outing clubs do a splendid work in interesting students in the pleasures of the open country, and all the system of conducting trips, establishing trail cabins, mapping the country, and organizing carnivals comes under their sole supervision. Carnivals, of course, are devised as means to an end, that end being the developing of enthusiasm for all forms of skating, snow-shoeing, skiing, tramping, and camping. They are colorful and picturesque, and serve to throw into the light of publicity deep-chested, rugged, powerful men, most of whose spare time is spent in the white open on ski or snow-shoe, or brooding over the blazing logs in some far-away trail cabin. Their skill and their strength, the feats they accomplish both in the way of endurance and of specialized aptitude, create throughout the college a spirit of emulation which each winter serves to enlist an increasing number of men in the pursuit of the white outdoor gods.

In the universities of our northwest there is no definite organization devoted to the encouragement of skiing, snow-shoeing, and the like. Perhaps this is because so many of the students have been accustomed to the employment of the shoe and the ski in a practical way. The snows are deep in northern Wisconsin and Minnesota, and not a few of the students come from the lumber regions, where these articles are a matter of course. Students at these universities use them day in and day out as they have always used them —to get somewhere.

But a sport that does flourish at Wisconsin is ice-boating. Lake Mendota, at Madison, upon which the university is most beautifully situated, is frozen practically all winter, and is of sufficient area to admit of the widest latitude in manœuvring these swift craft. The ice-boat is for racing *per se*. It has no other use.

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Student of Williams College on a hike.

There is a poetry in the winter hills that grips, a lure that once felt is irresistible.—Page 260.

The Wisconsin students so use it, and it is their testimony that they cause more thrills to the square inch than any sport ever devised—not even excepting football. When the ice-boat approaches head on, one runner rearing high in the air, it is a frightful thing to contemplate. Its sheer momentum dazes the observer. Sometimes it takes affairs into its own hands, throws out its sailors, and goes careering off to destruction like a maddened horse. It is the testimony at Wisconsin that the sport of ice-boating furnishes more to the second than any known thing. Robert Louis Stevenson said of his experience on such a craft that it "was living three to the minute." And so it is. It is the swiftest speed engine ever designed by man—the aeroplane excepted; it has travelled two miles in ninety sec-

Snow-shoeing party of Middlebury College leaving for a tramp to Lake Champlain.

Middlebury this year for the first time has a flourishing outing club.—Page 264.

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From a photograph by Leland Griggs.

Dartmouth ski-jumpers, three abreast.
It is a fascinating sport and an art as well.

onds. Many students own their own craft while others rent them from firms in Madison. Skating, tobogganing, and hockey are other attractions that offer amusement for a great portion of the student body. As a matter of fact, it is not an uncommon winter spectacle for *two or three thousand to be on the lake at one time.*

Lovers of outdoor life who have never learned to ski have missed a great deal. It is a fascinating sport and an art as well. A narrow, clean-cut spoor—always the sign of an accomplished ski-runner—lying across the white flank of a hill is a beautiful thing to behold, and so are the "herring-bone" tracks which a knight of the ski will record on the flawless snow as evidence of his skill.

Once the writer, who had not mastered the art, undertook to follow a ski-runner through the snows of a northern forest on snow-shoes. The journey of several miles was for the most part a solitary one; the man on skis would glide along companionably on the level or up-grade, but when a hill or the slightest depression appeared he would wave his hand in gesture of farewell and disappear.

It is really a modern sport, at least modern so far as popularity goes. Historically, however, skiing dates back some fourteen hundred years. Procopius—sixth century—refers to it, and in the thirteenth century Saxo Grammaticus. The inhabitants of northern Norway have employed the ski time out of mind. It was not, however, until the late seventies that peasants from Telemark came to a winter meet held near Christiania and electrified observers with their proficiency on skis. All of Norway went in for the sport with enthusiasm, but it was a long time before it spread to other lands. Now there are ski clubs throughout the world where winters are characterized by snow and ice.

The ski is used as a practical means of locomotion as well as for sport. Dwellers of northern mountain districts find it essential in the closed months, but they use it as they use shoes and stockings, with no thought of carrying it beyond a

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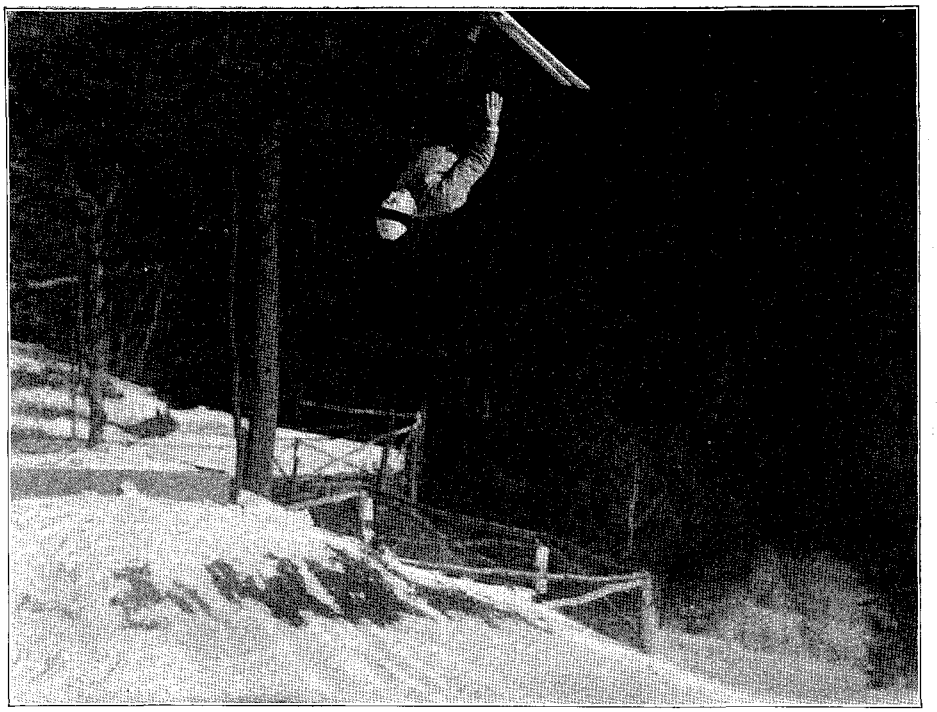

From a photograph by Leland Griggs.

Paulson, of New Hampshire State College, turning a "flip."

Last year at the Dartmouth Carnival, Paulson . . . startled the thousands of spectators by turning a complete somersault.

merely utilitarian purpose. In the realm of sport skiing has attained its great development as an art, and ornate furbishings, such as the Telemark and Christiana swings and other methods of turning or stopping forward progress, the recording of various sorts of tracks, and ski-joring and ski-skating and ski-jumping have been applied in the course of the years.

The general impression of ski-jumping seems to be that the runner in his course down hill leaps into the air and alights some feet farther down. This is not the case. Jumps are always made from an inequality on a hill or mountain side. This inequality may be natural or artificial. Usually it is artificial, as perfect take-offs do not as a rule grow of themselves. Take-offs are built at heights ranging from two feet for beginners to eight feet for adepts. It is nothing more than a snow-covered platform, projecting from the hillside several hundred feet from the starting-point. A skilled ski-jumper coming down hill like a flash of light, taking the jump and soaring into the air, landing straight as an arrow from eighty to a hundred feet farther down, and gliding out of sight is a thrilling spectacle to witness.

Last year at the Dartmouth Carnival, Paulson, of New Hampshire University, startled the thousands of spectators by turning a complete somersault as he left the take-off. He repeated this hair-raising feat many times, while cameras clicked and the wintry welkin shook with acclaim.

The snow-shoe, of course, has existed in varying forms from the time when men first went abroad on the snows. It rivals the ski in point of popularity with the students at Dartmouth, Williams, and other winter-sport colleges. And the visitor is likely to hear a great deal of good-natured argument as to the relative merits of the two forms of travel.

As a matter of fact, it has often been demonstrated that a beginner on snow-shoes can easily outdistance the novice on skis, because snow-shoeing is by no means as difficult an accomplishment. There is

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not the slightest doubt, however, that a good ski-runner can lose the best man on snow-shoes. It is true that the latter makes better headway through thick underbrush on the side of a hill and in thickly wooded lands; none the less, the man on skis more than holds his own with the exponent of the webbed shoe in general cross-country work. Yet, as indicated, the snow-shoe sections of the various outing clubs form a very strong element therein.

Dartmouth was the founder of organized winter sport in this country and to-day stands supreme in the field. The plan of bringing together students who loved the splendid Hanover country, of exploring near-by mountains, and of going far afield into the higher hills of New Hampshire met with instant approval when the Dartmouth Outing Club was formed during the winter of 1909–10.

From a photograph by Leland Griggs.

Cabin at Skyline Farm, Littleton, north end of the Dartmouth sixty-mile trail.

It was during the early weeks of this winter that a lonely ski-runner would fare forth from the university in the white dawn of a day of recess, dipping and rising from valley to valley, returning when the western horizon revealed over the tops of the brooding pines a broad crimson gash. And he marvelled that with more than a thousand red-blooded men housed near by he rarely saw a ski-track other than his own and all too few traces of the webbed foot. He was Frank H. Harris, of the class of 1911, and he deserves a monument on the Dartmouth campus; for it was he who sent the call ringing through listless dormitory and fraternity house, and so ended the one bane of existence at Hanover—the long winter months. It is a fact now that an appreciable proportion of Dartmouth's student body sees the passing of the snow with a tinge of regret. For the Outing Club is one of Dartmouth's strongest institutions, and the annual winter carnival in February has come to be recognized not only as one of the chief functions among the colleges but as one of the great national winter events.

Hanover is very happily located in respect to facilities for winter diversions. It is in a snow belt which has for its southern boundary the northern part of New York State, its northern boundary extending into Canada. The snowfall is heavy, the air dry and cold, so that the snow lies in that powdery, puffy condition which makes for the most satisfactory skiing and snow-shoeing. The university is situated on a pine-covered plateau, rising sheer from the Connecticut River, and on all sides rear the foot-hills of the White Mountains.

Interesting and picturesque places lie in all directions within an hour's trip of the campus. A favorite short trip is through the village of Norwich, Vermont, across the river from Hanover, to Meeting House Hill, where, looking down the wonderful Connecticut River valley, can be seen Mt. Ascutney, nineteen miles away to the north, Mt. Moosilauke, Mt. Cube, and Mt. Lafayette. Or an eight-mile trip to the east, bringing the snow-shoer or ski-runner to the Outing Club hut at the base of Moose Mountain, which affords fine opportunity for climbing. Then there is

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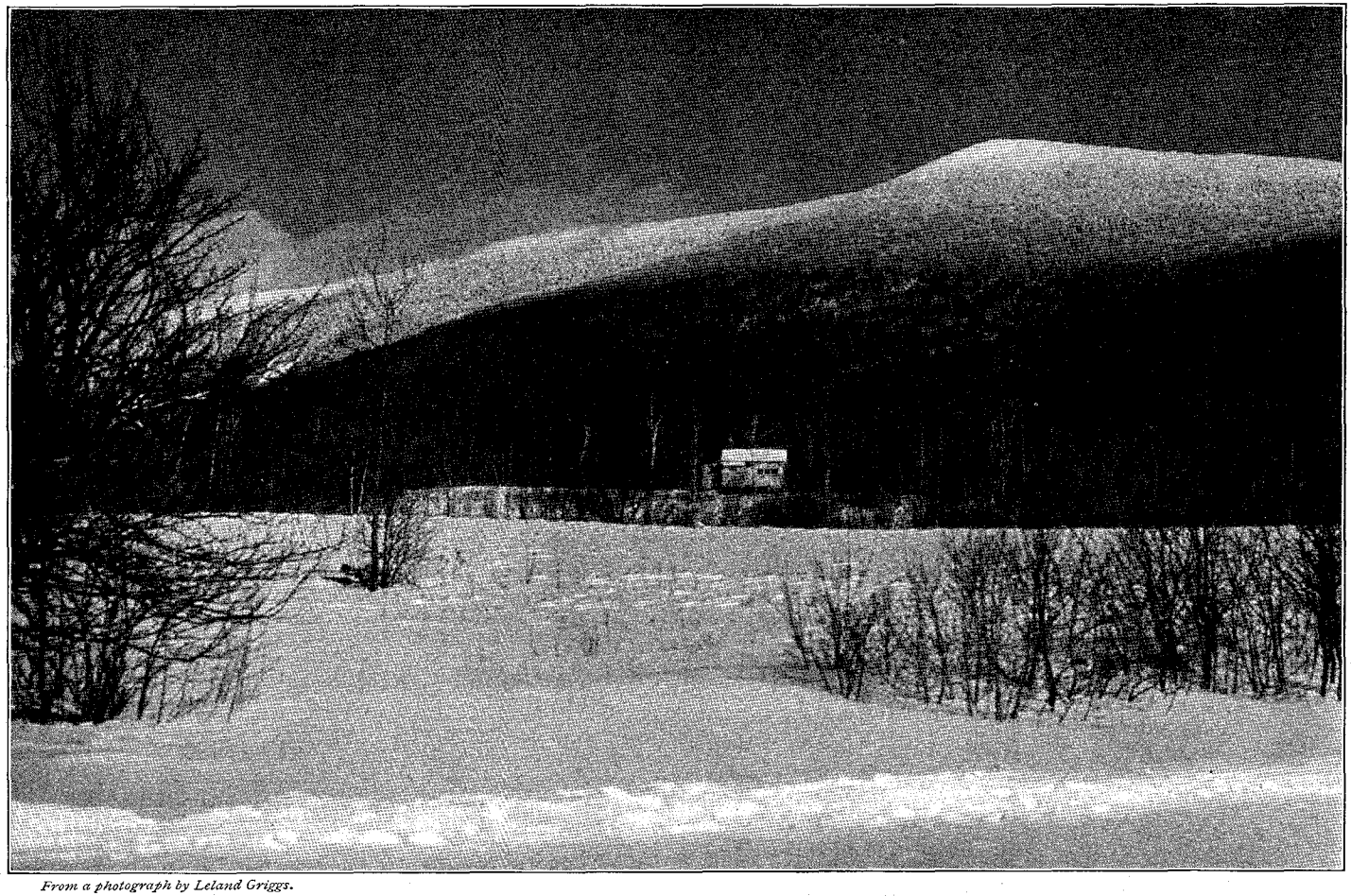

From a photograph by Leland Griggs.

Cabin at Mount Moosilauke.

The plan of exploring near-by mountains and of going far afield into the higher hills met with instant approval when the Dartmouth Outing Club was formed.—Page 268.

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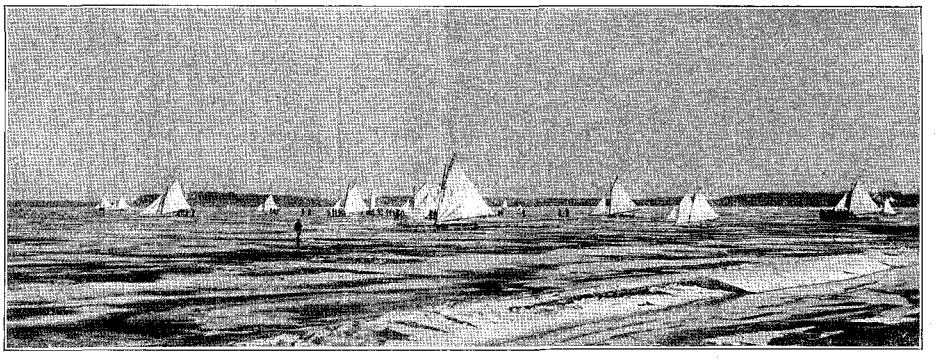

Ice-boating on Lake Mendota, University of Wisconsin.

The lake is frozen practically all winter and is of sufficient area to admit of the widest latitude in manœurving these swift craft.
—Page 264.

the Pompanoosuc River road, which leads the way farther to those beautiful little mountain lakes, Fairlee and Morey. Dartmouth, in brief, is rich in its surrounding spots of beauty.

The Outing Club organizes and codifies these trips and has established huts at strategic points. Work also is continued each year on the establishment of camps penetrating north to the White Mountains. The ambition is eventually to open communications as far north as the Dartmouth Grant, a track of virgin wilderness owned by the college near the Canadian line.

The club now controls the cabin and land at Moose Mountain; two cabins and land at Cube Mountain; a cabin and land at Farmington Pond; a cabin and land at Glen Cliff and the Agassiz Basin; it owns the sky-line farm at Middleton, New Hampshire, as well as ski-jumps and toboggan-slides in the wonderful Vale of Tempe at Hanover. The cabins are constantly kept in order, supplied with blankets and cooking-utensils, and stocked with fire-wood. The club maintains seventy miles of well-marked trail from Hanover to North Woodstock, and conducts trips to points of interest in a five-mile radius of Hanover twice a week throughout the year. There is an occasional long trip to the cabins as well as an annual ski trip to the Green Mountains and one to Mt. Washington in the White Mountains, in which ski-runners from Canadian and other universities participate.

There is an annual ski-relay race with McGill University, alternating between Montreal and Hanover, and club members are entered in various winter meets at North Woodstock, Vermont, Newport, New Hampshire, and at Williamstown.

A winter carnival at Dartmouth is an extraordinary function, and the visitor carries with him from this region of whispering pines and snow indelible impressions. The university throws open its dormitories and fraternity houses to guests, mainly attractive young women and their chaperones, who arrive from all points of the compass on a Thursday night. Alumni come back as for Commencement, with a fair representation of those interested in winter sports from the country round. The meet starts on Friday with preliminary ski and snow-shoe dashes on the Occum Pond; cross-country ski and snow-shoe events, beginning and ending in the Vale of Tempe; obstacle snow-shoe races and a hockey match on the Alumni Oval against a Canadian University team. In the evening the Dramatic Club gives its annual play. On Saturday the ski-joring and intercollegiate relay ski and snow-shoe events are held, and the meet concludes with an intercollegiate ski-jumping contest in which students of American and Canadian seats of learning participate. The carnival closes with the junior prom.

One who has not been at Hanover at this time can have no idea of the genuine enthusiasm which attends these various events. Over the white slopes move several thousand spectators in sleighs, on ski or snow-shoe, or on foot, following the con-

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testants from point to point and cheering them on. And last February, with the carnival a thing of the past, it was interesting to observe next morning groups of students crossing the spacious campus, on skis, packs on their backs, bound for Sabbath communion with the white outdoor gods. The carnival was merely a phase, not the whole of winter at Hanover.

Williams College is almost ideally situated for the enjoyment of winter sports. Surrounded on all sides by mountains varying in height from 2,500 feet to 3,500 feet, this Berkshire community offers countless opportunities for ski and snowshoe trips of almost any length. On the south is Greylock, with an altitude of 3,505 feet, the highest point in the State. From this elevation a superb view is afforded, embracing the Berkshires, Taconics, Green Mountains, and the Catskills, and on clear days even the Adirondacks and the White Mountains. Eastwardly is Hoosic Mountain, which the famous Mohawk Trail straddles. The long range of the Taconics, culminating in Berlin Mountain, 2,804 feet high, along which runs the New York-Massachusetts State line, shuts in the valley on the west. On the north is the Dome, 2,784 feet above sea-level, the imposing southerly outpost of the Green Mountains. Near here starts the Long Trail of the Green Mountain Club, which stretches 250 miles to the Canadian border. All these summits are within eight miles of the town. Shorter hills, ideal for skiing, are numerous near by, and even on the campus.

Despite all these natural advantages, skis, until four years ago, were a curiosity seen once or twice a winter on the campus, and snow-shoes were hardly more common. In the last few years, however, winter sports have come to occupy a large place in college life and interest in them is still growing. Every afternoon parties of enthusiasts may be seen going out or returning from trips. Some are freshmen, bent on getting over their awkwardness on some hill shielded from the public gaze, others upper classmen whose packsacks and blankets speak of longer expeditions.

The Outing Club, to whose efforts these changed conditions are due, was founded in the spring of 1915, with the general purpose of fostering the non-athletic out-

From a photograph, copyright by Wm. Notman & Son, Canada.

Hockey practice, McGill University.

Canadian colleges and universities were our predecessors in the realm of winter sports.—Page 272.

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door life of the college. The first officers were Samuel C. McKown, president; Russel M. Geer, vice-president; Roland Palmedo, secretary, and Roger W. Riis, treasurer. The club met with instantaneous success as it filled a much-needed place among undergraduate activities.

The first definite event of the club took form in the "First Annual Winter Carnival of Williams College." The events were very well contested, although many of the students who were just learning the arts of skiing and snow-shoeing did not enter, thinking themselves too green. The races included 100-yard and mile events for skiers and snow-shoers and a ski-jumping contest. Most of the participators in the latter event were decidedly new at the game, and tradition recalls merry memories of their tumbles and grotesque gyrations. A jump of very modest size was used for this first contest and is still being used by beginners.

Last year's winter carnival was a much more pretentious affair. The list of entrants was almost three times as large as that of the previous winter, and a distinct advance was evident in skill of the contestants. Open and novice short and long distance races for both skiers and snow-shoers were conducted, and all were closely contested. The new ski-jump, which had been built during the fall, could not be used on account of unfavorable weather conditions. The features of the carnival were perhaps the ski-joring races, in which men on skis drive thoroughbred trotters. Three heats were held on the Main Street of the town, and the best time for the 300 yards was 43 seconds from a standing start.

During the winter trips to the neighboring heights, Greylock, Berlin Mountain, and the Dome, are the rule on Saturday afternoons. Greylock is the favorite objective and is visited by scores of students during the winter months. On week-day afternoons the ski-jump, the nearer slopes, and the more accessible heights are popular.

The club entered the present winter season with high hopes and good prospects of getting the majority of the college to spend their recreation hours in the great outdoors instead of in rooms stuffy with tobacco smoke. It will co-operate with the Dartmouth Outing Club in running a combined trip up Mt. Washington, and a four-man ski-relay team will be sent to the winter carnival at Hanover this year.

Canadian colleges and universities were our predecessors in the realm of winter sports by a great many years. As a matter of fact, this was due probably as much to choice as necessity, since the long, hard winters forced outdoor play under any and all conditions. Then, too, the boys of the Dominion come to college adept in the use both of ski and of snow-shoe. It is the testimony of physical directors at Toronto, Ottawa, McGill, Queens, Ridley, McMaster, Trinity, and other seats of learning in Canada, as well as the four Provincial universities—Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, and British Columbia—that winter sports have a directly beneficial effect upon physical efficiency, and that the good results of a winter in the open endure throughout the twelve months. McGill has its ski and snow-shoe club, and annually sends a team to the winter carnival at Hanover as well as to events in Canada. Those who have seen students at their winter sports at the University of British Columbia paint enthusiastic pictures of that wonderful region of Point Grey, near Vancouver, where the snow-covered mountains, the blue, icy gulf, and the wonderful valleys are not transcended by anything in Switzerland.

New Hampshire State reports an extraordinary advance in snow-shoeing and skiing. Intramural hockey and tobogganing have long characterized the long winters at Durham. There is a Snow Club at the university devoted to the development of winter meets, and while entrance of members in the various winter meets of the north has been individual, it is expected that within another year they will be sent forth under organized sanction.

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THE LORD'S OWN LEVEL

A HAPPY VALLEY STORY

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

THE blacksmith-shop sat huddled by the roadside at the mouth of Wolf Run—a hut of blackened boards. The rooftree sagged from each gable down to the crazy chimney in the centre, and the smoke curled up between the clapboard shingles or, as the wind listed, out through the cracks of any wall. It was a bird-singing, light-flashing morning in spring, and Lum Chapman did things that would have set all Happy Valley to wondering. A bareheaded, yellow-haired girl rode down Wolf Run on an old nag. She was perched on a sack of corn, and she gave Lum a shy "how-dye" when she saw him through the wide door. Lum's great forearm eased, the bellows flattened with a long, slow wheeze, and he went to the door and looked after her. Professionally he noted that one hind shoe of the old nag was loose and that the other was gone. Then he went back to his work. It would not be a busy day with Uncle Jerry at the mill—there would not be more than one or two ahead of her and her meal would soon be ground. Several times he quit work to go to the door and look down the road, and finally he saw her coming. Again she gave him a shy "how-dye," and his eyes followed her up Wolf Run until she was out of sight.

The miracle these simple acts would have been to others was none to him. He was hardly self-conscious, much less analytical, and he went back to his work again.

A little way up that creek Lum himself lived in a log cabin, and he lived alone. This in itself was as rare as a miracle in the hills, and the reason, while clear, was still a mystery: Lum had never been known to look twice at the same woman. He was big, kind, taciturn, ox-eyed, calm. He was so good-natured that anybody could banter him, but nobody ever carried it too far, except a bully from an adjoining county one court day. Lum picked him up bodily and dashed him to the ground so that blood gushed from his nose and he lay there bewildered, white, and still. Lum rarely went to church, and he never talked religion, politics, or neighborhood gossip. He was really thought to be quite stupid, in spite of the fact that he could make lightning calculations about crops, hogs, and cattle in his head. However, one man knew better, but he was a "furriner," a geologist, a "rock-pecker" from the Bluegrass. To him Lum betrayed an uncanny eye in discovering coal signs and tracing them to their hidden beds, and wide and valuable knowledge of the same. Once the foreigner lost his barometer just when he was trying to locate a coal vein on the side of the mountain opposite. Two days later Lum pointed to a ravine across the valley.

"You'll find that coal not fer from the bottom o' that big poplar over thar." The geologist stared, but he went across and found the coal and came back mystified.

"How'd you do it?"

Lum led him up Wolf Run. Where the vein showed by the creek-side Lum had built a little dam, and when the water ran even with the mud-covered stones he had turned the stream aside. The geologist lay down, sighted across the surface of the water, and his eye caught the base of the big poplar.

"Hit's the Lord's own level," said Lum, and back he went to his work, the man looking after him and muttering:

"The Lord's own level."

Hardly knowing it, Lum waited for grinding day. There was the same exchange of "how-dyes" between him and the girl, going and coming, and Lum noted that the remaining hind shoe was gone from the old nag and that one of the front ones was going. This too was gone the next time she passed, and for the first time Lum spoke:

"Yo' hoss needs shoein'."

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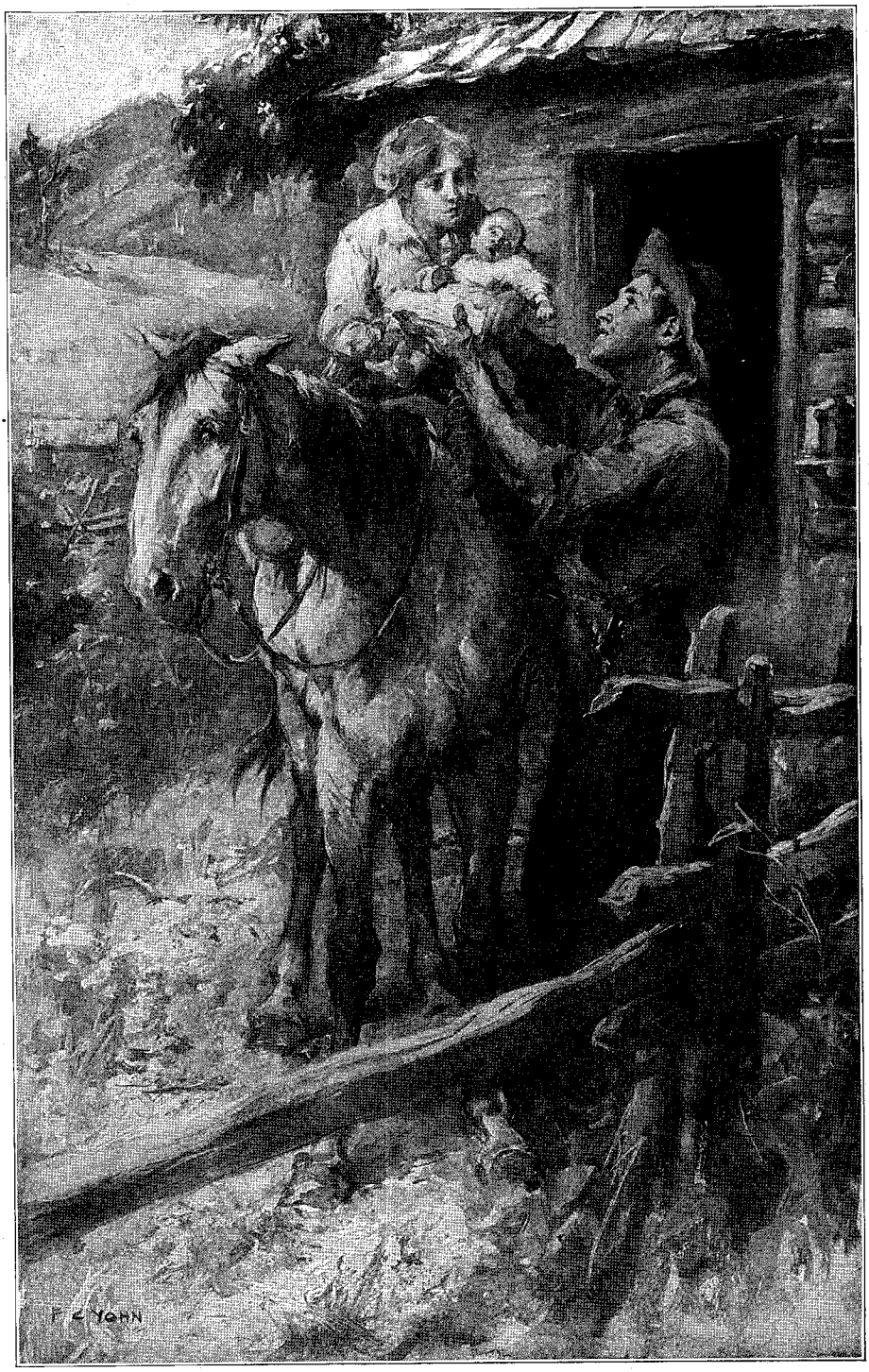

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"You stay hyeh with the baby," he said quietly, "an' I'll take yo' meal home."—Page 276.

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"She ain't wuth it," said the girl. Two hours later, when the girl came back, Lum took up the conversation again.

"Oh, yes, she is," he drawled, and the girl slid from her sack of meal and watched him, which she could do fearlessly, for Lum never looked at her. He had never asked her name and he did not ask her now.

"I'm Jeb Mullins's gal," she said. "Pap'll be comin' 'long hyeh some day an' pay ye."

"My name's Lum—Lum Chapman."

"They calls me Marthy."

He lifted her bag to the horse's bony withers with one hand, but he did not offer to help her mount. He watched her again as she rode away, and when she looked back he turned with a queer feeling into his shop. Two days later Jeb Mullins came by.

"Whad' I owe ye?" he asked.

"Nothin'," said Lum gruffly.

The next day the old man brought down a broken plough on his shoulder, and to the same question he got the same answer:

"Nothin'." So he went back and teased Martha, who blushed when she next passed the door of the shop, and this time Lum did not go out to watch her down the road.

Sunday following, Parson Small, the circuit-rider, preached in the open-air "meetin'-house," that had the sky for a roof and blossoming rhododendron for walls, and—wonder of wonders—Lum Chapman was there. In the rear he sat, and everybody turned to look at Lum. So simple was he that the reason of his presence was soon plain, for he could no more keep his eyes from the back of Martha Mullins's yellow head than a needle could keep its point from the North Pole. The circuit-rider on his next circuit would preach the funeral services of Uncle Billy Hall, who had been dead ten years, and Uncle Billy would be draped with all the virtues that so few men have when alive and that so few lack when dead. He would marry such couples as might to marriage be inclined. There were peculiar customs in Happy Valley, and sometimes a baby might without shame be present at the wedding of its own parents. To be sure, Lum's eyes did swerve once when the preacher spoke of marriage—swerved from where the women sat to where sat the men—to young Jake Kilburn, called Devil Jake, a name of which he was rather proud; for Martha's eyes had swerved to him too, and Jake shot back a killing glance and began twisting his black mustache.

And then the preacher told about the woman whom folks once stoned.

Lum listened dully and waited helplessly around at the end of the meeting until he saw Martha and Jake go down the road together, Martha shy and conscious and Jake the conquering daredevil that he was known to be among women. Lum went back to his cabin, cooked his dinner, and sat down in his doorway to whittle and dream.

Lum went to church no more. When Martha passed his shop, the same "howdye" passed between them and no more. Twice the circuit-rider came and went and Martha and Devil Jake did not ask his services. A man who knew Jake's record in another county started a dark rumor which finally reached Lum and sent him after the daredevil. But Jake had fled and Lum followed him almost to the edge of the bluegrass country to find that Jake had a wife and child. He had meant to bring Jake back to his duty, but he merely beat him up, kicked him to one side of the road like a dog, and came back to his shop.

Old Jeb Mullins came by thereafter with the old nag and the sack of corn, and Lum went on doing little jobs for him for nothing, for Jeb was a skinflint, a moonshiner, and a mean old man. He did not turn Martha out of his hut, because he was callous and because he needed her to cook and to save him work in the garden and corn-field. Martha stayed closely at home, but she was treated so kindly by some of the neighbors that once she ventured to go to church. Then she knew from the glances, whispers, and gigglings of the other girls just where she stood, and she was not seen again very far from her own door. It was a long time before Lum saw her again, so long, indeed, that when at last he saw her coming down Wolf Run on a sack of corn she carried a baby in her arms. She did not look up as she approached, and when she passed she turned her head and did not speak to him. So

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Lum sat where he was and waited for her to come back, and she knew he had been waiting as soon as she saw him. She felt him staring at her even when she turned her head, and she did not look up until the old nag stopped. Lum was barring the way.

"Yo' hoss needs shoein'," he said gravely, and from her lap he took the baby unafraid. Indeed, the child dimpled and smiled at him, and the little arm around his neck gave him a curious shiver that ran up the back of his head and down his spine. The shoeing was quickly done, and in absolute silence, but when they started up Wolf Run Lum went with them.

"Come by my shack a minit," he said.

The girl said nothing; that in itself would be another scandal, of course, but what was the difference what folks might say? At his cabin he reached up and lifted mother and child from the old nag, and the girl's hair brushed his cheek.

"You stay hyeh with the baby," he said quietly, "an' I'll take yo' meal home." She looked at him with mingled trust and despair. What was the difference?

It was near sundown when Lum got back. Smoke was coming out of his rickety chimney, and the wail of an old ballad reached his ears. Singing, the girl did not hear him coming, and through the open door he saw that the room had been tidied up and that she was cooking supper. The baby was playing on the floor. She turned at the creak of his footstep on the threshold and for the first time she spoke.

"Supper'll be ready in a minit."

A few minutes later he was seated at the table alone and the girl, with the baby on one arm, was waiting on him. By and by he pushed back his chair, pulled out his pipe, and sat down in the doorway. Dusk was coming. In the shadowy depths below a wood-thrush was fluting his last notes for that day. Then for the first time each called the other by name.

"Marthy, the circuit-rider'll be 'roun' two weeks from next Sunday."

"All right, Lum."

OBLIVIO DEI

By Shane Leslie

THE Lord looked down on a Christendom of blood and lint
Seemingly sacrificed *Patri et Filio.*
He looked as sad and beautiful as a Medici print
Of Self and Sonhead *et cum Spiritu Sancto.*

There were tears like planets in the eyes of Him
And a fierceness like the sun upon His brow,
As He broke the silences of time with "Cherubim
And Seraphim, let us be done with Europe now."

Then all the slain and starvèd children of the Poles
Answered from Holy Quire, "*laus dulci Domino.*"
And dead men drowned like rats or trapped like moles
In trench or tide sang, "*gloria Patri et Filio.*"

The Lord spoke in His heart not merrily nor stern:
"The Vengeance which is mine be gone for devils' debt!
O Cherubim, let neither love nor anger burn!
O Seraphim, that Europe ever was—forget!"

The Lord looked back from all the murder and first-aid
Men offered up on earth to Him *et Filio,*
And smiled as though He dreamed mankind were never made
In image like to Him *et Spiritui Sancto.*

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STANDARDS

BY W. C. BROWNELL

I

MEASURES OF VALUE

IT is perhaps a little difficult precisely to define the term "standards," but it is happily even more superfluous than difficult because every one knows what it means. Whereas criticism deals with the rational application of principles applicable to the matter in hand, and has therefore a sufficiently delimited field of its own, standards are in different case. They belong in the realm of sense rather than in that of reason and are felt as ideal exemplars for measurement by comparison, not deduced as criteria of absolute authority. As such they arise insensibly in the mind which automatically sifts its experiences, and are not the direct result of reflection. In a word, they are the products not of philosophy but of culture, and consequently pertinent constituents of every one's intellectual baggage. And in the field of art and letters they play an especially prominent rôle because art and letters are artificial simplifications of material much less synthetized and therefore less susceptible of comparative measurement, namely nature and human life. The possession of them is equally essential to artist and public. Without standards in common it is impossible for artist and public to get together, for without them the two have no common language. Even low standards shared by each have undoubtedly a strong cementing force. Any kind of language uttered and savored constitutes a bond of solidarity—even the variety that Walpole said he used on principle because everybody understood it. A certain standard is therefore logically to be induced from even such practice as his—the elementary standard of comprehensibility. But as the instance of Walpole shows it may easily be a low one and, in considering art and letters at all events, I shall not be expected to apologize for using the word standard to denote a quality rather than a defect, and just as when we speak of "style" we mean good style and not bad, to mean by standards high standards not low, or what is the same thing, exacting not indulgent ones. Besides, speaking practically, nobody not negligible is extravagant enough even at the present time to profess low ones as such; and those that may be considered inevitable—since the act of judging in itself implies standards of some kind—are no doubt subconscious possessions. So that we may leave both these out of the account without risk of misconception in noting as one of the really significant signs of our revolutionary and transitional time the wide disappearance of standards altogether, the contempt felt for them as conventions, the indignation aroused by them as fetters, the hatred inspired by them as tyranny.

This spirit of revolt—conceived of course as renovation by its votaries but still manifestly in the destructive stage witnessed by the fierceness of its iconoclastic zest, so much greater than its constructive concentration—is plainly confined to no one people and to no one field of activity. It is indeed so marked in the field of art and letters because it is general and because the field of art and letters is less and less a sheltered enclosure and more and more open to the winds of the world. Everybody is agreed about the character of this spirit, both those to whom it signifies the New Day of a diviner order and those who deem it a return to chaos, fatuously exultant in the efficacy of a fresh start. Any consideration of it accordingly need lose no time in groping in the vague as to its nature. Its friends and foes, exponents and censors, would probably agree that one of its main constituent traits is impatience with established standards of all sorts; but what has not perhaps been as clearly perceived is the extension of this impatience

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to an inveterate hostility to standards in themselves—at least, as I have just noted, to all explicit and conscious ones. Goethe's idea of "culture conquests" has lost its value, because the new spirit involves a break with, not an evolution of, the past. In the new *belles lettres* a historical reference arouses uneasiness and a mythological allusion irritation because they are felt to be not obscure but outworn. The heart sinks with ennui at the mention of Amarillis in the shade and thrills with pleasure in imaging the imagist in the bath. The plight of the pedant in the face of such preferences as prevail arouses pity. His entire mental furniture is of a sudden outmoded. The coin may be of standard weight and fineness, it loses its currency if its design is not novel—making it, that is to say, *fiat* and irredeemable in the mart of art, sterling only in its grosser capacity. The objection is to formulations themselves as restrictions on energy. The age feels its vitality with a more exquisite consciousness than any that has preceded it. It does little else, one may say in a large view, than in one form or another express, illustrate, or celebrate this consciousness.

And every one who sympathetically "belongs" to it feels himself stanchly supported by the consensus of all it esteems. Nothing fortifies—and occludes, it may be added—like such confirmation. The militancy of the age therefore finds itself not only in possession of a perfectly definite—if mainly destructive—credo, but of a practically united and enthusiastic army. Bunyan would certainly have given the banner inscribed "Anarchy" to one of his Diabolonian captains. But who now reads Bunyan—any more than Bolingbroke—or has ever read him? All the "modernist" needs to do if challenged is to follow the example of Max Müller, who replied to an opponent seeking to confute him by citing Saint Paul: "Oh! Paulus; I do not agree with Paulus." Why is it that the present age differs so radically from its predecessors in its attitude to its ancestry? Why its sudden break with, its drastic departure from, its own traditions, its lighthearted and adventurous abandonment of its heritage? Why does it so cheerily contemplate complete substitution instead of, as has been the programme of revolutionaries hitherto, amelioration and advance? To compare great things with small, Christianity assimilated the antique world in transforming it. The Renaissance was manifestly not a *naissance;* the Reformation as plainly not a fresh formation. The Revolution was retrospective as well as inventive and, enriching its imagination with culture, justified its most energetic phases by the appeal to reason rather than to pure energy—which indeed it regulated radically enough. The present oklocratic expansion, modified only by concentration upon securing expansion for others and contemptuous of results achieved even to this end by any former experience, is so striking because it is in no wise a phase of traceable evolution but is so marked a variation from type.

The cause is to be found, no doubt, in the immense extension in our time of what may be called the intellectual and æsthetic electorate, in which, owing to education either imperfect or highly specialized, genuine culture has become less general; with the result that the intellect, which has standards, has lost co-operative touch with the susceptibility and the will, which have not, but whose activities are vastly more seductive as involving not only less tension, but often no tension at all. For the instinctive hostility to standards proceeds from the tension which conformity imposes both on the artist who produces and the public which appreciates. Hence the objection to standards as conventions, and to conventions as in conflict with the spontaneity which is a corollary of our energetic vitality. Conventions they certainly are, and the epithet "conventional" has doubtless earned the odium it has realized. But it is a mark of naïveté to object to conventions as such. Criticism may properly analyze them in examining their title to validity in the disputed cases with which it is a considerable part of the function of criticism to deal. But no one has heretofore maintained that there are not useful conventions. Those of the stage for instance are even necessary. Those of ornament, even structural ornament, hardly less so. In fact the foundations of the structure in the roomy upper stories of which the

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artist works and the public enjoys are based on conventions tested by the application of principles by criticism and established as sound. Conventions that are standards are, in a word, not conventions merely. And the more securely and unconsciously both artist and public can rest on them without constant verification of their ready-reckoner, as Carlyle says, the less strain will there be on spontaneity of an elevated instead of an elementary order and on the appreciation of its exercise. Any one whose spontaneity is unable to find scope for its exercise in these upper stories, or is unprepared by the requisite preliminary discipline to cope with the competition he finds there, and who in consequence undertakes to reconstruct the established foundations of the splendid edifice of letters and art, will assuredly need all the vitality that even a child of the twentieth century is likely to possess.

II

THE PUBLIC

THE mutual relation existing between artist and public has always been obvious to any analysis of the origin and development of art, whose genesis plainly proceeds from the fusion of co-operation and whose growth has been governed by demand not less than by supply, since however the artist may have stimulated demand he is himself a product. It is plain, accordingly, that in the main a public gets not only, as has been remarked, the newspapers it deserves, but the art and letters it appreciates. And since every public at present is far more sensitive than ever before to the general spirit of the era without restrictions of time and place, our own is as open as any other to the prevailing cosmopolitan spirit of revolt against the accepted and the standard, with corresponding results in its letters and art. In this field we have always, perhaps, been less marked by origination than by impressionability, and no doubt our reflection of cosmopolitan influences at the present time is due to the same disposition—observable indeed now elsewhere than in this special field; in, for example, the adoption of foreign forms of social violence without foreign justification, the tendency of our social sentimentalists, in fine, as has been observed, "not to redress a grievance but to create one." The grievance of standards, at all events, we have taken very hard, and, owing to our ingrained individualism, have accentuated what elsewhere has been a more unified phase of a general movement by the incoherency of personal obstreperousness. This solvent has disintegrated the force as well as the decorum of our public, and made it clear that the agency of which art and letters now stand in most urgent need is a public with standards to which they may appeal and by which they may be constrained.

A detached observer must admit, however, that they seem less likely to get it than they have been heretofore, since the changes that have taken place in our own generation have been in the direction of enfeebling this public by extension and dissipating its concentrated influence by diversification. Democracy—to which, so far as art and letters are concerned, any advocate who does not conceive it as largely the spread in widest commonalty of aristocratic virtues is a traitor—has largely become a self-authenticating cult, as antagonistic as *Kultur* to culture, and many of its devotees now mainly illustrate aristocratic vices: arrogance, contemptuousness, intolerance, obscurantism. Terribly little learning is enough to incur the damnatory title of "highbrow." The connoisseur is deemed a dilettante and the dilettante a snob, fastidiousness being conceived as necessarily affectation and not merely evincing defective sympathies but actively mean. "People desire to popularize art," said Manet, "without perceiving that art always loses in height what it gains in breadth." If Molière, who spoke of his *métier* as the business of making *les honnêtes gens* laugh, had only practised on his cook, which he is said to have also done, "we should perhaps have had," observes M. André Gide, "more 'Fourberies de Scapin' and other 'Monsieur de Pourceaugnacs,' but I doubt if he would have given us 'Le Misanthrope.'" And M. Gide continues: "These *honnêtes gens*, as Molière called them, equally removed from a court that was too rigid

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and a pit that was too free, were precisely what Molière regarded as his particular public, and it was to this public that he addressed himself. The Court of Louis XIV represented formalism; the parterre represented naturalism; they represented *good taste*. Without the Court this society would not, I think, have been possible. And it was through this society that the admirable French tradition was so long maintained."

A public not unlike this we once had and we have it no longer. Its limitations were marked but they emphasized its existence. Its standards were narrow, but it had standards. We had a class not numerous but fairly defined, corresponding to the class Charles Sumner found in England, distinct from the nobility but possessed in abundance of serious knowledge, high accomplishment, and refined taste, the class, precisely, called by Molière *les honnêtes gens*. We have now a far larger public but a promiscuous one, in which the elements least sensitive to letters and art are disproportionately large, owing among other things to the specialization of the elective system with its consequent destruction of common intellectual interests and therefore of common standards in our higher education; and in which, owing to the spread of popular education, all standards are often swamped by the caprices of pure appetite and the demands of undisciplined desires. Rapacity is not fastidious and the kind of art and literature that satisfies its pangs shares its quality as well as responding quantitatively to its exorbitant needs.

The colleges no longer provide the community with an educated class in the sense in which they used to. They are greatly increased in number and prodigiously in size, but their graduates taken in the mass are furnished with a different equipment. There has been a marked advance in the various branches of learning conveniently to be grouped under the head of science, and there is undoubtedly much more scholarship of any and all kinds in the country than ever before. Its contributions to the literature of all subjects of study have an undoubted and new importance, increasingly recognized abroad, for example. The technical side of the art of writing has been effectively studied and popularized so that all manner of public questions social and political are discussed not only competently but effectively by writers who as writers have no established position. The text-book literature is enormous and the volume of collateral reading allied with it correspondingly large. The vast population teaching and being taught is portentous. Summer as well as winter the round proceeds without intermission for both sexes and all ages. Art and letters never before received a tithe of the general attention now bestowed on them. Every other painter has classes, every college its art courses, every English Department its seminaries in short-story or play writing. Add the output of the common schools and the American educational conspectus becomes almost grotesquely impressive. The proportion it bears to the increase of population, however, is a qualifying consideration, the obviously superficial character of much of it is another, the encroachment of business on the professions in a rising ratio with every college class graduated, a third. Vocational training has ravaged the cloisters of the cultural disciplines. The classics have disappeared before the universal passion for preparing, as Arnold observed, "to fight the battle of life with the waiters in foreign hotels." And certainly not the least hostile influence to the cultural unification of a public thus miscellaneously educated is the absorption of its most serious elements in the various special studies whose only common bond is an indifference to general culture. If Darwin could lose his interest in poetry through devotion to natural science, it can hardly be expected that the courses which now dominate our curriculums will fail to have a similar effect, except in so far as they are less seriously pursued.

To expect literary and art standards of such a public as this—incontestably superior as it is I think, in other ways, and especially as it appears to the eye of hope!—is visionary. What does such a public ask of arts and letters? It asks sensation. Hence its exorbitant demand for novelty, which more surely than anything else satisfies the craving for sensation, and which accordingly is so generally ac-

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cepted at its face value. The demand is impolitic because the supply is disproportionately small. An ounce of alcohol will give the world a new aspect, but one is supposed to be better without it if for no other reason because a little later two ounces are needed, and when the limits of capacity are reached the original staleness of things appears intensified. Undoubtedly letters and art suffer at the present time from the effort to satisfy an overstimulated appetite which only extravagance can appease. The demand is also unphilosophic because novelty is of necessity transitory and the moment it ceases to be so it is no longer novel. The epithet "different," for example, now so generally employed as the last word of laudation, we should hasten to make the most of while it lasts; some little child, like the one in Andersen's story of "The Two Cheats," is sure ere long to ask how it is synonymous with "preferable." And in losing its character novelty inevitably of course loses its charm. Nothing is more grotesque than last year's fashions. Fashions having no standards they appear in reminiscence in sharp stereotype, and following them seems stark slavery. Ceasing to be novel they disclose their lack of quality. In fine the passion for novelty blinds its victim to the distinction between intrinsic and extrinsic, which is all the more important for being elementary. It would be idle to deny the sanctions of the extrinsic, but it is obvious that in this case they are altogether subjective. If our public would once admit that the element of novelty in anything has nothing whatever to do with the value of the object, it might reflect usefully on the value of the mind that considers the object, with the result of coming to perceive on the one hand that all that can be asked of the object is to possess intrinsic value, and on the other that it is very much its own business to justify the value of its novel sensations. This may easily be below standard, like the pugnacity of the chivalrous soul who had only heard of the Crucifixion the day before.

Carlyle, reading the Scriptures while presiding at family prayers in the home of an absent friend, and encountering the line, "Is there any taste in the white of an egg," exclaiming to the consternation of the household, "Bless my soul, I didn't know that was in Job!" exhibits a surprise of different quality from that of Emerson's small boy who, laboriously learning the alphabet and having the letter pointed out to him, exclaimed, "The devil, is that 'Z'!" It has a richer background—a background Carlyle himself needed when, announcing that he didn't consider Titian of great importance, he earned Thackeray's retort that the fact was of small importance with regard to Titian but of much with regard to Thomas Carlyle. So on those occasions, admittedly rare, when candor compels crudity to confess to culture: "I never thought of that," or "What surprises me about Shakespeare is his modernness," what culture feels is the lack of standards implied in the lack of background disclosed. "How do you manage to invent those hats," inquired a friend of the comedian Hyacinthe. "I don't invent them," replied the actor, "I keep them."

One need not be learned in its hats to value the light a knowledge of the past throws on the present. Even to despise the conventional intelligently one should know its *raison d'être*. As a matter of fact the current dislike of it is largely based on ignorance. How violate precedent with complete satisfaction without a real acquaintance with it? What wasted opportunities for iconoclastic delight, what neglected possibilities of destructive activity lie behind the veil which for the uneducated conceals the standardized tradition. If, on the other hand, any feebler apostle of the new spirit should balk at the general disposition to revolt for its own sake and maintain that mere neglect of precedent and confining oneself to the positive business of personal expression without regard to either following or defying precedent is the path to true originality, how is one to know that he is not essentially respecting, or in the case of our geniuses repeating, some masterpiece of the unvalued past. In such a case those who do know can hardly be blamed for taking a different kind of interest from his own in his self-expression. *They* may rank his performance intelligently, but how can he? His work may

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be good but his philosophy must be false. In strict logic therefore only familiarity with the standards of achievement can justify the radical iconoclast to himself. A little general learning has come to be a useful thing in a world where from its infrequency it has ceased to be dangerous and where the thirsty drink deep but taste not the Pierian spring.

Even subjectively considered the charm of novelty has no greater claim than that of familiarity. Real value in the cause once given—without which appreciation of its novelty is valueless, since every one must acknowledge that to admire what is inferior *merely* because it is novel would lower the most elementary of standards—familiarity is as admirable a sensation as novelty. I think myself it is in better taste, but an inclination to one or the other is no doubt a matter of temperament. Old things of value newly felt and newly presented, new things of value aptly introduced, have their own abundant warrant, which it would be stupid to contest. Saint Paul relied on the Athenians' openmindedness in this respect to second his zeal for their spiritual welfare, and Saint Augustine confesses charmingly the charm he felt in the fugitive beauties of new aspects of nature. Scherer has an admirable passage in eulogy of freshness of view and expression—in high differentiation, of course, which is the whole point. No one would deny the repulsiveness of the commonplace, the trite, the fusty, or the unprofitableness of the stale and flat. In fact the clamor for novelty has itself already reached the stage at which it enters this category. But familiarity in what is admirable has an equal authentication. The richer the mind, the more it delights in associations; the more undisciplined the temper, the more it chafes at them as at best immaterial. *Toujours perdrix* contains a warning for the intellectual palate, but this organ has other sources of satisfaction than variety; for example, Alonso of Aragon's "Old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to trust, old authors to read." "What novelty," says George Eliot, "is worth that sweet monotony where everything is known, and *loved* because it is known?" Deprivation of it often brings out its real quality with unexpected sharpness. The prodigal son no doubt found a solace in the old environment which had escaped the notice of his elder brother, and perhaps it is still greater experience with husks that our public chiefly needs to teach it the attractiveness of the familiar that is established—not causelessly—and wean it from the pursuit of the untried, the untested, and accordingly the problematical. At all events, by definition novelty can have no standards and consequently the love of it though it may characterize cannot constitute a public as distinct from the individuals that materially compose it. And it is so much the most prominent as fairly to seem the only common characteristic that with regard to art and letters our public possesses.

A sound philosophy, however, is no more than general culture, the desideratum of an emotional age, and it is not difficult to trace our depreciation of the former to a popular recoil from disciplined thought, in itself emotional, and of the latter to the purely emotional extension which our democratic tradition has of late so remarkably acquired. One of the results has been the wide-spread feeling that intellectual standards are undemocratic, as excluding the greenhorn and the ignoramus from sympathies extended to the sinner and the criminal—who have assuredly a different title to them, belonging at least to a different order of unfortunates. How otherwise account for the diffusion of popular discussion of literary and art as well as social and political themes among the inexpert, whose interest in them is taken as evidence of the spread of intelligence, though it is an interest which would cease if confronted by subjection to intelligent standards. The less the science of these themes is understood, the more opportunity for the *voces et praeterea nihil*, now so audible and often so eloquent in their exposition. One of the commonest of current phenomena is the emotional preoccupation of intelligent but unenriched minds, in instinctive revolt against traditional standards, with *res non judicatae*, things yet to be adjudged, reading nothing else, for example—save fiction, of course—and showing in consequence less augmentation of mental furniture than the results of prolonged emotional stimulation.

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A public of which a large element feels in this way is bound to make few demands of knowledge in its artists and authors,—even in its writers of fiction! Accordingly one must admit that in the field of fiction—bewilderingly populous at the present time—our later writers, excelling in whatever way they may, nevertheless differ most noticeably from their European contemporaries in possessing less of the knowledge which is power here as elsewhere. They are certainly not less clever any more than their public is less clever than the European public. But every one is clever nowadays. We are perhaps suffering from a surfeit of cleverness, since being merely clever it is impossible to be clever enough. Our cleverness is apt to stop short of imagination and rest contentedly in invention, forgetful of Shelley's reminder that the Muses were the daughters of Memory. Columbus himself invented nothing, but the children of his discovery have imperfectly shared the ruling passion to which they owe their existence. New discoveries in life are hardly to be expected of those who take its portrayal so lightly as to neglect its existing maps and charts. And this is why our current fiction seems so experimental, so speculative, so amateur in its portrayal of life, why it seems so immature in one word, compared grade for grade with that of Europe. The contrast is as sensible in a page as in a volume in any confrontation of the two.

I know of no English short-story writer of her rank who gives me the positive delight that Miss Edna Ferber does—or did. But why should we play *all* the time? Why should we bracket O. Henry's immensely clever "expanded anecdotes," as Mrs. Gerould calls them, with the incisive cameos carved out of the very substance of life taken seriously, however limitedly, of a consummate artist like Maupassant. Such fixed stars of our fiction as Henry James and Mr. Howells are perfectly comparable with their European coevals, but I am speaking of the present day—not of the day before yesterday whose horoscope, so rapid are our changes, is already superseded. And how are we to have a standard of culture, of solidity, of intellectual seriousness, in fine, as exacting as that to which a Swiss or a Scandinavian novelist is held, a standard to which such rather solitary writers as Mrs. Wharton in prose and Mrs. Dargan in poetry, having the requisite talent and equipment, instinctively conform, if our public is so given over to the elation of emotion as to frown impatiently on any intellectual standard of severity, or, owing to its dread of conventionality, on any common standard whatever? An enthusiastic writer, herself a poet, speaks ecstatically of "the unprecedented magnificence of this modern era, the unprecedented emotion of this changing world," as if the two were interdependent, which I dare say they are, but also as if mercurial emotion were a better thing than constancy, which is more doubtful, or as if unprecedented emotion were a good thing in itself, whereas it is probably bad for the health. Orderly evolution — which is at least spared the retesting of its exclusions—is unsatisfactory to the impatient, desirous of changing magnificence. It involves such long periods that we can hardly speak of its abruptest phases as unprecedented unless they occur as "sports," which are indeed immune from the virus of precedent. However it is quite right to talk of this changing world, and since it *is* so changing difficult to talk of it long —except in the language of emotion. Otherwise than emotionally one is impelled to consider its shiftings as related to the standards of what is stable, which is just what it objects to. Hence the difficulty its apostles and its critics have in getting together about it.

To assign to art and letters the work of transforming æsthetically the representative public of an era like this is to set it a task of a difficulty that would deject Don Quixote and dismay Mrs. Partington. There remains the alternative of increasing the "remnant." Of the undemocratic doctrine of the "remnant" in the social and political field I have never, myself, felt either the aptness or the attraction. The interests of people in general are not those of the remnant, and history shows how, unchecked, the remnant administers them. Except in a few fundamentals they are less matters of principle than matters of adjustment. And the attractiveness of the doctrine

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must be measured by the character of the remnant itself—in our case certainly hardly worth the sacrifice of the rest of the nation to achieve. But the remnant in art and letters is another affair altogether. It cannot be too largely increased at whatever sacrifices; and the only way in which it can be increased is by the spread of its standards. Otherwise art and letters will be deprived of the public which is their stimulus and their support and be reduced to that which subjects them to the satisfaction of standardless caprice.

(To be continued.)

COMMERCIALISM IN THE THEATRE

By James L. Ford

IN the eyes of those who have been unfortunate enough to fall under the spell of what I call, in my simple, kindly fashion, the "Hoot-Owl" school of thought, in honor of a bird that flaps its wings and hoots instead of talking sense, Commercialism and the Critic of the Box-Office are the two most thoroughly discredited figures in the theatrical world. As my own slender knowledge of the stage has been derived from another school—that of experience tempered by reflection—I feel moved to say a few words in defense of these two much-maligned and but little-understood figures. For I have long since arrived at the belief that Commercialism in the theatre means a great deal more than mere money-making; that it is absolutely essential to the highest forms of dramatic art, and that the ticket-rack, on which the box-office critic writes his opinion in indelible ink, is an almost unfailing barometer, not only of popular taste but of the merit of the entertainment that lies behind it.

It was the late A. M. Palmer, one of the most distinguished managers of his day, who coined the phrase "the critic of the box-office" more than a third of a century ago, as a staggering counter-blow to the scribes who had denounced a play that the public was clamoring to see. The word Commerce and its derivatives always stood for dignity and probity in affairs until the great money-bags of the town were poured into the theatre with lavish hands. And when the last of that money had been absorbed in the quagmire of popular indifference, there remained to the investors the satisfaction of branding the successful playhouses with the opprobrious term Commercialism.

Now I say unreservedly that every dollar that passes in through the box-office window is dedicated to the service of true dramatic art and that every dollar carried around to the back door in a bag helps to pauperize and degrade it. The greater the sums carried in through that back door to supply the deficiency indicated by the ticket-rack, the greater the danger to the American drama. For every one of those dollars paid into the box-office is a ballot cast in favor of the play at a polling-place where men, women, and children have equal rights of suffrage. Quite appropriately, too, for the stage is a democracy, designed for the masses rather than the academic classes, and the keen judgment shown by the voters frequently causes me to regret that a like intelligence is not always manifested on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November.

By Commercialism I do not mean gambling in doubtful plays or newly made stars, but high-class business principles, similar to those employed by the late Henry Irving, who was one of the best commercial managers this country has ever seen and, incidentally, the one who did more to raise our standard of dramatic representation than any manager of his time. Henry Irving was not only a great

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actor but a great stage-manager and great business man as well. In the latter capacity he showed his genius even before he appeared on our stage by making a careful study of theatrical conditions here and of the tastes and prejudices of our playgoers. In his production of plays he spent money lavishly, and he showed his respect for his public by giving as finished a performance in the smallest town as he did on a first night in New York. In other words, he conducted his affairs like a business man of intelligence and integrity and not as a mountebank, and the public responded by paying his high-scaled prices without a murmur.

The theatrical gambler of to-day follows methods which, though distinctly uncommerical, are called Commercial by the philosophers of the "Hoot-Owl" school of thought. I do not know by what means he guesses at the value of the dramas that he produces unless it be that he "hefts" them with judicial hand after the manner of an actor "hefting" his part to see if it is a long one. I do know, however, that he places his new productions in a row like a string of race-horses and puts his money on the one that first forges ahead.

"But," cries Academic Thought, "how is the merit of a play affected by the number of persons who pay to see it? Some of the greatest books in the world have not sold well at first, and some have never sold. Some of the best pictures receive no attention whatever until the hand that painted them has ceased to work. Are not plays to be judged by the same rules?"

This brings us to the milk in the cocoanut. It is quite true that the value of a book is not affected by the number of its purchasers and that the merit of a picture remains the same until its colors fade, but in the theatre the audience is literally a part of the play, representing, in the opinion of experienced men, an equation of one-third. To obtain the highest artistic results in a dramatic representation it is necessary to have a paying audience that fills every portion of the theatre. It takes a Commercial manager to get this audience together. It is impossible to make benches laugh, and deadheads have but little better sense of humor than benches. It is impossible for even the wisest manager to predict the popularity of a play by reading the manuscript, and it frequently happens that a finished dress rehearsal fails to give him the information he so anxiously desires. Mr. Palmer told me that once, at the close of a dress rehearsal, he said in reply to the query of one of his actors: "What do I think of this play? I think it is the worst piece of rot I have ever listened to in my life, and I believe that I am on the eve of the greatest failure of my career." That was the prejudgment of one of the most thoughtful and successful managers of his generation of a play called "Jim, the Penman," with Agnes Booth in the cast!

I asked Charles Frohman once what salary he would be willing to pay a man who could determine with absolute infallibility the drawing powers of a play by simply reading the manuscript. To this query Mr. Frohman promptly made answer: "I trust that such a man will never show himself in the business, for he would rob theatricals of the element of uncertainty which I find so fascinating, and compel me to seek some other means of livelihood."

About a third of a century ago I was present at the dress rehearsal of what I still regard as the most brilliant comic opera of our time, presented before an audience of invited guests made up of critics, managers, actors, singers, and even a few of those birds of ill-omen, theatrical costumers, who in those days used to hover about dubious theatrical enterprises like so many banshees. The first act went without a laugh, and at the close of the performance opinion was divided among those experts as to whether the next night would see complete failure or stupendous success. On every hand I saw heads wagging doubtfully and heard voices wail that the piece was "above the heads of the public." (I have yet to hear fear expressed that a piece is "below the feet of the public.") The next night I saw the same performance given before a house filled with paying spectators, who are the only persons capable of judging an entertainment, and by the time the curtain fell on the first act we all realized that "Patience" was achieving a tremendous success and was not above anybody's head. The truth was also borne in upon

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me that paying spectators could laugh even if benches and deadheads could not.

And I will remark that in both these instances that I have named the ticket-rack was quick to register the verdict that neither managers nor experts could obtain for themselves.

If the Critic of the Box-Office is not to be depended on, show me a single drama that has won his approval that did not possess some very great merit, even if its faults were glaring. Boil down "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a paste-pot-and-shears version of a book that is no longer read, dealing with a theme that has ceased to vex our politics. It is a play that staggers under half a century of ridicule, but we have only to skim off its absurdities and non-essentials to find in the bottom of the retort a nugget of the pure gold of drama in the form of one of the greatest dramatic themes of all time—the selling of a man's body without selling his soul. It is not academic thought but the suffrage of a vast number of unsophisticated people that has enabled this play to bring back more actors to Broadway than any other attraction that ever went out on the road. At the risk of being called unsophisticated myself, I lift my voice in its praise. I will even go further and maintain that the introduction of the apocryphal tableau representing Little Eva and the faithful slave in heaven was a stroke of artistic and commercial genius on the part of some inventive fakir who has long since, I hope, gone to join them both in the world beyond. It was artistic because this fakir knew that the audience must be sent home happy and consoled after the sight of so much suffering. It was commercial because he wished his auditors to come again—which they did.

Another play for which the democracy has been casting its ballots for nearly half a century, as recorded on thousands of ticket-racks, is "Ten Nights in a Barroom." Put that in the retort, and what do we find in the shape of real drama? The great, world-wide domestic tragedy of drunkenness.

To speak of entertainments of a higher order of appeal, though lacking in the power to rouse the elemental passions of simple-minded folk, I may quote the box-office criticism of "Ben-Hur" and "The Music Master," the two great successes of recent years, both of which are still playing to enormous audiences.

"Ben-Hur" was first produced November 29, 1899, at the Broadway Theatre, in New York, and during the first eighteen weeks of its engagement the line of voters at the box-office was never broken between eight in the morning and ten at night. Up to December, 1916, the play has been presented 5,446 times to gross receipts of $7,572,543, to an attendance of more than 11,405,400 people.

"The Music Master" was first presented in the autumn of 1904, at the Bijou Theatre, in New York, and during the twelve years that followed, although it has not been produced continuously all that time, three million auditors have paid as many dollars to see it. Three years after its first presentation it was given at the Academy of Music for four weeks, to gross receipts of $97,967.50.

All of these entertainments are regarded by thinkers of the "Hoot-Owl" school as "mere box-office successes," for theirs is a philosophy that considers only the manager's profits and never takes into account the other side of the window where the voters stand in unbroken line waiting for a chance to register their opinions on the ticket-rack, nor the enormous amount of clean, wholesome entertainment that they have received for their money. And in that very quality of cleanliness every one of these dramas accurately reflects the taste of the American public.

I do not pretend for a moment that these audiences are made up exclusively of the so-called "educated" classes, but it is those learned in life rather than in books who really love the drama and can tell the difference between good acting and bad. Just now the academic mind is supplying us with an immense number of books dealing with the stage, and of all those that have been written since Commercialism became a crime I have read scarcely one that was not penned by the hand of ignorance. The Gospel that nearly all of them preach is that the righteous manager should produce dramas that nobody wishes to see instead of sinking into the slough of Commercialism with those that fill his theatre.

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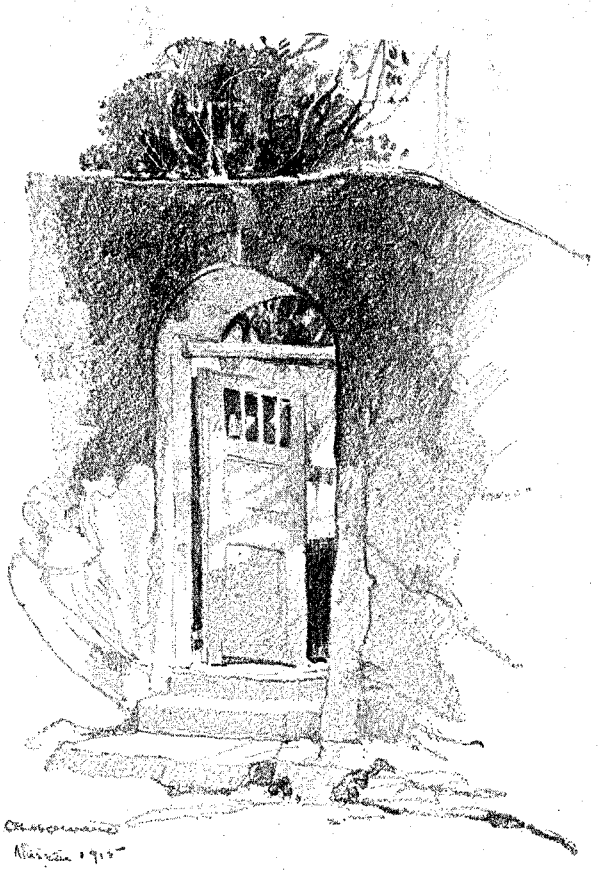
A WINTER'S TRIP TO NASSAU

By Oscar Frederick Howard

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR



THE water overside changed in color, after two days, from an olive green to a deep, thrilling blue, with golden patches of Gulf weed laced over the wave slopes. Flying-fish, tiny, vibrating darts of silver, snaped from the foam patches, sailed for yards, and then pattered back into that incredibly blue sea.

Then there came the sight of an emerald-green harbor, a clean sand bottom, twenty feet down, with shoals of jewel-colored fish as clearly visible from the boat's deck as are flowers by the wayside from a carriage. Bending cocoanut-palms were strangely like their photographs, but the feel of a winter's sun soaking warmth on our shoulder-blades was a curious surprise.

There was an ugly tin-roofed custom-shed and a beautiful pink-walled custom-house with shutters terra-cotta color, its open door inky black in the brilliant light. Little groups of men were on the dock dressed in white clothes and speaking in the crisp accents of England. About them were a great number of negroes

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The tops of cocoanut-palms seem to whirl.—Page 289.

wearing ragged garments weathered into hues of quality. They were meeting the boat with two-wheeled, unpainted carts to which were harnessed, mainly with rope, the smallest, most disreputable horses in the world, or sad and drooping donkeys.

Above were the branches of strange, feathery cedar-trees; underfoot an unfamiliar sandy white earth.

For we had sailed down New York Bay and in due course arrived at Nassau in the Bahamas! The gentleman who had been asked to look out for us told the stuttering black truckman, with his absurd cart and horse, and the bowing black hack-driver where to take us, and just how much incomprehensible English currency we were going to pay them.

We were driven into shimmering white streets dotted with figures almost lost in the sunlight, save for negro necks and arms and feet. An old black woman was passed who carried two long, crooked green sticks jointed like bamboo. "That must be sugar-cane," we said together. In a shop-window at the corner were for sale two unused, new, muzzle-loading shotguns. The walls of the shop were yellow, and by its windows and doors hung blue-green shutters of heavy panelled wood. Masses of purple blossoms hung over a beautiful sagging gate. We drove beside a thick, high wall of gray stone which had been painted with various pigments now weathered into thin washes of faded color. There was no dust and an extraordinary absence of odor. Nothing smelled at all either good or bad. Negroes suddenly seemed to have the only proper complexion. They fitted into the environment and the whites were out of color value.

We came into a house with a cool, shadowed porch completely shuttered with permanent shutters which the people there call "jalousies." Outside the open windows glared a more brilliant daylight than our summer afternoons. Against the garden wall blazed scarlet blossoms we learned to know as hibiscus. There was a new sound in the air—the shuffle of bare feet on the road outside. A trim and saucy little lizard, quite soberly clad in gray, whisked into sight by the window, ceased to move, then bowed politely three times and blew out a yellow pouch on his throat. We were duly welcomed to the edge of the tropics. Our next acquaintance was a royal palm, which grew in the garden across the way, where two rooms we hoped to occupy were being indolently whitewashed by an antique negro well

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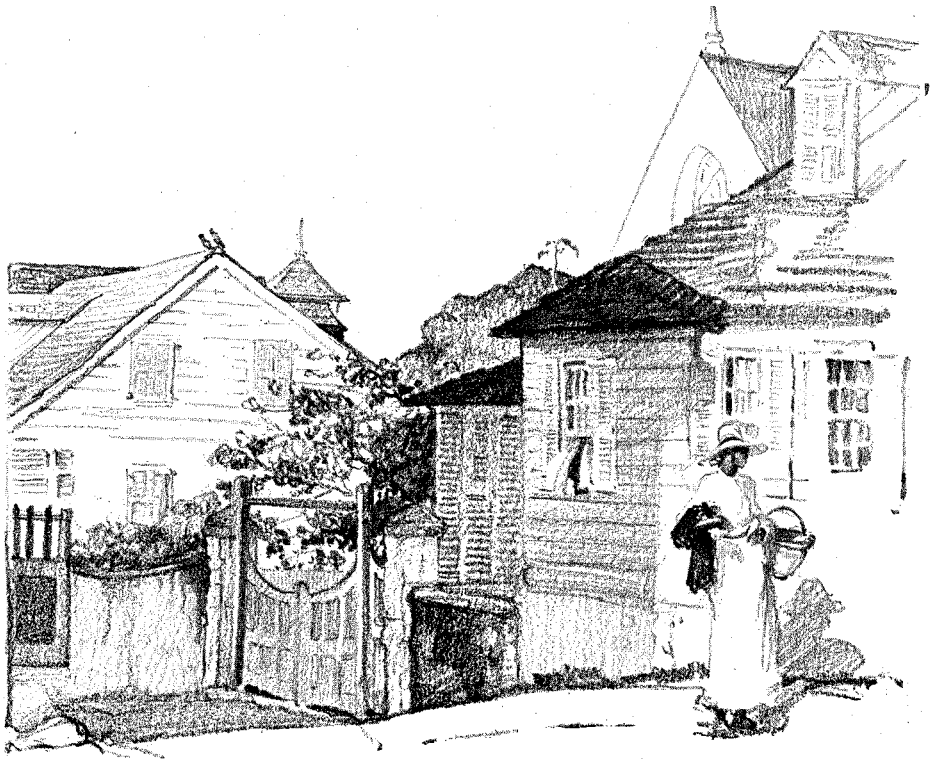
versed in lore concerning spirits. Since the Baptist missionary lived on the floor above, the old darky considered gravely that our future studio would be comparatively free from any evil spooks, but he advocated hanging an empty bottle over the door to really make things certain. Which has nothing to do with the royal palm. When we first saw it, it seemed as if the trunk must be made of concrete modelled into a stunning, great gray vase. It required close examination and fingering to realize that there were live wood fibres running under the pitted and lichen-grown surface. Even the very top seemed unnatural. Amber and purple fronds of blossoms and seeds grew at the summit of the column, and the gigantic sheath from which the swaying leaves sprouted was apparently an artificial, dyed green.

Nassau is an old town on a small island called New Providence, one of a multitudinous spatter of reef-bordered islands named the Bahamas. The archipelago is strung around the northwestern boundaries of the Spanish Main. Stand on a hill behind the town, and its gray-shingled or red roofs show through unfamiliar textures of deep-green foliage. The tops of cocoanut-palms seem to whirl against an emerald-green harbor where rise the slim masts of many ships. Across the bay is a narrow island, its gray-green length running along almost to meet another island, and so on as far as the eye can see to the northeast. Beyond the islands is the deep-blue ocean and above the horizon a sky of lavender. Spaniards and Englishmen fought for Nassau. It was once captured by Americans. Pirates controlled it utterly for a time. Wreckers piled their ships on the purple sea-fans of its reefs. At one period the town was wealthy. That was when the blockade-runners of our Civil War piled cotton on its wharves



Gardens are usually walled to the edge of the walks and on every street are beautiful, graceful gates.—Page 290.

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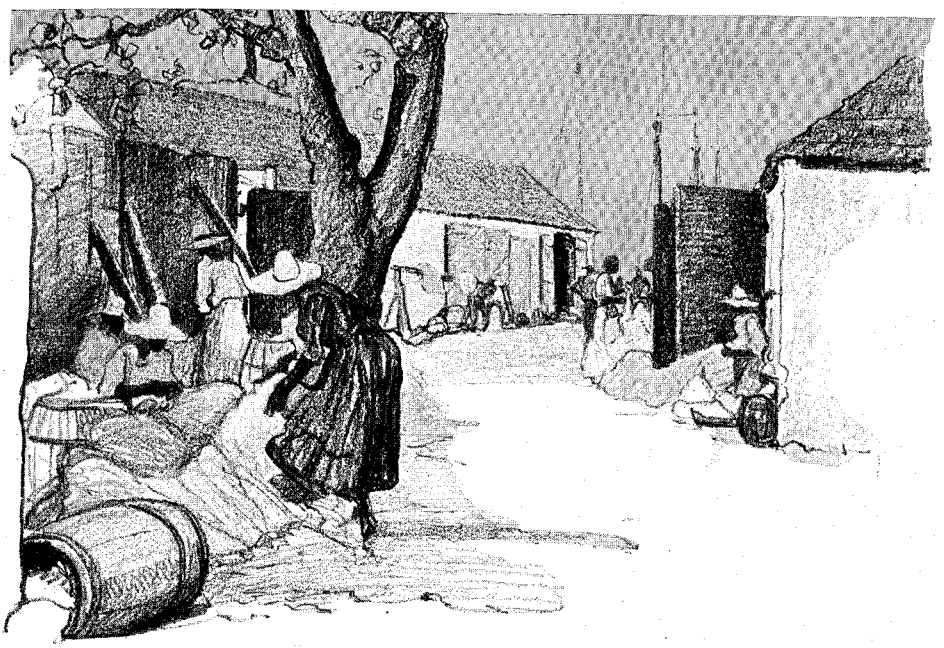
higher than the roofs of the pink-walled warehouses which now handle long brown rows of sponges from the out-island mud-flats, tawny bundles of sisal for rope manufacture, and, since German dyes are scarce, some logwood.

In the winter portions of the town are given over to two big hotels, where the Northern visitors can find tennis-courts, screened by cactus and vine hedges, thirty feet high, grown almost in a single year.

The chic metal tea-tables of French type with their striped umbrellas are set under palms and papaw-trees. Golf tournaments, polo matches, and horse-races take place. Each day there is surf bathing on a white beach of coral sand. Big game-fish are caught in the deep water and smart yachts crowd the native "flats" in the harbor.

Despite these things Nassau remains much as it was, sleepy, foreign, unspoiled. There are many old houses like the ones in New England which we call colonial. They have the small-paned windows with panelled wooden shutters but no chimneys or fireplaces, and the porches are entirely shuttered. Frequently the house walls are of smooth stone painted with bright colors. Gardens are usually walled to the edge of the walks and on every street are beautiful, graceful gates. Inside the gardens the fruits we were accustomed to associate only with grocers' windows and wooden boxes hang golden and shining in the dark trees. Broad, ragged banana leaves reach over the walls into the streets. There are shrubs with bright-red leaves and vines with splendid masses of blossoms. Where there are flowers come the humming-birds, and they are as impertinent as English sparrows are with us. They perch unconcernedly at hand, scolding an intruder as a red squirrel scolds. Over the ground, on the walls, among the branches scuttle the many and harmless little lizards. Some are brown, some are gray, some have blue tails; a very few are bright, bright green. They like to be whistled at, and they will sit and cock an amused eye and a smiling mouth at the musician.



Tying bundles of sisal on the docks.

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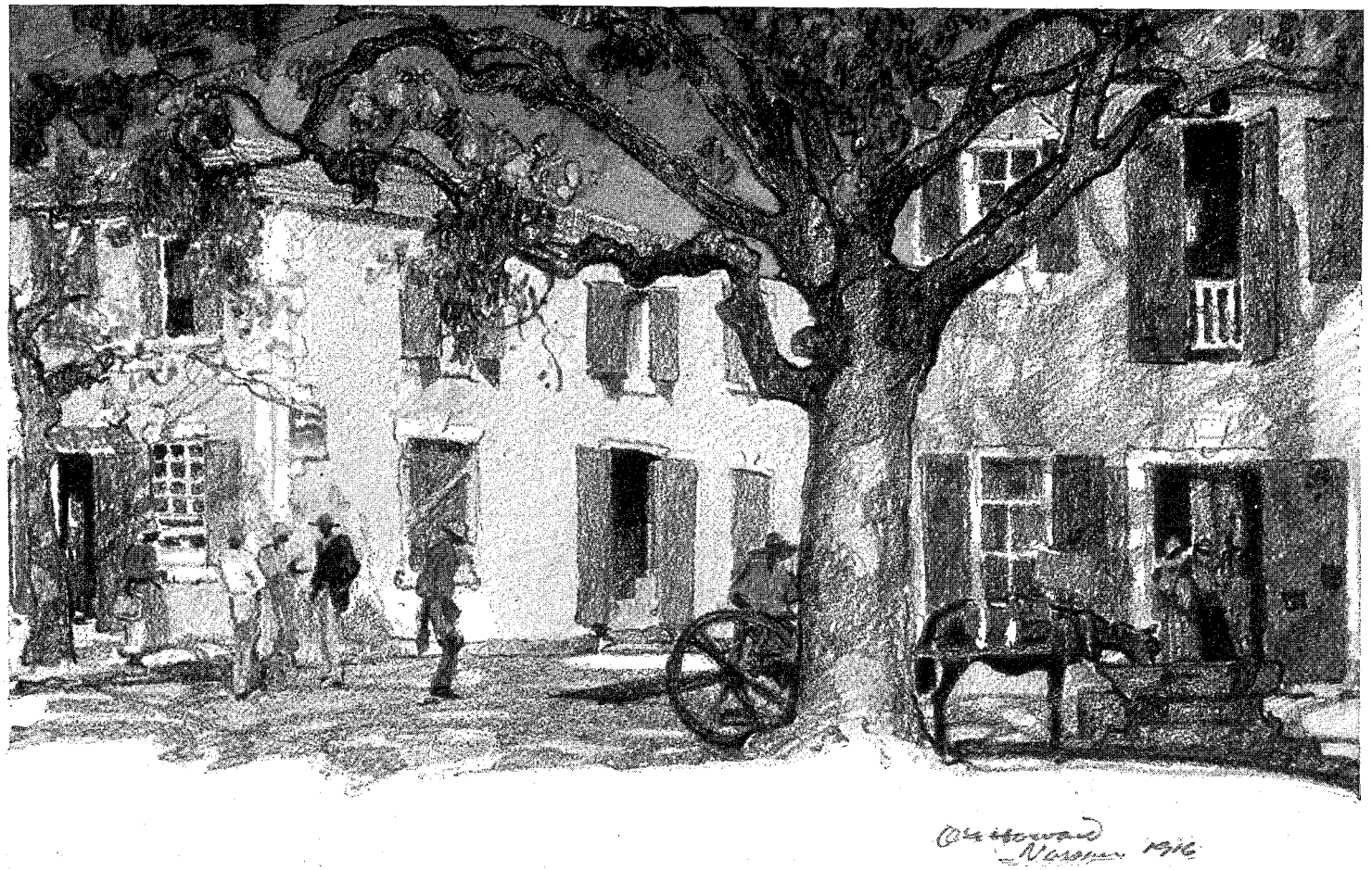

On sunny, sleepy Bay Street.—Page 292.

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The ancient . . . tree under which Blackbeard . . . held barbaric court.

The white inhabitants, as a general rule, have a charming manner of receiving a questioner. They will converse with him for a morning, run over half the town to introduce him to some one better informed on the initial question, and at the close of the day the flattered and thoroughly entertained visitor becomes dazedly conscious that the information he began to seek just after breakfast is still unobtained at tea time.

On sunny, sleepy Bay Street, with its colorful walls and brightly painted shop-shutters, are gnarled and knobbed trees at odd places just off the centre of the white road. Negroes carrying weird fish and fruits from the market stroll and gossip in the shadows. On Bay Street are the yellow buildings where Nassau's tiny Parliament meets in careful imitation of the ritual of that body which sits beside the Thames in London. Behind these buildings is the ancient silk cotton-tree under which Blackbeard, the pirate, is said to have held barbaric court. That picturesque sea-assassin chose a regal site. The roots of his tree rise from ground to trunk in great wavering buttresses as high as an elephant's back. They are elephant-colored and wrinkled as in the hide of that beast. The tremendous gray and twisted limbs spread for yards. Law and order eliminated Blackbeard, and now, between dances, the hotel guests walk by moonlight on a porch built over the place where twelve of his cutlass-swingers were hung by the neck in a row. The pirates left some tangible traces behind, according to a current story about a lone, mysterious man who sails every now and then into an out-island harbor, always at night, from no one knows where. He buys a stock of tobacco and groceries, paying with heavy gold pieces of Spanish coins. At night again he and his boat depart for the unknown destination.

The Great War reaches over to touch Nassau. At least one mother has lost a son in the Low Countries. Every English family has friends or relatives at the front, and they watch for the tardy, stale news mails from distant England with impatience and apprehension. Their social activities are limited to Red Cross ba-

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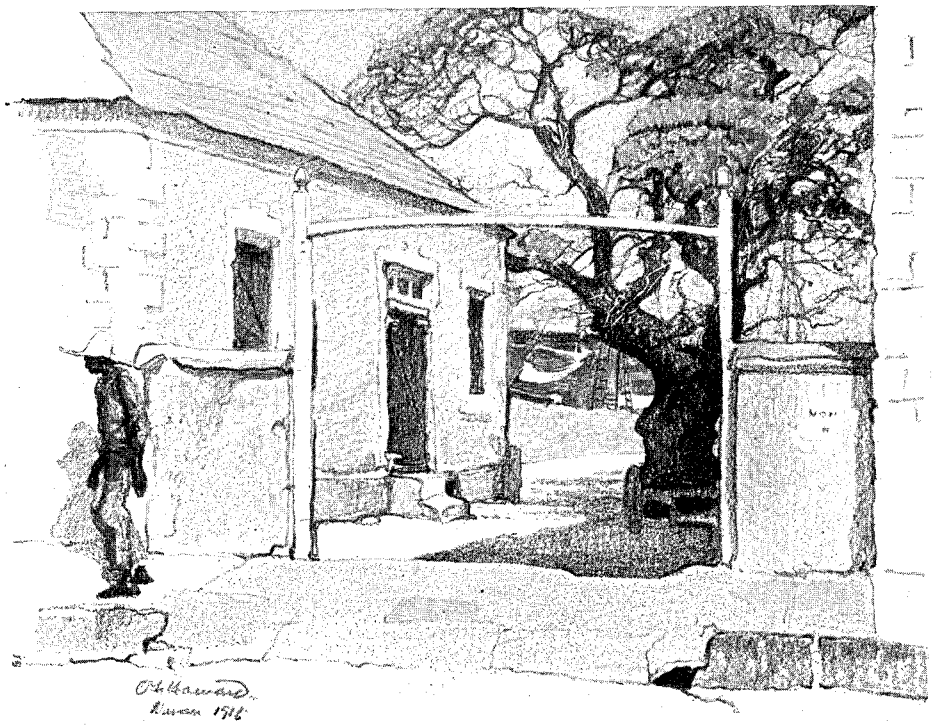
zaars and benefits. Tired workers glean surprising sums from the small population. Knitting and bandage-making are constant. Three times the cruiser *Sydney* made the port for shore leave—once at Christmas, at the special request of the enlisted men who had been competently entertained during the previous visit. We saw them the morning after Christmas when the bluejackets gathered to take the tender. They arrived in high state and ceremony, driven in hacks and donkey-carts, in wheeled boxes drawn by goats and attended by a flock of nearly hysterical negroes. It was a stormy morning, but the young officer in charge fought with his facial expressions and gravely bundled his men into the plunging tender. They smashed through a real surf on the bar out to the anchored sea-fighter. Next day the *Sydney's* crew proudly showed the townfolk patches on the turrets where the *Emden's* shells had struck at Cocos Island.

Three contingents of negro volunteers have been sent from the Bahamas to Jamaica for training, and we heard that the Bishop of Nassau had kindly offered his yacht, the *Message of Peace*, for the voyage.

At the down-hill end of each cross street is a glimpse of the harbor, nearly always framed by the pink walls. It is a flash of blue-green water, as brilliant and living a spot of color as the metallic, burnished cuirass of some beetle or the feathers of a tropical bird in sunlight. Weeds on the bottom streak the emerald-green surface with purple. The time of day, the force of the wind, or cloud shadows may slightly change the color of the jewelled water, but it is a continuous, amazing delight and a lure to the docks and the water-front. There the out-island boats with stripings of crude color, the spongers, and the fishermen are packed in bobbing, swaying rows along the smooth stone wharfs. Five or six negroes man the boats. They always have a charcoal stove amidships, a tangle of apparently half-rotted rope and canvas, a dog, a chicken tied by one foot,



At the down-hill end of each cross street is a glimpse of the harbor.

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and frequently a sleeping pig. They bring their women to Nassau from distant islands for shopping, where, clothed in newest garments of pinks and blues and lavenders, they giggle and gossip among the lifting, snapping stern-lines on the docks. It would seem as if ordinary seafarers would drown in a day's cruise on one of those boats, but the black sailors of Nassau are either able seamen or they are not particularly wanted on the other side of the Styx, for they take long voyages over dangerous waters, losing few men year in and year out.

The fishing-boats have bulkheads where the catch is kept alive. In the shadowy holds swim great dark groupers, silver-sided margate-fish, and a few of the fire-bright, weirdly shaped reef-dwellers of the tropics.

Each time we went to the dock where our sedate, fat motor-boat was anchored it was almost a shock to see that familiar form in the garish green water. Our little boat seemed almost naked, with her small propeller, anchor rope, and the clinging anchor itself visible as though a detailed drawing had been made to show how she was moored. One of the native yawls docked alongside with sugar-cane, fruit, and big yellow baskets on her decks.

Day after day we went reef-fishing, running along the protected water behind Hog Island, where it seemed as if we were continually about to go aground on the white sand bottom even after we came to know that the water was from ten to twenty feet deep. We got our bait for reef-fishing at the market door—large live shell-fish called conch, the polished shell of which is still sometimes seen as a trophy in country parlors.

The negroes have a trick of clipping with an axe around the top coils of the shell, so that the entire beast may be corkscrewed out on the innermost turn of his pink labyrinth. He comes forth a large white chunk of tough meat acceptable to most fish raw, but he can be cooked by Nassau cooks into highly desirable food for man.

Each of us would grab a water-glass, an ordinary wooden bucket with a glass bottom, and bait his personal style of fishing-tackle. Every one leaned over the side, and the next moment produced either concentrated silence or shrieks and cries of excitement. The water-glass eliminates all the surface movement of the water, and at depths of about thirty feet the bottom is revealed with the same distinctness one sees glass and silverware on a dining-table.

It was a world of grottos and caverns in rocks of amber, gray, and gold, bordered with stretches of silver sand on which were black pompoms of sea-eggs. Sparkling sunlight and sharp-cast shadows existed there, and the distances were lost in a mist of pale peacock-blue. Twigs and knobs of bright yellow, spots of scarlet, bare branches or soft feathers of living growths hung over the caverns, and from the sides and tops of the rocks spread the yellow and purple laces of the sea-fans waving in the sea-winds—the tide currents. Through this colorful world moved fish—fish of such gorgeous hues and splendid stripings that they paled the brightest corals. There were shoals of tiny yellow fish and silver fish, little chaps with blue-green heads, two purple bands behind the gills, a yellow-green body, the fins and tail of purple and Prussian blue. Small scarlet fish with enormous dark eyes and very decorative fins rushed at the baits from holes in the rock. Sometimes there might be parrot-fish of solid living turquoise or rainbow parrots all iridescent, broken color. Sometimes two tang would sail into the reef, one a deep blue and the other a ghostly moonlight blue. Spanish angels were narrow, broad-sided fish half jet-black, half blazing orange. Black angels had a wonderful dusky scale pattern and light-yellow fins. One kind was lemon yellow with black stripes. Each day's fishing or each different reef showed some new beauty or some weird marine specimen for which we would eagerly begin to fish. Able to see every move they made, we would shake the bait away from the familiar or the small kinds and wait and long for particular ones we wanted to bite—just one good bite.

It was not as easy fishing as it sounds, for many of the queerest ones bit very tentatively and nearly all the gorgeous ones had very tiny mouths. They would nibble but not take in the hook. We

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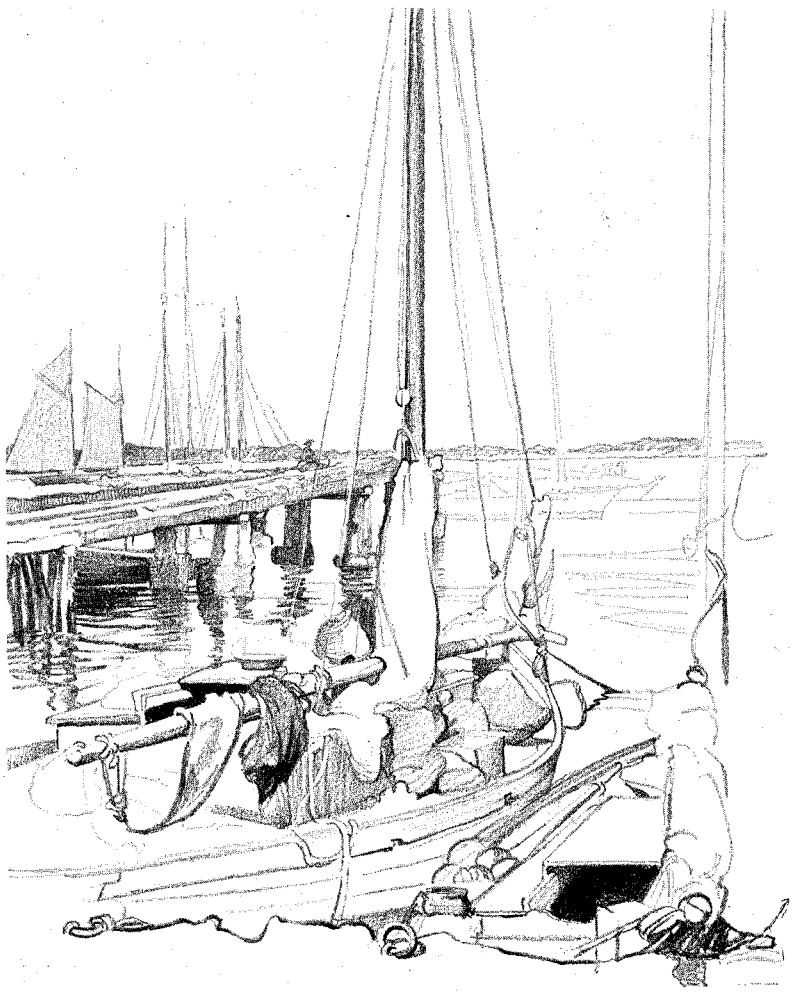
caught a big Scotch porgie. He had overgrown scales laid out in a plaid of red and gray. We also caught an octopus—for a short time. Something flashed through the water and sat on the bait at the bottom. We hauled in rapidly and the two-foot arms of a clinging octopus reached over the edge of the boat. He squirted water at us and squatted glaring on the deck, but when we tried to put him in a bucket he let go, and with astonishing speed slid overside. We caught plenty of morays, big green eels from two feet to four feet long speckled with black and gold. They had large, triangular-shaped mouths full of formidable teeth, the coldest, wickedest eyes on earth and a disposition to match. If there was one living near where a bait was dropped he always appeared and steadily curled and coiled and glided for the hook in a gorgeously beautiful, deadly advance. If you had a wire leader you got him; otherwise he made off with the hook. They were a snapping, dangerous bundle of trouble when they came aboard, capable of tearing ribbons of flesh from your finger and quite anxious to try.



The market wharf and fishing-boats.

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For two months we hunted for sharks. We cruised in deep water. We fished the harbor by moonlight when the harbor was supposed to be full of sharks travelling up to the slaughter-house dock. Under the tropical moon the bottom of the channel could be mysteriously seen with roving tide race about four hundred yards wide between Hog Island and Athol Island. To us it came to mean the cocoanut grove and half-moon beach at the end of Hog Island where we pitched our tents and lived.

There were orange groves, strange,

Through this colorful world moved . . . fish of . . . gorgeous hues.—Page 294.

young barracuda slashing at our live bait. On the near-by boats the negroes were still awake, singing and chuckling over their ruddy charcoal fires. We caught two small barracuda, aggressive, pike-like fish which even scientific writers call the "wolf of the sea." Hour after hour passed by but no sharks.

It was not until we went camping for the second time at the Narrows that we really caught a shark. The Narrows was the best place we found near Nassau. In local reference the name referred to the spiky bushes, and cacti. Little brown tobacco doves bobbed and fluttered down the sunny paths between the trees. Continuously, in the wind, the cocoanut leaves over our tents made water music. Sometimes they sounded like the chuckle and gurgle of a stream, again like the steady thresh of drenching rain on hard ground. The white beach was soft to the skin. It had exactly the smooth texture of corn-meal, and the clear water was always the right temperature for a swim.

Early in the morning the fishing-boats

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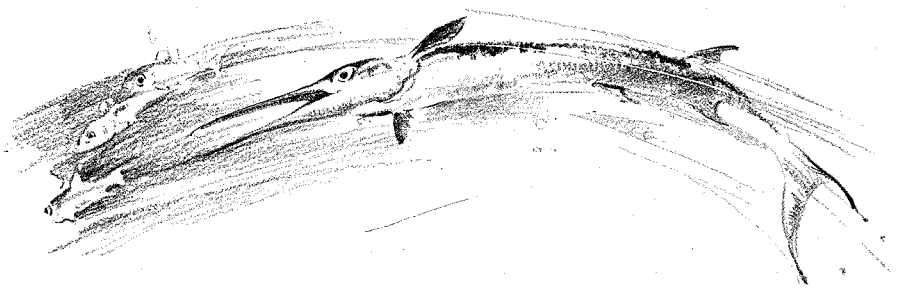
with their dark, weathered sails rounded the island and, single file, disappeared for distant reefs. They returned in the evening with their charcoal cooking-fires burning and a wreath of smoke blown across the mast. Otherwise there was no sign of neighboring habitations.

We took our boat between the islands one moonlight night and anchored with a big moray out on the shark hook. At last that unsuccessful line began to move and the slack sneaked out over the decks and into the water. We struck and something objected at the other end, something very much alive and quite strong. It was not much of a struggle, however, before we hauled a gray shape to the boat and saw an eye gleam red under the light of lantern. But it was a real shark with the wicked mouth, rough, sand-paper skin, and beautifully designed fins that finally flopped about in our cockpit. A good-size fish but not much of a shark, only three feet long, so we set the line again and waited. Shortly there was another bite. Here was the fish we had been waiting to feel. Solid bulk and weight were behind that pull. We never saw him. Our bait came back unscratched. He had never been hooked and just let go when his obstinacy turned to fear.

We caught some big hound fish. They have beaks like a crane with needle-sharp teeth of verdigris green studded the entire length. Ours were over three feet long and they jumped again and again, fighting the bending rod, slim curves of silver, green, and brilliant peacock-blue.

I might tell you about "Bill," who was a deep-sea turbot of wonderful shape and color who lived on the harbor bar where we fished in quiet weather. He always came to our baits, rolling a large eye on one broad side up at us peering through the buckets. We could see his absurdly small mouth close over the bait, but we could never hook him.

I might continue about the Spanish mackerel we caught and the enormous jewfish we saw in a rock cavern there, but things must come to an end. One day we found ourselves back on the deck of the boat which was to take us away from Nassau, and we thought of all the nice people who had given us their tea and their friendship, and we thought of the white sunny streets and of the wind in the cocoanut-palms. I looked overside to see swimming, in the place I had hunted a dozen times, the very shark I had hoped to catch from my little boat. He must have been twenty feet long.



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A DIDACTIC POEM TO DEBORAH

By Aline Kilmer

Illustration by Elenore Plaisted Abbott

Deborah, dear, when you are old,
Tired, and gray, with pallid brow,
Where will you put the blue and gold
And radiant rose that tint you now?

You are so fair, so gay, so sweet!
How can I bear to watch you grow,
Knowing that soon those twinkling feet
Must go the ways all children go!

Deborah, put the blue and gold
And rosy beauty that is you
Into your heart, that it may hold
Beauty to last your whole life through.

Then, though the world be tossed and torn,
Grayer than ashes, and as sad;
Though fate may make your ways forlorn
Deborah, dear, you shall be glad.

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PHARZY

BY ARMISTEAD C. GORDON

Author of "Maje," "Ommirandy," etc.

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY WALTER BIGGS

THE night had been a cold one, and Uncle Jonas noted the hoarfrost on the fallen autumn leaves beneath the aspen-trees. It was the first sharp snap of November, whose approach the old man was accustomed to regard with disfavor.

"De winter-time most in gennul give me a pain in de j'ints an' miz'ry in de back," he would say to Janey as he sat in the chimney-corner of her cabin at Old Town and toasted the flat soles of his uncovered feet at the crackling wood-fire.

But on this crisp autumn morning he appeared oblivious of the aches which the season was used to bring to his ancient bones, and he moved with what seemed to his daughter an unwonted alacrity.

"What dat you gwi' do, daddy?" she queried as she saw him go to the cupboard and take from it an old hammer and a small package wrapped in coarse brown paper.

"I borried dis here hammer yistiddy f'om Simon, which I got him ter saw dem bodes inter de right shape an' len'th dat's settin' outside by de do'," he replied.

He removed the wrapping-paper from the bundle and disclosed a handful of small new nails.

"Dat white man at Yellowley's sto' over yonder gimme dese here nails fur totin' a bun'le down to de wharf fur him. I done got all de contraptions fur ter do de job," he said.

Janey paused in her domestic task of cleaning the broken-legged spider that habitually stood on the hearth, propped up on a worn brickbat, and asked:

"Is you gwi' buil' a house?"

"I gwi' do sump'n mo'n dat," he replied. "De boy is done got weaned f'om his Ommirandy; an' now I gwi' eddicate him. I gwi' l'arn him 'bout hist'ry an' 'bout all dem things what ole mars useter tell me 'bout befo' de war an' endurin' o' de war, which ole mars' pa been tell him, 'bout Mars' George Washin'ton an' Gennul Light-Hoss. De chile got ter know 'bout 'em, an' M'randy ain't nuver gwi' l'arn 'em ter him. She ign'unt. I gwi' eddicate him."

Janey looked at her parent with admiring regard.

Uncle Jonas peered through the little window at the early morning sun, as if estimating its distance above the horizon. Then he went to the front door of the cabin and opened it, letting in the cool morning air. He paused on the threshold, gazing up the road in the direction of the Great House.

"Dar he come now!" he exclaimed. "He done riz early out'n his warm little bed."

Janey, though conscious that her father's remarks could indicate the approach of no other than Little Mr. William, with feminine curiosity went and stood beside him in the doorway, holding the damp dish-rag in her hand.

"Come along, son! come along!" exclaimed the old man cheerily as he went out to meet the little boy. "Evvything is done good 'n' ready. De bodes is medjered an' sawed. De do' is done made. De trigger gwi' soon be sot. All I got fur ter do is jes' ter fit 'em all in one wid de t'other an' put in de nails."

He walked around the house, with the little boy following him, to where the ash-hopper stood near the chimney.

"I eben is got de two sawhorses," he said proudly.

The November sunlight shone brilliantly upon the spot that the old man had chosen.

"Now you set down dar on de een o' dat piece o' scantlin' what stick out o' de flatform, which dat ash-hopper is restin' on it. I spec' Simon must 'a' lef' dat scantlin' dar careenin' out o' dat ash-hopper fur you ter set on it whence he built de hopper. Janey she ain't got much ashes in dat hopper yit fur ter make her lye fur de saf' soap what she keeps in her godes ter wash my shirts wid; an' so, ef

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you upsets de hopper wid yo' mighty weight, de ashes ain't gwi' drownd you, eben ef dey duz come out on top o' you."

He chuckled at his own humor, and the little boy laughed.

Then the old man picked up some of the boards and began to fashion them into an oblong box, which Little Mr. William regarded with evident disappointment.

"I thought you said it was going to be a gum," he commented as he saw the thing take shape under Uncle Jonas's energetic hammering.

"Dat what it gwine ter be, honey, dat what it gwine ter be. You see, dese here fo' bodes is j'ined tergether, an' dis here little piece is de piece what comes at de back o' de gum fer ter keep de rabbit f'om gittin' th'oo. Den dis here do', which de nail is in de top of it, fur ter fasten it ter de beam, it slides up an' down betwix' dese here two front pieces, dis-a-way. Den dar's dis here forky stick, which it stan's up in dis hole in de middle o' de top bode; an' den de beam across de forky stick is fasten' ter de trigger, which it goes down inter dis here t'other hole furder back in de top o' de gum, behime de forky stick, so dat de rabbit run agin it when he creep inter de gum fur de apple what we gwi' put in dar fur him an' fling de do' down."

"But that isn't a gum," persisted Little Mr. William. "I thought it was going to be made out of a hollow tree."

"Dat what dey useter make 'em out'n, son, when me an' yo' gran'pa was boys," said Uncle Jonas, "but dat is been a long time whence, an' de trees dey don't grow hollow no mo' now. Lots o' things is done change sence dem ole times; an' so we-all has ter nail some planks up dis-a-way fur ter make dese here rabbit-gums nowadays. Dat de same way we duz wid bee-gums. You don't see no gums made out o' no hollow trees what de bees makes dey honey in, up yonder at de Gre't House, in yo' ma's gyarden, which you eats it on yo' hot baddy-cakes mos' evvy mornin' fur breakfus'. Duz you?"

The little boy had to confess that the bee-gums were all constructed of plank.

The old man went on: "It's gwine ter do de work, son, it's gwine ter do it. A rabbit gwi' walk inter dis very gum 'fo' daybreak."

His companion's assurance mollified Little Mr. William, who stood looking on until the trap was completed.

"Ef we jes' could 'a' had it made an' sot lars' night," said Uncle Jonas, pausing in his work, "we'd 'a' sho' kotch one. Jack Fros' is a-trabbelin' 'roun' dese nights purty sevig'rous, an' Jack Fros' an' dem rabbits always trabbels tergether. Den dey's likewise out, cole weather like dis, a-lookin' fur dey rabbit terbacker, which it is dis here life-eberlastin' dat grows in de ole fiel's on de aidge o' de broom-swadge patches an' gits ripe 'long o' dis season o' de year. You been seen it, ain't you, honey?"

Little Mr. William was familiar with the life-everlasting, the fragrant immortelle of the country fields. He associated it in his childish thought with the dried lavender from the Kingsmill garden that Ommirandy would put among the clothes in his mother's bureau.

"An' ter-night is gwine ter be a fine night fur 'em," the old man rambled on. "Jes' look up dar at dat chimbly smoke. Duz you see whar it's gwine?"

The little boy looked up and saw a stream of blue smoke ascending straight up out of the chimney from Janey's replenished fire. He did not know that she was cooking ginger-cakes for him.

"When dat smoke go right on up inter de elements like dat," continued Uncle Jonas, "dat's a sho' sign it gwine ter be a cl'ar day ter-day an' a cl'ar night ter-night, an' dey ain't gwi' be no fallin' weather. Mo' 'n dat, dey's a full moon dese nights, an' dat what Jack Fros' an' rabbits loves. Dey gwi' be dat hongry ter-night, dem rabbits is, dat you cudden head 'em off f'om seekin' de apple we gwi' put in dis gum eben ef you was ter hit 'em wid a meat-axe."

This suggestion delighted the little boy immensely.

"Den Jack Fros', he gwi' be settin' right up on top o' de gum, behime de trigger, watchin' de rabbit go in dar fur ter git his meal's vittles."

The old man put the two sawhorses near each other and placed the finished box on them. Then he showed Little Mr. William how to set the trap.

"De place fur ter put it," he said, "is in a fence cornder, nigh on ter de bottom rail, whar dey is a rabbit-parf. De rabbits dey always blazes out dey parf th'oo

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de bottom fence rail. Dey nibbles an' gnyaws de rail, an' when you see de gnyawed place, ef you look close you likewise sees de little rabbit-parf, which dey done make it, comin' up ter de fence. Dey marks dey way th'oo de fence, jes' like dem folks in de ole times, what yo' gran'pa been tell me 'bout, mark dat long road, which dey call it de Three Chop Road, out o' Richmon' plum up beyond Looeezy County. Dem folks mark de trees 'long dat road wid three chops in de tree wid a hatchet, which dey call it de Three Chop Road. Is you been heard 'bout dat road, honey?"

Little Mr. William had never heard of the historic Three Chop Road.

"I knowed it!" exclaimed the old man triumphantly. "I jes' knowed it! Yo' Ommirandy ain't got no eddication'bout hist'ry an' things, like ole mars' tell me. Dat howcome I ax you dat queshtun."

He seated himself in the sweet winter sunshine on one of the sawhorses, and, taking out his short-stemmed corn-cob pipe, filled it with crumbled homespun tobacco from his pocket.

"Janey, you fetch me a live coal off'n de h'a'th!" he called loudly; and in a few moments his daughter brought him out a glowing ember in the long-handled iron shovel.

Little Mr. William was charmed to see Uncle Jonas pick up the coal with a deft, swift movement of his fingers and lay it on the bowl of his pipe.

"Uncle Jonas," he said gleefully, "you must be a salamander."

His mother had been reading to him the day before a story in which salamanders and griffins and unicorns had been the leading figures.

The old man took his pipe from his mouth and looked at the little boy with simulated sternness.

"Sally who?" he asked in a deep voice.

"Salamander," explained Little Mr. William. "It was an animal that could live in the fire."

"Looky here, son," said Uncle Jonas, "I thought you was callin' me some 'oman ur 'nother, an' I warn't gwi' stan' fur dat. Ef you calls me a creetur ur a varmint, dat's another thing. But I ain't no Sally-nothin'. I jes' yo' Unc' Jonas what worked fur yo' gran'pa."

He puffed vigorously for a few moments at his pipe while the little boy sat silent.

Then the old man began to sing in a low, crooning voice:

"Ez I was a gwine down de Three Chop Road,
I meets Mr. Ficklen an' Mr. Ford,
An' evvy time Mr. Ford 'ud sing
Mr. Ficklen cut de pidgin wing,
Run, nigger, run! De patter-roller ketch you!
Patter-roller ketch you 'fo' de break o' day!"

He paused and, sucking his pipe, blew out a volume of smoke.

"You say you ain't nuvver been heard about dat road?" he queried again. "Well! well! Yo' Ommirandy is sho' ign'unt."

"What is a patter-roller, Uncle Jonas?" asked Little Mr. William. "Is he a creetur or a varmint?"

The old man blew another cloud of smoke from his mouth and rolled his eyes.

"Daddy, you gwi' freeze dat chile, keepin' him out dar in de cole," said the kindly Janey, who had again emerged from the cabin to look after the welfare of the little boy.

"You go on back in de house an' ten' ter wimmen folks' biz'ness," said the old man tartly. "We's men. We's talkin' 'bout things dat's eddication things, which dey don't consarn wimmen folks—nuther you nur M'randy."

The discomfited Janey disappeared and the old man said to Little Mr. William:

"Dem patter-rollers was sump'n' what chase good-fur-nothin' niggers o' nights whence dey was traipsin' an' trampoosin' 'roun' whar dey ain't got no biz'ness. Dem patter-rollers warn't like Pharzy. Dey ain't nuver got kotch. Dey jes' ketches."

"Did you ever see one, Uncle Jonas?" asked Little Mr. William with an excited hesitation whether his query should be of the patter-roller or of Pharzy.

"Nor, son, I ain't nuver seed 'em. I jes' been heard tell on 'em. Dey warn't none of 'em along dis here ribber in de ole days. Dey live down Souf. I been hear ole mars' talk 'bout 'em. Ole mars' say his niggers kin go whar dey damn please, day ur night, jes' so dey gwi' be in de fiel's by mornin'. He got conference in 'em an' dey got conference in him. An' dey went whar dey please, too, night ur day, ole mars' niggers did.

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"But what I was gwine ter tell you was 'bout de Lord's Cornwallis and Mr. Francisker an' de Three Chop Road, which yo' gran'pa is been tell it ter me befo' de war."

He paused impressively, while the little boy regarded him with eager anticipation.

"Dat road is a road," he resumed, "which ole mars' useter talk 'bout it in dem days, dat it was a road de great men o' de yearth trabbel on fur ter git out o' Richmon' one time, sebral hunnerd years ago, when de Lord's Cornwallis was a-chasin' of 'em. He was a-chasin' of 'em out o' de legislation, an' whilst an' endurin' of his chasin' of 'em he run up agin Mr. Peter Francisker.

"Mr. Peter Francisker, ole mars' say, was big as de giant what David slunk de rock at, which mis' useter read ter de niggers 'bout in de loom-room out'n de Book, what hit him betwix' de here an' de hereafter an' put his chunk out. Ole mars' say dat when de Lord's Cornwallis come along up de Three Chop Road, out o' Richmon', a-chasin' o' de great men o' de yearth, like de debbil beatin' tan-bark, Mr. Peter Francisker, he jes' step' out o' his gyarden, which it lay 'longsides o' dat road, whar he was diggin' his crop o' early pertaters, an' he walk over his palin' fence, he did, an' den an' dar he retch out, an' he ketch de Lord's Cornwallis by de nap o' his neck, an' he shuk him, like a fice-tarripin shake one o' dese here rats in yo' ma's smoke-'ouse, which de King's Harnt lives in it. An' darupon de Lord's Cornwallis was mighty nigh onter skeered ter death when Mr. Francisker shuk him; an' he turn 'roun' an' he run down de Three Chop Road 'twel he git plum back inter Richmon'. An' he ain't nuvver come out o' Richmon' no mo'. He dar yit, unter dis very day. Dat what ole mars' say his pa tole him.

"An' all de time de great men o' de yearth dey was up de Three Chop Road, a-hollin' an' a-larfin', fit ter kill deyselves, at de Lord's Cornwallis runnin' back. Dat de way yo' gran'pa been tell me dat tale befo' de war."

Little Mr. William asked:

"Who was Pharzy?"

"Pharzy?" repeated Uncle Jonas. "Dey ain't many of 'em knows 'bout him. Yo' Ommirandy gwi' tell you, ef you ax her, dat dey ain't no sich pusson ez Pharzy, nuther folks nur creeturs nur varmints. An' Janey, she gwi' tell you de same. An' Simon, too. But I gwi' tell you diff'unt. I been knowed Pharzy all my times. Pharzy is a creetur dat gits kotch befo' he know he done been kotch. He ain't knowed it yit. Pharzy gits inter places onbeknownst ter hisse'f, an' den he can't git out. Sometimes he gits dar hisse'f. Sometimes dey puts him dar. But dar he is."

"Tell me about the creeturs," said Little Mr. William.

The request seemed to the old man a reflection on the historical incident that he had just narrated, which he regarded as one of his most significant educative stories.

"Duz you like tales 'bout dem foxes an' animils an' dawgs mo' 'n you likes 'em 'bout folks?" he asked.

The little boy admitted that he did.

"Den," said Uncle Jonas, "I gwi' tell you a tale 'bout a dawg, which he b'long' ter yo' gran'pa. Duz you remembrance dat tale I been tell you 'bout a passel o' dawgs dat fit one another one time whence dey chase ole Bullion th'oo Ole Town?"

Little Mr. William remembered it with delight.

"Well, den, dat was one tale 'bout a passel o' houn' dawgs an' nigger dawgs. Dis here tale is gwine ter be a tale 'bout one dawg, which he was a diff'unt kynd o' dawg f'om dem dawgs. He was a dawg dat possess' ez many gran'pas ez yo gran'pa is possess' 'em, an' dat was a plenty. Ole mars' he been had it all writ down in a book 'bout dis here dawg's gran'pas. De dawg was a funny-lookin' dawg. He was half bulldawg an' de t'other half of him was what dey call Scotch tarripin. Ole mars' say dat de dawg was like some o' dese here Ferginyans. He say he was f'om way back yonder, an' warn't wuth a tinker's dam. He say dat was howcome he like de dawg. Den de dawg had side-whiskers, jes' like yo' gran'pa had 'em. Dat was likewise howcome ole mars' say he favor' de dawg. You done been ter Christ Church, son?"

Little Mr. William said that he had been there often.

"Well, you knows, den, how dat church is circumvated? It got two do's on bofe sides, an' it got a big front do'. An' outside o' de church, in de graveyard, I been hear M'randy tell, all o' dem mar-

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vel tombstones is over de top o' whar yo' ant-cestors an' uncle-cestors is been buried, up dar, fur hunnerds o' years."

The little boy nodded acquiescence. He had been told of it.

"Well, sir, one day, befo' de war, I was up in de nigger gall'ry in dat church. I did'n' useter go dar much, 'scusin' yo' gran'pa want' me fur ter drive him dar in de double buggy wid de payr o' sorrels, but dat day, howsomedever, he want' me, an' I druv him. Den an' dar I seed an' heerd what was gwine on; an' sump'n' was gwine on, too.

"I gwi' take another smoke."

He filled his pipe again and once more summoned Janey to fetch a coal.

"Son, I gwi' tell you 'bout it. Dey ain't nothin' a white man, nur a nigger nuther, love like he love his dawg. 'Furgittin' father an' mother, cleave unter me.' Mis' useter read dem words ter we-all out'n de Book; an' dat what ole mars' done wid dat side-whisker' dawg. He useter feed him, hisse'f, off'n de Gre't House table, an' l'arn him an' eddicate him, an' one o' de things he been l'arn him is dat he ain't nuver, under no circumspicion, got ter go ter Christ Church wid de fambly. Christ Church ain't no place what, in de days befo' de war, persuadges eben niggers ter come an' set in de gall'ry, let alone dawgs. Dat was a white folks' church, like it is now; 'scusin' yo' Ommirandy, she useter go dar sometimes wid mis', in de big kerridge what let down de steps. But dat day I druv yo' gran'pa up dar, an' I walks up an' sets in dat cullud gall'ry. 'Twas in de summer-time, an' de do's was all open on de three sides, which dat was fur ter let in de light an' de a'r. De birds was a-singin', an' you could smell de blooms in de woods, an' now an' den a bug ur a butterfly ur sump'n ur 'nother would flip in th'oo one o' dem open do's. De preacher, he was up dar in de pil-put, wid his black silk nightgown on, a-risin' up an' a-settin' down; an' ole mars', he was in de nex' ter de fo'mos' bench, wid his gole' specs on, readin' back at de preacher out o' his book, whence he warn't sleep. De quality was all in de church, de men folks in dey Sunday-go-ter-meetin's an' de wimmen folks in dey rustlin' robes. An' dey was all a-risin' up an' a-settin' down, jes like de preacher do; an' sometimes dey sot wid dey heads down on de back o' de bench, which it was in front of 'em. You done been dar, son. You been see 'em go th'oo all o' dem gyrations, ain't you?"

The little boy nodded acquiescence.

"Well, sir, I comin' ter it. I gwi' tell you. I was settin' up dar in dat cullud gall'ry, wid de white wall behime me, lookin' like a drownded fly in a saucer o' buttermilk. Dar was ole mars' downsta'rs, which he had done tuk his buckskin gloves an' his buggy-whup out'n de buggy an' fotch 'em inter de church wid him, fur ter keep some o' dese here bad boys, ur de niggers what come wid dey marsters an' stay outside, f'om carryin' 'em off. I been watchin' ole mars' out'n de nigger gall'ry, an' I seen him a-stan'in' up an' a-deukin' down, 'long wid de balance of 'em, when here come dis here side-whisker', eddicated, peddlegree dawg, trottin' inter de front do' o' de church. You could 'a' knock' me down wid a broom-swadge straw. De dawg he done furgit all his eddication, an' come ter church, which ole mars' is been l'arnin' him fur two year, ur mo', he ain't nuver got ter do. But dar he was.

"He come in th'oo dat front do', de dawg did, like sump'n' was chasin' of him, an' he run inter de fus' bench he come ter an' sniff at a young 'oman's petty-cloaks. I knowed de dawg was lookin' fur ole mars', whence dey ain't nobody in de meetin', 'scusin' me, knowed it. De dawg he seed dat de young 'oman ain't yo' gran'pa, an' so he run' roun', fus' f'om one bench, den ter de nex' one, lookin' like he got ter fine ole mars' quick. He was on de t'other side o' de church f'om whar ole mars' was, which yo' gran'pa ain't seed de side-whisker' dawg yit. But nigh onter evvybody else is done seed him. Den de dawg come up in de front part o' de church, an' he run up in de pil-put an' sniff at de preacher's black silk nightgown.

"I been settin' up dar in de nigger gall'ry all dis time, sayin' ter myse'f: 'Dawg, you dunno what you doin'. Ole mars' been pow'ful good ter you; but when he ketch you carryin' on like you carryin' on dis minute, de fus' thing you gwi' know, you ain't gwi know nothin'.' Sho' 'nuf, dem words warn't skasely out o' my mouf, when ole mars' riz up in de midst of 'em. He seen de dawg when he

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run up in de pil-put, an' he perceed ter dror on his buckskin gloves, an' he dar an' den tuk de buggy-whup up in his right han', an' he crope out o' de bench whar he was. De dawg ain't seed him yit. Yo' gran'pa crope ter de side do' on dis side o' de church, an' he shet dat do'. He crope roun' ter de front do', an' he shet dat do'. He crope on' ter dat side o' de church, an' he shet dat do.' I sez ter myse'f: 'Dawg, yo' time done come. Ole mars' gwi' l'arn you yo' lesson.' De preacher had done stop readin' whence he see de dawg sniffin' roun' him. De dawg he turn 'roun' whence he fine de preacher ain't ole mars'; an' he come down de pil-put steps, an' he meet ole mars' wid de buckskin gloves on an' de buggy-whup in his han', right smack in what dey call de chancellum. Den an' dar it happen. Dey warn't no soun' in de church. De preacher he done stop readin', an' de folks was watchin' fur ter see what de dawg was gwi' do when he fine yo' gran'pa, which he been lookin' fur him.

"When ole mars' meet his high-breed, side-whisker' dawg in de chancellum, dat was de mos' s'prise' dawg you uver been see. Ole mars' reckernize de dawg, an' de dawg reckernize ole mars'. Ole mars' lif' up de buggy-whup, an' he say ter de dawg: 'Who de Lord loveth, he chaseth; an' I gwi' chase you.' An' den an' dar he done so. Soon as he say de words, de dawg started ter run. But he cudden git away f'om yo' gran'pa. Ole mars' lit inter de peddlegree dawg wid dat buggy-whup, an' up an' down dat church dey went. De dawg made a bee-line fur de front do' whar he fus' come in, wid ole mars' right behime him. Den he come back whence he see de do' was shet, an' 'twas de same thing over agin, wid de dawg a-howlin' an' ole mars' a-lettin' him have it. Yo' gran'pa chase dat dawg up an' th'oo dat church, ontwel 'twas scan'lous. De dawg he holler an' yell evvy time ole mars' tech' him, 'twel one o' de deacons run out o' his bench an' open de side do' an let de dawg out o' de place.

"Den ole mars' walk back ter his bench, solemn an' pompous, an' evvybody, 'scusin' him, was larfin'. He didn' keer. It didn' make no diffunce ter yo' gran'pa ef dey larf ur dey cry. He been eddicate dat dawg; an' when he eddicate anybody, he eddicate 'em. De onlies' way de preacher could get 'em all quiet was ter line out a hymn; which he done so, an' dey sung it.

"I been here ter tell you dat dat dawg live ter be fo'teen year ole, an' ain't nobody uver hear o' him comin' inside of a mile o' Christ Church after dat, ter de day o' his death. F'om dat time on, whence de dawg see me drive de double buggy 'roun' ter de front do', dat dawg would run 'roun' de house an' hide hisse'f."

When the story was ended the old man said:

"Now you come along wid me, son, an' we gwi' set dis here rabbit-gum fur ter ketch Pharzy, which he gwi' be a big, fat rabbit. We gwi' set it at de fence cornder over by de cullud plum-tree graveyard, an' dar is gwine ter be a nibble' place in de bottom rail o' de fence."

On their way across the fields he explained to Little Mr. William the whimsical mystery of Pharzy.

"You been ax me 'bout him, an' I been tellin' you 'bout him all along. De Lord's Cornwallis is him, which Mr. Francisker kotch him de fus' time he come up de Three Chop Road. De side-whisker' dawg is him, which yo' gran'pa kotch him de fus' time he git inter Christ Church. Whatsomedever gits kotch, onbeknownst ur onexpected, whether deys folks ur creeturs, an' it's de fus' time dey 'rives dar, den dat's him."

Uncle Jonas set the trap, which he baited with the half of an apple and a piece of cabbage-leaf. Then he and his little companion parted, the boy going home and the old man returning to Janey's cabin—each with pleased anticipation of a capture, during the night, in the new gum.

Uncle Jonas came to Janey's door next morning "befo' sun-up." He found his industrious daughter at work washing the breakfast things.

"Look like mo'n one is been eat here dis mornin' already," he remarked as she placed his breakfast before him. "Is you got anybody co'tin' you, Janey? Widder-wimmen folks is got ter be mighty wary havin' nigger men in ter eat wid 'em dis early."

"G' way f'om here, daddy!" exclaimed Janey, charmed with the accusation of a beau in her sere-and-yellow-leafed widow-

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hood. "You knows I ain't gwi' let none o' dese here Kingsmill niggers come foolin' 'roun' me. Dem extry things you see was fur Tibe. He come up f'om de cote-'ouse, whar he work, lars' night."

"'Fo' de Lord," said the old man, "Ise pintedly glad dat nigger boy is got dat job, cote-'ouse ur anywhars else, jes' so he work an' git away f'om here. I been s'picionin', fur many's de year, he gwi' 'rive at some bad een'. What he come back fur?"

"Is you been ter de trap?" Janey asked irrelevantly. "You-all ketch a'ry rabbit?"

A grim smile played over the old man's usually saturnine countenance as he looked at her.

"Janey, ain't you know dat I been makin' rabbit-gums sence I was knee-high ter a puddle-duck? Ain't you l'arnt yit dat I been ketch hunnerds o' rabbits in dem gums which I been sot 'em myse'f, an' in dem furtherance gums what I useter make fur Tibe, which he been sot 'em hisse'f? Don't you know it? Is you been exper'unce any gum which yo' pa is made ur sot, which it didn' ketch sump'n ur 'nother in it? Is you?"

Janey poured some water from the brass-bound wooden bucket, with the long-handled gourd, into the big iron kettle on the hearth.

"I ain't excusin' you o' not ketchin' de creeturs, daddy," she replied. "You an' Tibe is always been kotch' 'em."

"Me an' Tibe!" ejaculated the old man scornfully. "Janey, you an' M'randy ain't nuver been had no sense. What you talkin' ter me 'bout Tibe fur? All de wimmen folks I uver is knowed in my long time what had sense was mis' an' Mis' Nancy."

"Did you-all ketch de rabbit?" persisted Janey. "What you done wid de chile? Didn' he go wid you ter de rabbit-gum?"

Janey's fusillade of questions aroused the old man's suspicion.

"Um-huh!" he grunted. "I done put two an' two tergether an' make six. Whar dat Tibe?"

"Tibe done gone down ter see Simon," she replied. "Did you-all ketch de rabbit?"

"I gwi' tell you," the old man responded, "dat chile git up befo' daylight an' come down ter Ole Town. He wake me up 'fo' I was out o' bed. He say: 'Come along, Unc' Jonas. Jack Fros' is out, an' I know we done kotch sump'n in our gum.' "

"Bless his heart!" said Janey.

"I gits up an' rustles inter my ole clo'es," continued her father, "an' we sets out tergether ter de fence cornder, whar I been tell you dat it run by de cullud plum-tree graveyard. What de matter wid you, Janey? I 'spec' some nigger man *is* been trampoosin' 'roun' here, co'tin' you 'fo' daylight, 'long o' you carryin' on dat-a-way! Whar you say Tibe is?"

"He done gone ter see Simon," responded Janey.

"Well, we walks th'oo de fiel's," continued her father, "an' we gits dar 'fo' daybreak. I sez ter Little Mr. William 'fo' we 'rive at de place: 'We done kotch him, son. De gum do' is down. I kin see it in de moonlight f'om here.' He say: 'Come on, Unc' Jonas, let's run!' He lit out, he did, an' he gits dar 'fo' I gits dar. He say ter me: 'Unc' Jonas, de do' o' de gum is nailed down!' "

Janey turned her face away and put her hand to her mouth.

"Sez I ter him: 'Son, I been ketchin' varmints in gums an' things fur nigh onter a hunnerd years, an' I ain't nuver yit seed no trap whar a varmint is gone inter it an' nail' hisse'f in.' Little Mr. William he say: 'Dat what he done dis time!' I picks up de gum, an' soon ez I hefts it up I knows dey was sump'n' inside of it. Sez I: 'Honey, we is sho' done got him. I dunno how he nail hisse'f up, 'case here is a small nail jes' like you say, holdin' de do' down, but, howsomedever, he inside, an' you an' me is gwine ter percede ter git him out.' Darupon I prizes de nail out an' open de do'—an' what you reck'n we fine in dar?"

"Well, I do declar'!" exclaimed the delighted Janey, showing a visibly simulated surprise at her father's account of the nailed door. "Tibe gwi' be here ter supper ter-night. I sho'ly is glad you-all kotch de rabbit. When you an' Tibe gits back after you done been down ter de bush-meetin' dis ebenin' an' heerd de rev'un' preach, you-all is gwi' fine a sho'-nuf supper in dis house."

Uncle Jonas's memories of the rabbit-

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trap were submerged in his eager anticipation of the evening's repast.

"What is dey gwine ter be?" he queried solemnly.

"Dey's gwine ter be ash-cake, cooked in de collud leaves on de h'a'th," Janey answered.

"Um-huh!" he responded with satisfaction.

He had taken his seat in the corner by the fireplace, with his walking-stick between his knees, and, with hands extended to the blaze, was gazing into the well-smoked joists of the cabin, where two hams, a shoulder of bacon, a string of pepper-pods, and a bunch of onions hung in well-ordered array.

"What mo'?" he queried.

"Buttermilk," said Janey.

"Um-huh!" he grunted. "Anything else?"

"Hot coffee an' cole cracklin' bread. But de main thing is gwineter be a fat possum, wid sweet 'taters, an de possum gravy dreenin' down over 'em."

She looked at him, smiling.

Uncle Jonas smacked his lips with a resounding explosion of anticipated gustatory delight and laughed aloud.

"G'way f'om here, Janey!" he exclaimed. "I knowed it! But howcome he done it?"

"He say dat he was 'feared dat you moughtn't ketch Pharzy lars' night; an' he was likewise 'feared dat de' possum dat he picked up 'longsides de road, like he was dead, when he come up f'om de cote-'ouse, mought git away, onbeknownst, ef he was ter shet him up in de house. 'Possums is pow'ful sly. So he tuk de creetur up dar whar you tell me you gwi' set de gum, an' he nail him in."

"Which he done so," responded Uncle Jonas. "Dat Tibe gwi' git in de penitench' yit, an' when he git dar *he* gwi' git nailed up so he ain't nuver gwi' git out. Dat what I been sayin' 'bout him, sence he done me dat trick wid Baytop."

He rubbed his hands together gleefully in front of the warm fire.

"Mis' Nancy," said Ommirandy the day after Janey had told her the story of the nailed-up trap, "I dunno whether you thinks about it ur not, but ef you ain't, you orter. Dat ole Jonas is been givin' me a heap o' trouble dese here late days."

"I am sorry," said her mistress patiently. "I think you let Jonas worry you unduly. Your Mars' Jeems and I are both very fond of him."

"Ef you been layin' out yo' feelin's on dat ole nigger man, you done flung 'em away," the old woman replied.

Miss Nancy was ennuied, but listened patiently. She had heard it all so often.

"De lars' thing he done, arfter dat Sunday fishin' in de summer-time, is jes' happen'. He gits de chile out'n his bed yistiddy mornin' 'fo' daybreak fur ter go wid him ter see ef dey had kotch a rabbit in a trap what dey done made de day befo'. It was dat cole dat Little Mr. William's teef was chatterin' when I put his clo'es on him. But he would go. Dat ole nigger gwi' kill dis here chile 'fo' he git th'oo wid him yit. An' dey didn' ketch no rabbit nuther. What you reck'n dey ketch in dat trap, Mis' Nancy?"

Miss Nancy, wearing a pained expression on her gentle face, could not guess.

"Dey didn' ketch no rabbit, but dey ketch a 'possum," the old woman said scornfully. "Yas'm, he was one o' dese here ole grinnin', scaly 'possums which dat offshoot o' de debbil, Janey's Tiberius, is been put in Little Mr. William's rabbit-trap, an' nail him up in it, endurin' o' de night. What you think o' dat, Mis' Nancy?"

Young Mars' Jeems, who was in the room reading his newspaper, interrupted.

"Mirandy, you are too hard on Tiberius, and you never did give Jonas half his dues. Jonas and William get on together all right, and Tiberius is the smartest darky boy that ever lived on the Kingsmill plantation."

"Jonas's dues!" exclaimed the old woman with asperity. "I'd like fur ter see him git half of 'em! On top o' mighty nigh freezin' de chile ter death, an' not ketchin' no rabbit fur him, dat ole scoun-d'el tells Little Mr. William dat de 'possum was name' Pharzy. He 'low dat all de fus' fruits o' his rabbit-gums an' patt'idge-pens is got dat name. Is you uver been hear de beat o' dat, young Mars' Jeems? I knows you ain't. Jonas is a turrible ole lyin' vilyun. An' he an' Tibe been eat Little Mr. William's 'possum, what come out de chile's own trap, an' ain't invite nobody ter eat it wid 'em,—not eben de chile hisse'f."

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GOVERNMENT PREVENTION OF RAILROAD STRIKES

By Samuel O. Dunn
Editor of the *Railway Age Gazette*

THE American people awakened recently to find themselves threatened with an interruption of transportation throughout the country. This imminent danger aroused for the first time in a majority a realization of the extent to which the public welfare has come to depend on the continuous maintenance of railway service. To ward off the blow Congress hastily passed the Adamson "basic eight-hour day" act. The railways promptly took this measure into court to test its constitutionality. Threats of a strike were then heard again.

President Wilson recommended last August the passage, along with the Adamson bill, of a measure to prohibit strikes or lockouts in train service until after public investigation of the matters in controversy. He renewed this recommendation on the reassembling of Congress in December. The need for additional legislation dealing with labor controversies on railways has been made so manifest recently that before this article appears the President's recommendation may have been acted on. The problem which gives rise to these controversies is not, however, one which legislation passed to meet a single emergency is likely to solve. It is a very difficult problem—a problem at once important, complex, and unique. It is a problem which has arisen inevitably, first, from the economic developments of our time, and, second, from the nature of the railway industry.

The changes in economic conditions which have taken place within recent years have made strikes and lockouts in many lines of business matters of serious consequence to the public. When the largest concern represented a capital of only a few hundred thousands of dollars, and employed only a few hundred workmen, when employers dealt only with their own employees, and employees only with their own employers, a lockout or strike might work great hardship or ruin to those directly involved; but the public hardly felt it. There was then little occasion for government interference except to prevent and punish violence and other ordinary infractions of the criminal law.

Within our time, however, there have been great increases in the size of business concerns. Single corporations now represent hundreds of millions of capital, and employ many thousands of men. Confronted by these huge aggregations of capital, employees have organized on a grand scale to pit against the large bargaining power of the great corporations the collective bargaining power of thousands of workers. From local bodies, labor unions have developed into national and international organizations. Individual corporations, even though very large, have found themselves at a disadvantage when dealing single-handed with labor unions national or international in their scope. Therefore, in many industries labor unions national in their scope are now confronted with employers' associations national in their extent. Thus have combinations of capital and of labor acted and reacted on each other until there has developed a situation the significance of which, in relation to the public welfare, can hardly be exaggerated.

In no other field, however, is organized capital confronted with organizations of labor at once so powerful, so militant, and possessed of so many strategic advantages as in the railway field. The principal of these are the four brotherhoods of employees in train service—the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, the Order of Railway Conductors, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen, and the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen. For many years each of these or-

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ganizations acted alone; and it was the policy of each to deal with only one or a few railways at a time. In not a few cases failure to secure satisfactory settlements resulted in strikes of the members of single brotherhoods on single roads. Perhaps the most famous and bitterly fought of these was that of the locomotive engineers on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy in 1888. The greatest strike in the history of American railways, that carried on by the American Railway Union in 1894, grew out of a boycott this union had declared against Pullman cars because the employees of the Pullman Company were on strike. But the American Railway Union soon went out of existence; and the course of the leading brotherhoods continued to be the same as before.

About ten years ago, however, radical changes began to be introduced in their policy. The individual brotherhoods commenced to make identical demands upon, and to insist upon carrying on negotiations with, the representatives of groups of railways operating throughout the three great sections of the country—East, South, and West. Then the other trainmen began to join with the conductors, and the firemen with the engineers, in making demands upon the railways of entire sections. Finally, in 1916, the engineers, firemen, conductors, and other trainmen of the whole country united in making demands upon all the railways. This, it may develop, was not the climax of the railway labor movement. It is reported that the employees in train service have been trying to get all the other organized railway employees, especially the mechanics and other shopmen, to join with them in their struggles.

Every step taken by the employees has been countered by the managements. Committees representing groups of railways succeeded representatives of the individual managements in labor negotiations. Finally, in 1916, for the first time in history, a committee representing the managements of all the railways confronted committees representing men employed on all. This was followed by another event without a precedent—a meeting in Washington, D. C., of the heads of all the leading transportation systems to decide what should be the final stand of all in a labor controversy.

There will be no dissent from the proposition that revolutionary changes in economic and industrial conditions which powerfully affect the interests of the public may demand correspondingly radical alterations in public policy. Likewise, it will hardly be controverted that the growth of great combinations of capital and of huge organizations of labor largely to carry on gigantic struggles with each other has worked an economic and industrial revolution. Finally, to most persons it must be plain that the part of this revolution which has occurred in the railway industry is of peculiar importance. A nation-wide lockout or strike in any of our large industries would soon become a serious matter for the public. The complete closing down of the steel mills would speedily affect all connected with branches of industry which sell them raw materials or buy their finished products, and would soon threaten the general prosperity. Much more speedy, serious, and universal would be the consequences of a general closing down of the plants used to produce some essential of industrial activity, which is also a necessity of life, such as coal. But the most immediately and universally disastrous of all industrial catastrophes would be a nation-wide strike in railway-train service. Such a strike would at once throw all railway employees out of work. By stopping the movement of coal and raw materials, it would swiftly shut down every mine and factory. The crops of the farmers would soon be rotting upon the ground. Depriving merchants of the means of renewing their stocks, it would soon close every wholesale house and retail store. The people of our great cities are dependent from day to day for their food upon the supplies which the railways bring to them from all parts of the land; and they would all find themselves threatened with starvation. As a nation-wide strike in railway-train service would bring all industry and commerce to a stop, it would soon have the effects of a general strike of all workers such as is advocated by the syndicalists.

Until recently, it was replied to such statements that the circumstance that

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the movements carried on by railway employees were growing more and more extensive did not give ground for fears of general tie-ups of the railways, or justify coercive action by the government to prevent them. The ablest report on a labor controversy ever made in this country was that rendered by the board which arbitrated the wage dispute between the eastern railways and their locomotive engineers in 1912. This board, of which President C. R. Van Hise, of the University of Wisconsin, was chairman, was profoundly impressed by the danger of extensive railway strikes. It, therefore, advocated the creation of State and federal wage commissions to determine the wages and conditions of work of railway employees. The representative of labor on the board (P. H. Morrissey, formerly president of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen) vigorously dissented. "The developing power of the (labor) organizations through concerted methods carries with it increasing responsibilities which the organizations and their leaders recognize," said he. "They well know the value of public approval of their activities and are equally conscious of its disapproval. To intimate that the transportation of the country can be brought to a standstill at the whim or caprice of a small group of men is not a fair statement of the manner by which the powers of these organizations are exercised." There was a strike of the employees of all the railways of France in 1910, and the majority of the arbitration board described this as an example of what might occur in the United States. Mr. Morrissey denied the analogy. "The immediate cause of the French strike," said he, "was the refusal of the railway officials to confer with the representatives of their employees in order that there might not even be a discussion of the employees' demands. There is no such condition in America."

Every argument made by Mr. Morrissey was speedily refuted by the irresistible logic of events. In 1914 the engineers and firemen of the railways west of the Mississippi River made demands upon the companies, and the companies made counter-demands. The railways offered to arbitrate the demands of both sides. The employees consented to arbitration of their own demands, but refused to arbitrate those of the railways. The order was issued for a strike. The war in Europe had just begun. It was a time of industrial and financial crisis. President Wilson intervened, finally appealing to the managers of the railways on patriotic grounds to withdraw their demands, and arbitrate only those of the employees. Only the compliance of the managers averted the disaster.

Still more impressive and conclusive was the lesson taught last year. In this instance not only did all the locomotive engineers, conductors, firemen, and other trainmen for the first time join in making demands on all the railways, but they refused to submit to arbitration in any form any of the points in controversy, whether raised by themselves or by the roads. President Wilson asked the railways to accede to the demand for a "basic eight-hour day" and leave other matters in issue to subsequent determination. When the labor leaders heard that the railways had decided to reject the President's plan, they immediately issued an order for a nation-wide strike; and it was averted only by the hurried passage of the Adamson act. The order for a strike was withdrawn only thirty-six hours before the strike was to have begun. It was clear that labor leaders who would issue an order for a nation-wide railway strike in this manner and under these conditions would put such an order into effect. It was clear that railway managers who would meet the issue unflinchingly, as the railway managers did in this instance, would let a strike come. It was evident, therefore, that the time had arrived for a change in our methods of dealing with labor disputes on railways.

There has been frequent government intervention in labor disputes on railways in this country for some years. The laws under which it has occurred have applied only to disputes between the carriers and their employees in train service. The Erdman act, passed by Congress in 1898, provided for mediation by the Commissioner of Labor and the Chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and, if this failed, for arbitration by a board composed of one representative of the

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railways, one representative of labor, and one member chosen by these two or by the mediators. The Newlands act, passed subsequently at the joint request of the railways and the labor brotherhoods, created a permanent mediation and conciliation board of three members, and provided for arbitration, if mediation failed, by a board of six members—two representing the railways, two the employees, and two supposedly impartial. The Newlands act, like the Erdman act, left it optional with the parties whether they should accept mediation or arbitration. So long as the parties were disposed to make settlements through mediation, or to arbitrate, this system was useful as a preventive of strikes. When, however, in 1916 the employees announced that they would not arbitrate, and stuck to it, the system of voluntary arbitration broke down.

Government ownership is urged by some as a specific for all the ills which develop under private ownership; and recently it often has been suggested as the only sure preventive of strikes. But strikes have not been unknown on state railways. The locomotive engineers and firemen of the state railways of Victoria struck in 1903. A serious strike occurred on the state railways of Hungary in 1904. The employees of the state railways of Italy, by threatening to strike, succeeded in 1905 in getting rid of an objectionable general manager. The employees of the two state railways of France went on strike with the employees of all the private railways in 1910. There even has been a strike already on the railway which the government of the United States is building in Alaska; and it was successful, the strikers getting practically all they demanded.

Under either government or private ownership differences are sure to arise from time to time between the management of the railways and the employees. In case the differences become serious, and strikes are permitted, the employees, especially if they are organized, are likely to strike. The Prussian government, true to its character in other respects, makes strikes on the railways it owns and operates practically impossible by prohibiting the employees from belonging to unions or from holding meetings except such as are attended and presided over by their officers. The employees of the French railways, state and private, on the very day the general strike was declared in 1910, were mobilized under the military laws and ordered to the colors for three weeks' training. The duty to which they were assigned was that of maintaining and operating the railways in the usual manner. It will be noted that this strike was on both state and private railways, and that precisely the same measure was used on both to break it. Similar methods were employed in breaking the strike on the Hungarian state railways in 1904.

It would be neither practicable nor desirable for the government of the United States to interfere, after the Prussian manner, with the organization of railway employees. Nor would it be possible in this country, at least in time of peace, to break a strike by mobilizing railway employees, as was done in France and Hungary. At the same time, our recent experience demonstrated that we could not reasonably hope much longer to avoid nation-wide railway strikes unless some form of coercion was adopted by the federal government to prevent them.

Legislation has been passed in many countries for the prevention of strikes and lockouts, not only on railways and other public utilities, but in industries of almost every kind. Until a comparatively few years ago proposals for the arbitration of labor disputes usually originated with labor and were often rejected by capital. Consequently, at that time labor leaders, seconded by most social reformers, advocated legislation making arbitration compulsory. Within the last quarter-century this system has been tried in several countries, especially New Zealand and Australia. The original compulsory arbitration act of New Zealand was passed in 1894. District boards of conciliation, consisting of both employers and employees, and a court of arbitration, consisting of a president, one representative of the unions of employers and one representative of the unions of workers, were created. Reports as to the operation of this system are practically unanimous. From 1894 to 1900

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New Zealand was prosperous; the awards of the arbitration court usually resulted in substantial advances in wages; and during this time compulsory arbitration was in high favor with labor, and there were no strikes. During the next six years the country was less prosperous, the awards began to result in small increases in wages or none, and, as one author says, "labor became less satisfied, and capital less distrustful," but there were still no strikes.

Between 1906 and 1912, when labor was "in open revolt and capital endeavored to uphold the act," there were sixty-three strikes. The first of these was declared by the employees of the street railways of Auckland in November, 1906, showing that the law was no more effective as applied to public utilities and their employees than as applied to other employers and their employees. There was provided a maximum fine of two thousand five hundred dollars for any employer and one of fifty dollars for any employee who should violate the arbitration law; and in this case both the company and the striking employees were fined. But from that time strikes continued to occur in various lines of industry in spite of the fact that fines continued to be imposed. In 1909 the law was amended. Three permanent commissioners of conciliation are now appointed by the government. In case of a labor dispute one of them goes to the scene and tries to settle it. If unsuccessful he organizes a council of conciliation which includes two or more representatives of both parties. Every dispute must now be referred to such a council before it can be carried to the arbitration court. This system is said to work better than the earlier one; but the record shows that while compulsory arbitration in New Zealand has prevented lockouts, it has not prevented strikes. It has been found possible under it always to enforce awards against employers, but not always against employees. In other words, the system is effectively compulsory only in its application to employers.

The experience of Australia has been similar. The Australian commonwealth has a compulsory arbitration act which has been in effect for twelve years, and the different states have tried various similar schemes. They, also, have prevented lockouts, but not strikes. Norway formerly had a compulsory arbitration law, but opposition to it by both capital and labor caused its repeal. After a general strike in 1916, which itself followed a strike of four months in the mining and iron and steel industries, another compulsory arbitration law was enacted to remain in effect during the continuance of the present war in Europe.

A measure similar in purpose to those mentioned, but narrower in its scope, and differing widely from them in the means it provides for accomplishing its ends, is the Industrial Disputes Investigation Act of Canada. This law was passed in 1907 as a result of a serious and protracted coal-mine strike in one of the Western provinces. It applies to railroads and other public utilities, to mines of all kinds, and, by a recent amendment, to all industries engaged in productive operations of any kind for military purposes. It prohibits, under heavy penalties, a lockout or a strike until the matters in dispute shall have been referred to a conciliation and investigation board. The party about to lockout or strike must give notice to the Dominion government, together with a statement regarding the matters in controversy. The Minister of Labor calls on each party to name a member of the board. These two are given opportunity to name a third, who becomes chairman. If they fail to do so, he is appointed by the Minister of Labor. The primary function of this board is that of mediation. If it fails to effect a settlement, it takes testimony and prepares a report, which is made public, summarizing the evidence and giving its conclusions as to the bases on which a settlement should be made.

This measure differs from those establishing compulsory arbitration in not requiring obedience to the awards made under it. Like them, it has not succeeded entirely in preventing strikes. But almost always in cases of industrial disputes its provisions have been obeyed, with resulting peaceful settlements in a large majority of cases. Of eighty-five disputes on railways which have been investigated under its provisions, all but

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seven have been settled without strikes or lockouts; and, as already indicated, the Canadian law applies to disputes affecting any class of railway employees, not merely those in train service.

Our experience in the United States has shown that a system which leaves mediation and arbitration of labor disputes on railways entirely optional with the parties cannot be relied on to safeguard the interests of the public. At the same time the experience of other countries with compulsory arbitration shows that while it is attractive in theory it often proves unworkable in practice. If employees are determined not to carry out the terms of an award, there appears to be, at least in democratic countries, no practical way of compelling them to do so. Fines have proved ineffectual, and provisions for imprisonment probably could not be enforced.

For the present it seems best to take in the United States a middle course between the policy of entirely voluntary arbitration and that of compulsory arbitration. In other words, we should apply to labor controversies threatening to interrupt railway service a system modelled after that of Canada. The most important feature of that system is that it does not make lockouts and strikes illegal and arbitration and acceptance of the awards compulsory, but that it merely makes strikes and lockouts illegal if declared before there has been a public investigation of and report on the matters in controversy.

Most of the leaders of organized labor formerly advocated compulsory arbitration. At present, most of the labor leaders of this country oppose the placing of any restriction on the right of railway employees to strike. They declare that merely to prohibit strikes until there can be public investigation is to subject railway employees to "involuntary servitude." But such a system does not involve any abridgment of the freedom of the individual. It merely imposes a limitation on the action of employees collectively; and no principle of economics or jurisprudence is more fundamental than that it may be the right and duty of society to impose restrictions on the collective action of large numbers of men which it would be wrong to impose on the action of individuals.

"Involuntary servitude" is merely a euphemism for slavery. It is obvious that legislation prohibiting strikes until after public investigation does not establish slavery. Therefore, we must look beyond this argument for the true reason why labor leaders are so strongly opposed to any restriction of the right of railway employees to strike. The true reason probably is that they fear such restriction will result in weakening the bargaining power of the labor brotherhoods. As already stated, the labor situation on railways and other public utilities is unique, and this point calls attention to one of the most important conditions which make it unique. In every other class of industry employers have the same legal power and moral right to seize upon favorable opportunities to force through reductions in wages and changes in conditions of employment by resort to the lockout that the employees have to seize upon favorable opportunities to force through increases in wages and changes in conditions of employment by resort to the strike. Therefore, in any other industry in which both employers and employees are strongly organized there may be a substantial parity in their collective bargaining power. In the case of railways and other public utilities, on the other hand, the employer may not legally suspend operation. This means, as to most classes of employees, that he cannot use the lockout. In consequence, if the employees of railways and other public utilities are permitted to strike whenever they please, this gives them in collective bargaining an important advantage. The employees in railway-train service in this country have used this advantage often and skilfully. It is mainly owing to this that they have got their wages on a basis higher than those of any other workingmen in the world. A law absolutely prohibiting strikes in train service, if enforced, would largely destroy the advantage in bargaining possessed by these employees. A law merely prohibiting strikes until after public investigation will greatly impair it. While the investigation is going on the most opportune time for putting a strike into effect is

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likely to pass, and the ardor of the men for it is likely to cool. This will be partly because of the delay involved. It will also be partly because of the fact that the public will be informed as to the matters in controversy; that it will have before it the recommendations of an impartial board as to a settlement; and that it probably will strongly oppose and condemn any move to bring about a strike in disregard of these recommendations.

From the standpoint of the leaders of organized labor these are strong arguments against imposing limitations on the right to strike. From the standpoint of the public they are just as strong arguments in favor of imposing such limitations. It is not to the interest of the public that the employees of railways and other public utilities shall possess a disproportionate power in bargaining with their employers. The profits of public utilities, unlike those of other concerns, are controlled by public authorities to prevent them from becoming excessive. Since such concerns are required to do business on a comparatively narrow margin of profit, every considerable change in the wages they pay must affect the rates they charge the public or the service they render to it. It is hardly necessary to add that it is to the public interest to interpose all reasonable obstacles in the way of strikes.

However, before a system of compulsory investigation of industrial disputes can be made to accomplish the greatest good, it will have to be given some features which have not yet been introduced into it. Its most important object should be to prevent strikes; but it should also aim to secure settlements of disputes which will be just to all, including the public. But what is just cannot well be determined by such temporary boards as have been organized under the Industrial Disputes Act in Canada and under the Erdman and Newlands acts in this country. The determination of the conditions of employment and the wages that should prevail on railways is as technical, and almost as important, a matter as the determination of railway rates. Therefore the investigation of labor disputes on railways, like the regulation of rates, should be delegated to some body which, from the training and experience of its members, will be skilful in getting at the true facts and conditions, and in making sound and fair recommendations as to settlements. The body to which this function logically should be delegated is that which already regulates railway rates and operation, viz., the Interstate Commerce Commission. In any event, the connection between the body that investigates labor disputes and the body that regulates rates and operation should be close.

Probably the best alternative to turning the entire matter over to the Interstate Commerce Commission would be to provide that each investigating board should be composed of the following: (1) A permanent chairman, who preferably should be an army officer, and who, because of the permanency of his tenure, would in time become an expert on labor controversies; (2) a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, to be designated for the occasion by that Commission, who would bring into the deliberations a broad knowledge of the railway situation; (3) a member of the Federal Trade Commission, to be designated for the occasion by the Trade Commission, who would bring into the deliberations a broad knowledge of the general business situation; (4) a representative of the railways, who would bring expert knowledge of railway matters and express the railway point of view; (5) a representative of the employees, who would bring expert knowledge of the labor situation and express the labor point of view.

The Erdman and Newlands acts provided for arbitration boards composed of equal numbers of representatives of the railways, of the employees, and of the public. It has been justly complained of these boards that the minority of their members representing the public were impartial but not expert, while the majority, representing the employers and employees, were expert but not impartial. Either the Interstate Commerce Commission or boards organized according to the alternative plan suggested above would largely obviate these objections.

As important as it is that the public should have railway labor controversies

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elucidated for it by an expert and impartial board, the service which such a board could render in influencing the attitudes of the immediate parties themselves might be more important. In order that this service might be rendered in the most efficient manner, the law should provide that no strike vote might be taken until the investigating board had made its report, and that with every strike ballot sent out there should be enclosed a brief statement, prepared by the board itself, setting forth its conclusions and recommendations and the reasons for them. It might be well to provide also that strike votes must be by ballot, so that no employee may be prevented from expressing his true sentiments. The question whether the railway transportation of the United States shall be interrupted is a more important one than most of those voted on at political elections, and therefore no pains should be spared to insure that it will be voted on intelligently and without duress.

The insuperable obstacle that has been encountered in the administration of compulsory arbitration laws has been that of getting employees to carry out awards. Will equal difficulty be met in the administration of a well-devised scheme of compulsory investigation? Both consideration of the conditions and the experience of Canada indicate that it will not be. The only prohibitions of such a system are those applying to strikes and lockouts previous to investigation. There is no reason why the penalties applicable, on the one hand, to the railway companies and their officers, and, on the other hand, to the officers of the unions, to their individual members, and to the unions themselves and their properties and funds, cannot be made heavy enough, if enforced, to secure obedience to the law; and it should be much easier to secure enforcement of penalties for violations of such prohibitions than to secure the enforcement of penalties against men who have struck rather than carry out an award already made and which they regard as unjust. There is no "involuntary servitude" in the former proceeding. The latter savors strongly of it.

It is not probable that a plan such as that outlined would secure entirely equitable settlements of railway labor controversies; but it would secure much fairer settlements than any plan tried heretofore. It is not probable that it would entirely prevent strikes in railway-train service, but it would almost certainly prevent nation-wide tie-ups while strictly limiting the number affecting smaller areas. Should a well-devised scheme of compulsory investigation of railway labor disputes fail, public sentiment might be educated by its operation and irritated by its failure to a point where it would cause the enactment and enforcement of a law entirely prohibiting railway strikes.

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THE HOME-MAKERS

By L. Frank Tooker

Illustrations by J. Conacher

I HAVE always tried to keep my mind open to the least suspicion of the presence of genius in the would-be contributors to our magazine and from the beginning to give it what encouragement I could; but in the case of Marlot I frankly confess that I failed. Or did I? For months he had been sending us almost weekly a batch of poems that I read with no other thought than of wonder at the amazing rhythmical structures with which he strove to dam the turgid and somewhat muddy stream of his thought. I had come to know his handwriting well, and at last to open the envelopes that it adorned with no illusion as to any uncovering of a vein of poetic gold, when one day I came upon a poem—a real poem. It was direct, imaginative, beautiful, and from the mass of verbiage with which he had been deluging me it stood out with all the noble simplicity of the Winged Victory placed amid the rococo parlor ornaments of a trading-stamp-premium display.

I took it to Braddock, my chief. He was delighted, and accepted it at once; he even wrote an appreciative letter.

In due time an answer came back from the author—an answer in six closely written pages. Marlot was from the Middle West,—at least his communications had all come from a small town in that eminently self-sufficient region,—but the flamboyant certitude of that letter belonged to no time or place. Its assurance of genius—yes, genius—was colossal. It was so colossal that it filled me with a certain awe. It was not repulsive, as much abnormal conceit is repulsive; it was simply incredibly certain of itself, and in a way curiously detached and impersonal.

It deceived Braddock—if I may call that deceit which was so obviously sincere—and Braddock had had too long an experience with the self-assurance of mediocrity to be easily deceived. He asked me to show him all of Marlot's poems thereafter.

He need not have asked. After the acceptance of his poem and the letter of commendation Marlot sent them all to Braddock direct, and from that time Braddock began to bring *me* the poems, hesitatingly at times, perhaps, but still ready to throw off his hesitancy at any hint of objection from me.

"Yes, I know," he would say; "still, there seems something in this. I think we can venture to take it." Rather eagerly, I thought, he would point out its merits, growing more and more enthusiastic with each succeeding discovery of beauty. In the end I gave up protesting, and Marlot became in time one of our most frequent contributors.

Then one day he came to the office. He was young, shy, and, so far from being self-assertive, seemed awed by his sense of our importance. He had come to New York to be near the centre of literary life, he told us, and his frank young face, as he said this, seemed to plead with us not to deride him for his presumption. We did not. Non-committally I laughingly said that we *did* think we were the centre, and tacitly left it to Marlot to consider my remark a justification for his coming. Braddock simply laid his hand on the boy's shoulder, and I saw Marlot's face brighten as though the touch were the accolade that received him into the sacred company of the *literati*. I saw at once that Braddock would be the one to whom he would turn in future, and for the moment his swift intuition almost persuaded me that he had in him the making of the poet he imagined himself to be.

We saw him much after that. He was writing poetry, he told me when I asked him what he was doing. He seemed to consider it a wholly satisfactory answer, and, as he was always well dressed and looked well fed and happy, I judged that he had the means that would permit him

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to indulge in so expensive a taste. In conversation, with me at least, he did not open his heart as he had in his extraordinary letter. I felt that he must despise my own verse, Parnassian and conservative as it was, but he never gave a hint of the feeling on the few casual occasions when it came up in our talk. He was always pleasantly, if mildly, appreciative, and appreciative in a way that gave me no chance to resent what I felt must be his more intimate opinion. Though I had been franker in speaking of his work, I had not been too frank. We were at least at quits.

He had apparently lived in his books and his dreams, and appeared to know nothing of life, and I was shortly in the way to pity him. The pity would have been wasted, for he got on in the only way in which he probably cared. I am not a conventionally social creature, and am apt to be much alone; but I love life in all its manifestations and watch it from afar. I can hobnob with sailors or truckmen, and I take pride in the fact that with me they are always approachable. The truth is, I like to think, that my love of life is too broad to permit me to confine my associations to those of my own kind. So, wandering much alone in out-of-the-way places, I often came upon Marlot in one or another of the small restaurants in Bohemia. He was always in a little group of young poets and, from the talk that sometimes drifted to my corner, I judged that poetry was their one theme. They seemed to have banded themselves together to exploit one another, and certainly I saw much of them in print—in their poems and in their appreciations of one another. I began to suspect that I had belittled Marlot's knowledge of life.

I had to confess that, despite my opinion, he was getting on. I even heard from an undergraduate that he had been discussed in a class in modern poetry at a well-known university as one of the younger poets of America. Now, as far as I know, I have never been discussed in a college class as one of the younger or elder poets, and the knowledge that Marlot had been naturally gave me a shock—a shock not so much of envy as of despair for American taste and criticism. That I gathered from my undergraduate that the lecturer had not held too exalted an opinion of Marlot's work did not sensibly affect the situation. That he *had* been discussed was the main thing: he had achieved that importance.

He always seemed to have leisure to visit our office, and, returning from luncheon, I came in time to feel no surprise to find him waiting for Braddock or me. This had gone on for months before what passed for intuition in me suddenly flashed upon my dormant senses the real cause of his visits: Marlot was in love. On my entering the office at such times he always rose to greet me from the same chair—a chair that stood close to the desk of Miss Hill, and he always rose with what at last I understood to be a very obvious assumption of relief. It was months, I repeat, before my self-boasted knowledge of life discovered in Miss Hill the reason for his coming. Smilingly I told Braddock.

"Those two babes in the woods!" he exclaimed. "Nonsense!"

But I was not now to be put down.

"Wait and see. It has long been in the air," I replied with an assurance that was not less positive because the thought had occurred to me only at that moment.

I suppose my own too obvious assumption of not observing anything unusual in the situation when next I came upon the two hastened the dénouement of our romance, for, after being preoccupied and ill at ease all the afternoon, at the closing hour Miss Hill sought an audience with Braddock. She was with him for nearly an hour, and when she at last went he called me into his room.

"You were right, Pierce," he said. "They are going to be married."

"She has told you so?" I asked. I rather pride myself on my ability to refrain from gloating, and I did not openly gloat over Braddock now.

"Yes. She is going to leave in a month. He has no money, as you thought, and you know how utterly impractical she is. It is absurd. I tried to persuade her at least to wait a year, but she is incredibly self-willed; my objections only increased her assurance that she was doing the right thing. Well,"—he waved his hand hopelessly and then added,—"I don't understand what he can see in her."

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I shared his opinion, with the addendum that I did not understand what she could see in him. There was his growing reputation, to be sure; but her long familiarity with the foibles of the tribe of writers ought to have made her proof against that sort of glamour, and I should have thought that his supreme belief in his own importance, a sort of paganly godlike selfishness, as it were, would have helped her to steel her heart against him. She would want to be considered herself, considered immensely, and even at the best I could not picture her as in any way a self-effacing creature. Not that she would assert herself as the leader in the hegemony of their married life, or develop social ambition or expensive tastes. I could not see that; but she was impractical, dependent, and clinging, and my rather wide study of the clinging vine in nature and marriage had led me to think that the clinging vine demands and obtains more than her share of a place in the sun. But if there is to be no place in the sun? Impractical as she was, I should have expected Miss Hill to ask that.

Then one day he came to the office.—Page 315.

She had been with us five years or more,

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a pale, slight creature, with blond hair and a sweet face, but with that look about her slightly compressed mouth that is wont to harden into obstinacy under opposition. She was certainly neither flamboyant nor rococo, and I could not understand her appeal to Marlot. She too had written verse—pallid, moonlightish lyrics—two or three of which we had published. I was concerned, and could see only folly in the marriage.

It was clear that Braddock was even more concerned than I, for he came to the office earlier than usual the next morning, and, calling me into his room, shut the door.

"I cannot feel that we are doing right, Pierce," he said at once, "if we do not make some strong protest to this marriage of those babes in the wood." Braddock is rather inclined to label things, and is given to iteration. "Suppose you speak to Miss Hill. You have enough disbelief in Marlot's genius to make you a thoroughly practical adviser. Speak strongly for a delay of at least a year, and try to persuade her, at all events, not to give up her work here. I will see Marlot. He has confidence in me." He paused for a moment before adding hesitatingly: "In a way I feel responsible for him. I accepted his first poem and wrote that unfortunate letter. We might, perhaps, offer him some sort of work here." He glanced at me questioningly.

"Him!" I exclaimed. "What could he do here? With his dogmatism, his scorn of details, he'd make a mess of the office. I prefer to have him mess his own life—and Miss Hill's."

"Oh, I suppose that would be hopeless," Braddock said. "But see Miss Hill at once. You will know what to say."

I didn't in the least know what to say, and adequately proved it by failing lamentably. On the strength of having to offer her my best wishes on her approaching marriage, I invited her out to luncheon. The fact that I had offered her my best wishes was something of a bar to any graceful appeal to her to give up the marriage in question or at least to postpone it for a year, and the extreme awkwardness of the situation was borne in upon me the moment I approached the task. I fear that my argument was not happy; that it wholly failed Miss Hill made clear when she at last broke the flow of my eloquence by saying:

"You have never believed in him—my poet." She paused there, lingering over the words "my poet" with a saccharine mouthing that struck me as being disagreeably theatrical, and then she turned her rather fine eyes up to mine with none of the studied coquetry that they usually displayed as she added: "I do, you know, and I have no fear for our future. I am only a domestic little creature; I have no social ambition. To sit by the fire and spin is all I ask. And we shall need so little spinning!" Of course, she quoted Omar then—"A jug of wine." She must have thought that the aptness of her quotation and her own poetic *apologia* proved her eminent fitness to be a poet's wife, and her good nature returned at once. The coquetry came back to her eyes as she then said:

"We both believe that love is mainly faith, trust in each other. How can I, then, lay upon it the burden of distrust? I cannot. It is nothing to the point that he is a poet. There are poets and poets, you know. You, too, are one, Mr. Pierce."

The significance of her last sentence was not wholly clear, but I waived the issue by making a sort of disclaimer.

"But so little a one, Miss Hill!" I murmured.

She made no response, and presently she spoke of other things—of the excellence of the salad, if I remember rightly. I was in a way dismissed.

Braddock had no more success with the poet than I with Miss Hill, and at the end of the month she left us; a month later the two were married. Having caught his bird, Marlot came no more to our bush, so to speak, but the flood of his verse even increased in volume. Braddock took what he possibly could, but no longer exulted over me in pointing out their merits. As for myself, I thought that Marlot improved, and, seeing his verses with growing frequency in other magazines, even came to take a sort of conscious pride in having been in a way his discoverer.

Then suddenly, a year or more after the marriage, the poems ceased to come, and gradually Marlot and his wife dropped

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out of our thoughts. Once in a half-hearted way we tried to get in touch with them; but fearing disaster of some sort, we feared still more the certain knowledge of disaster, and soon ceased our efforts.

Poetry was their one theme.—Page 316.

One thing only was certain: Marlot, if still living, had been deserted by the Muse.

In my solitary wanderings in search of the social spirit I often step into photo-play theatres, finding my main interest in studying the taste of the audiences. But one night in the second winter after the disappearance of the Marlots I found the play my sole interest. It was late in the evening as I entered the theatre, and, taking a rear seat in the crowded house, found myself in a laughing, good-natured audience. I had noted on entering that the play was "The Home-Makers," with Hilda Lord as the star. She and Walter Hone were named as the authors. Miss Lord was called "celebrated."

The scenes of the play were in and about a small farmhouse, and concerned themselves with the awkward attempts of an ignorant young couple to make a home therein. As I entered, the young husband had paused in his struggle to adjust the stovepipe of the kitchen stove to enact a little love-scene with his wife. He had taken her face in his hands to look down into her uplifted eyes, and I was quite prepared for the roar of laughter that burst from the audience when, on returning to his task, the marks of his sooty fingers showed on her cheeks.

The play was not only amusing and touched with a clear insight into nature, but was good comedy as well, and I followed it with an interest that was piqued by some subtly elusive recollection of having seen it in part before. I was puzzled, and searched my mind for a clew. Suddenly a gesture of the young wife as she walked away from her husband disclosed it: she was like Miss Hill. True, her hair seemed black, her figure less frail, and her face not insistently like; but the walk and the gesture were unmistakable. In moments of anger—she had a temper of

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her own—how often I had seen Miss Hill turn from me like that! I grew more and more positive as the play proceeded: it was surely Miss Hill, or, rather, Mrs. Marlot. Her companion, her husband of the play, was certainly not Marlot.

Of course I scented tragedy in the little comedy, the collapse of the love dream of our two poets. It seemed impossible not to believe that they had parted, and in some surprising way Mrs. Marlot had found in the ruins her true *métier*. For she was a real actress, the little wife of the screen. There was something like genius in the light-hearted abandon with which she accepted her ignorance of the business of making her home and in the restraint she showed in never overstepping the narrow boundary between comedy and farce.

There was one curious thing in the play: during a love-scene in the kitchen at night a face had appeared at a window. An instant it stared in, then slipped back into the darkness. It had no part in the play, was not even seen by the actors; but over the audience ran a little shiver of sound, half sigh, half start, that was the sensitive barometer of its common surprise. It was curious and startling, but to me all the more curious and startling because it was not only the face of Marlot, but was distorted into the semblance of an almost malignant hate. What did it portend? Why was it there? It dwarfed to comparative insignificance my wonder as to who Mrs. Marlot's companion player and collaborator might be.

I took Braddock with me the next night. I had asked him to go without giving him the reason for desiring his company, and it was not until the play was half over that I felt his start of surprise and knew that he had turned toward me. But I did not turn from the stage, and he did not speak until, at the close, we rose from our seats.

"Most extraordinary! Most extraordinary!" he said. "But Marlot's——"

A girl in front of him turned back to say to her companion:

"Say, Mame, did ye see that feller at the winder? Well, I'd stick close to my little home, if I was her, with him around. Say, he was fierce!"

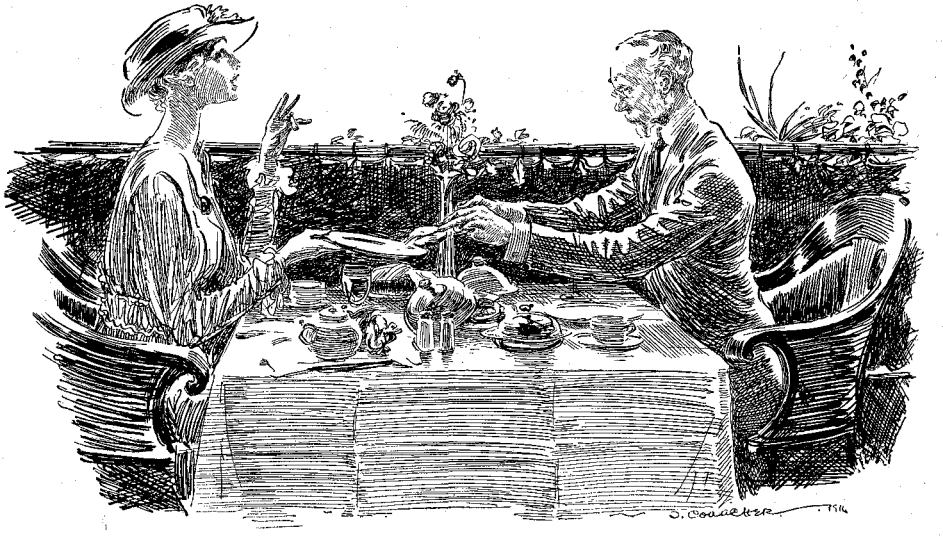
Braddock glanced up at the girl, then went on:

"Marlot's face—what did you understand by that?"

"You recognized him, then?" I questioned in turn.

He shook his shoulders impatiently.

"Of course I recognized him. It was Marlot. But what does it mean? What hatred in his eyes! Yet it had no part in the play. It's most extraordinary."



Of course, she quoted Omar then.—Page 318.

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I agreed with him that it was extraordinary, but I had nothing to offer in explanation of the mystery. Braddock is more ingenious, and in the course of our homeward walk evolved the theory that the Marlots had parted. The Muse having failed to provide for them, Mrs. Marlot had evidently turned to the writing of photo-plays and, with the growth of her interest, to taking the parts of her heroines. Braddock declared that one could understand how Marlot, in his pride, had first been piqued by her success and at last insanely jealous.

"But why needlessly advertise it?" I objected.

That was clear to Braddock. In the preparation of the play, in taking the photographs, Marlot had glanced in at the window with that look of hate. It had not been discovered at the time, and, later, rather than destroy the films, Mrs. Marlot had allowed the face to remain.

"She would be like that—both too proud and too thrifty to be moved from any course by what she considered the folly of another. You know how imperious she could be on occasion, Pierce."

"Yes," I agreed.

"And there is another point," he went on. "She had an extraordinary instinct for advertising displays. She would see clearly how that face, through its very irrelevance, would pique the interest of the audience; it would be good business. You heard that young girl as we came out; it was the one thing that appealed to her most strongly."

"But doesn't that theory argue an unbelievable sordidness in Miss Hill—Mrs. Marlot?" I objected. "She *did* love him, you must remember; she would hesitate long before exploiting her own wounds."

It had no part in the play.—Page 320.

"Yes, that is true," Braddock acknowledged. He sighed, and then added: "Well, we must find them, Pierce. I shall always feel in a way responsible for them."

In time we found the house where, two years before, they had last lived together in the city. The landlady could tell us nothing. She remembered them, yes, but had seen little of them, as they had been lodgers only. She was inclined to think that they had prepared most of their meals in their own room; they rarely left the house. That Mrs. Marlot had gone away first, and that after a month or two Marlot had also gone, was all that she could tell.

All that strengthened our conviction that the two had parted, and we sought out the photo-play people who had produced the play. They would tell us little, and we rather suspected them of suspecting that we also were photo-play

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people and had designs on their star. They unbent so far as to confess that they knew Hilda Lord well, but they had no knowledge, or feigned that they had none, of any one named Marlot. They were inclined to discredit our belief that Hilda Lord was married, but could not give her address. They added, in explanation, that she had dealt with them through an agent; they would not give us the name of the agent.

In our hopeless case we then turned our attention to the photo-play journals. There in time we came upon far rumors of our broken romance. In fragmentary gossip we gathered that Hilda Lord was in hiding. The face at the window was said to be that of a jealous lover who had threatened her life, and the whole photo-play world appeared to live in the daily expectation of tragedy. The plausible explanation of the face being allowed to appear in the play was that it served as a means of identification for the detectives who were searching for the desperate lover. It was even stated that a reward had been offered for his apprehension.

Something vaguely familiar in his face piqued my interest into a more searching scrutiny.

It was all very thrilling, and we saw the play booked everywhere. The theatres were always thronged, and, drawn to the play from time to time, Braddock and I saw that the interest of the audience in the face had notably increased. As the time for its appearance drew near there was always a noticeable craning of necks, and as the sinister face flashed on the screen a hushed, but general, "Ah-h-h!" broke from the eager watchers. It seemed reasonable to believe that, with the hope of winning the reward for his detection, the face of the lover was more closely scanned than that of any other man in the country. It seemed a fantastical end to the dream of our young poet, who four short years before had meant to startle the world with his inspired verse.

Late in February a severe attack of the grippe paved the way for my taking a long-desired visit to the Bahamas. I had been two weeks at Nassau, when one morning I sauntered into the palmetto-set courtyard of one of the imposing inns of the island that serve as the temporary abodes of our Northern plutocracy. As I walked slowly along a winding path my attention was drawn to a tall young man approaching me. He, too, was walking slowly, turning his gaze left and right in an evident search for some one. He was dressed in white and wore a full black beard. It was the fact that he wore a beard, so unusual in the young men of to-day, that drew my attention to him, and I had glanced at him a second time before something vaguely familiar in his face piqued my interest into a more searching

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"My dear young people," I grumbled, "if you want to talk in riddles——"—Page 324.

scrutiny. At that moment his eyes rested on my face for an instant, and I saw him stop short, then wheel and move rapidly off in another direction. But a voice called, and I saw a young woman in an elaborate gown run lightly toward him from a neighboring path. He had stopped at the call and turned back; but even before I saw the young woman's face I had recognized him as Marlot. His companion, of course, was his wife.

I saw his lips moving rapidly as she drew near to him, and then she quickly glanced over her shoulder and, with a gay little laugh, hurried toward me. Behind her he followed, with a smile that was both welcoming and shamefaced.

"So you have caught us at last!" she exclaimed as she seized both my hands.

"Caught you?" I repeated with a smile as I turned to shake hands with her husband. "Doesn't that imply——"

"Oh, you have been searching for us," she broke in gayly. "We know that. It really did seem shabby not to tell you and Mr. Braddock, you have both been so kind to us and are so discreet; we could trust *you*, but we told almost no one. When one begins to tell secrets, you know!" She lifted her hands in a gesture of mocking despair.

"Well, if I am not to know the great secret," I began, "may I——"

She stopped me with a reproachful look of her eyes.

"Oh, we shall tell you *now*," she said.

I looked about me vaguely.

"Shall we find seats, then?" I asked.

They led me to a shady spot, and there we sat down, the two facing me.

"We're exiles," Mrs. Marlot began at once. "We dare not go home."

"Exiles?" I repeated.

"How much do you know?" she asked abruptly. "About us, I mean."

I told her as delicately as I could of our

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worry and search and what the search had disclosed, and they listened with a childlike joy that I was far from understanding until, at the end of my long confession, Mrs. Marlot exclaimed:

"Oh, it *did* work! And we knew it would, though of course we hadn't for a moment dreamed that it would work as tremendously as this. And it was all our own idea—Mr. Marlot's and mine!"

"More yours than mine," Marlot declared modestly.

"No," she replied. "Of course I elaborated, but without your idea——"

"My dear young people," I grumbled, "if you want to talk in riddles——"

"Oh, poor Mr. Pierce!" she exclaimed. "We *are* forgetting you. Only it's all so tremendous, so fairylike, we can't quite touch the earth yet." She pulled herself together with an effort and said gravely: "Now for the whole story.

"Of course, you must know that we had to begin our life together in a very frugal way. I had saved up a little, and Mr. Marlot was beginning to be well known, but all that was little enough. But he had always thought that poetry could be made practical, could be made a part of life, so to speak, and with a view to finding a medium even before our marriage we had visited the movies and tried our hand on plays of our own. Then shortly after our marriage he won a twelve-hundred-dollar prize for one, and that gave us a start. We wrote more, and then they found out that I could act—I always knew I could—and we began to build all our plays about me as the central figure. A friend who used that little farmhouse in 'The Home-Makers' for a summer home let us occupy it one winter, and there we staged our play, putting in our own experiences, touched up a bit, of course. We had grown in the way of being always on the stage, as it were, and though it was great fun, it soon taught us that, though he could write, Mr. Marlot could not act, in comedy at least. So I brought in my brother to support me. He was on the stage at the time. It was while we were photographing that little love-scene—my brother and I—that in fun Mr. Marlot appeared at the window like that. We had not seen him, but when we looked at the pictures it came to me at once that that face, so wickedly aside from comedy, might be used to pique interest and advertise the play. When we saw that it did, of course it was an easy matter to deepen the interest by starting all those ridiculous rumors about a jealous lover."

"Braddock *said* you had a genius for advertising displays," I murmured.

Her face brightened.

"Did he say that?" she asked. "Well, when they were started, of course we had to keep in the background. That's why he wears that awful beard"—she nodded toward Marlot—"that and being a pirate. Six months ago we came down to one of these little islands to prepare a new play—a pirate play this time—it is very thrilling, and is ready for the stage, but our managers won't let us come back. 'The Home-Makers' is having so stupendous a success that they fear a new play will destroy the effect of the mystery we have built up about the old one. So, in a way, you see, we have succeeded too well. Our success has made us exiles."

"But very comfortable exiles," I said, glancing about at the beautiful tropic scene.

"Oh, we're comfortable enough," Marlot said with a smile. That was not enough for Mrs. Marlot. Perhaps she remembered my foolish warning before her marriage, for she added, with a triumphant note in her voice:

"Comfortable! Why, we're wealthy!"

"But poetry—Mr. Marlot's poetry?" I suggested. "How about that?"

He took me up eagerly.

"We've given it a new character, made it a vital force," he declared; and thereupon he utilized half an hour of our time together in explaining to me what he had done to make poetry a vital force.

The thought came to me later that perhaps I had been more or less influenced by my association with them, for when I left them to go back to my own humbler inn I stopped on the way to cable to Braddock:

"'Babes in the woods!' Of all the consummate fakirs!"

That was all; but it gave me a mystery of my own with which to puzzle Braddock. He had saddled me with the poet and his mystery in the first place.

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FOR THE GREAT FATHER

By George T. Marsh

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. E SCHOONOVER

AT Half-Way-House, far over the Height-of-Land on the James Bay watershed, the bitter December wind drove around the white-washed log buildings in swirls of powdery snow. In the post clearing outside the dog-stockade the tepees of Crees in for the Christmas trade stood deep in drifts. Around the roaring stove in the trade-house lounged a group of red trappers filling the long room with smoke as they gloomily discussed in Cree the news brought by the freshly arrived winter mail-team from the southern posts. Behind the huge slab trade-counter sat Nicholson, the factor, and his clerk buried in papers, weeks old, blazoned with accounts of the world war raging since August; for mail from outside came but twice a year to Half-Way-House, marooned in the wilderness of Rupert Land.

Presently the yelping of huskies announced the arrival of another team. Dog-bells jingled in front of the building. The low guttural of the Crees about the stove ceased as heads turned to inspect the newcomer. Then the door of the trade-house opened, admitting a tall figure crusted with snow from moccasins to hood.

"Quey! Quey!" came the greetings from the loungers, for the voyageur was well known at Half-Way-House.

"Quey! Quey!" he threw out as he strode to the counter.

"Hello, Joe! I didn't expect to see you till spring!"

The factor turned from his paper to shake hands over the counter with the tall trapper.

"I thought you said you were going to winter in the Sinking Lake country and wouldn't get in for Christmas?"

"I cum from de Sinkeen Lak' in seex sleep; I got nice fur for you."

"Nice fur, eh? Black fox?"

"Tree of dem," said the Cree, his small black eyes snapping with pride. The loungers who had moved to the counter to shake hands with the voyageur and hear the talk, grunted in surprise.

"Too bad! Too bad, Joe!" The factor shook his head. "We've sad news from Quebec. War across the Big Water! Nobody buys fur! Prices all gone to smash!"

The dark face of the Indian changed with disappointment.

"How? What you spik?"

"The Great Father in England fights the Germans," explained the factor. "Mail-team just in with new prices for the Company posts. I'm sorry, Joe, I can't allow you much on your skins."

"I got plentee marten an' feesher-cat," the Indian muttered in his chagrin.

"Too bad, furs all gone down; bad times for the Company, bad for the Injun."

"A-hah!" The dazed Cree sighed, thinking of the rich fur pack outside on his sled and the long days he had toiled for it on his trap-lines in distant ice-locked valleys.

"What you geeve now for black fox?"

"Can't give you half last year's price; nobody buys 'em; they've all gone to war. Canada sends soldiers too, to fight for the King, the Great Father, across the Big Water."

"A-hah!" The tall trapper listened in amazement. Then he asked:

"How long dees fight las'?"

"No one knows, Joe. It's the worst war the world has seen and it may last a long time. The Big English Chief says three years."

"Fur no good w'ile de fight las'?"

"No, fur won't be worth much for some time."

"A-hah!" The Cree sighed heavily and went out to look after his dogs.

For two days Joe Lecroix—although a full-blooded Cree, his family had acquired the French name generations before—listened silently to the lamentation of the trappers at Half-Way-House. It was destined to be a sad Christmas indeed for those who had journeyed from their win-

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Drawn by F. E. Schoonover.

He was going he knew not where, to fight the enemies of the Great Father.—Page 327.

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ter camps for the revel that the Great Company annually provides for its children of the snows. And long before the trails went soft in April there would be many a tepee in Rupert Land that had not known flour or tea in moons.

But Joe Lecroix did not trade his black fox and marten skins. While the Cree smoked, mourning over the hard times, his active mind was busy. He had long credit at the post; in fact, had never been in debt since he swung out for himself as a youth, and so could hold his fur.

One morning he drove his team of half-breed Ungava huskies, loaded with his outfit and fur pack, up to the trade-house. Entering the store he asked for provisions for three weeks.

"What, Joe, you ain't goin' back before Christmas?" asked Nicholson in surprise.

"No, I travel sout'. No good hunt fur dees long snows," answered the Indian dryly.

"South? What do you mean?"

"Fur too cheap! I got no woman to feed. I t'ink I go to Kebec and see de sojer."

"Why, you're crazy, man!" cried the amazed factor. "It's four hundred miles to the Transcontinental at Weymontechene and it's the same back. They don't want Injuns; they won't take you."

The Cree straightened to his six feet, squaring his wide shoulders. His eyes glittered angrily as he broke into his native tongue.

"You say they ask for young men in Quebec to fight for the Big Chief. You say they will not take me, Joe Lecroix, to fight over the Big Water? Because my skin is dark, can I not fight? Where will you find at the posts of the Great Company any who shoots the running caribou so far as Joe Lecroix? Is there a dog-runner at Rupert House, at Whale River, at Mistissini, at the post by the Fading Waters, who can take the trail from Joe Lecroix? What Company packer carries four bags of flour over the Devil's Portage on the Nottaway without rest? You saw Joe Lecroix do it two summers ago. Has any canoe man in Rupert Land run the Chutes of Death on the Harricanaw and lived? One! That one was Joe Lecroix. "You say the white men will not take Joe Lecroix to fight across the Big Water because he has a skin like the red cedar. I will go to their camps and ask them."

The deep chest of the Cree rose and fell rapidly, his face set hard as his small eyes fiercely held Nicholson's gaze.

"It ain't that, Joe. All you say is dead truth, my lad. You're as stout as a moose and the best white-water man I've ever seen. It ain't that you ain't as able a man as travels the north country. It's just that they haven't enlisted Indians and may not intend to. I can't tell, and it's a long journey south, a long trail and a hard one. It would be tough if they wouldn't take you. Eight weeks on the trail with the dogs for nothing. It's safer to stick to the traps, Joe."

"I go and fin' out." And no advice of Nicholson could turn the stubborn Cree from his purpose.

When his provision bags were lashed on his sled, there was a handshake all around and a babel of Bo'-jo's from the Indians gathered to speed the mad trapper who was taking a four-hundred-mile trail in midwinter for the chance of getting himself killed in the great fight across the Big Water.

The last to wring the voyageur's hand was Nicholson, who said:

"Take good care of yourself, Joe. Half-Way-House can't afford to lose its best hunter. If you enlist we'll expect to hear from you by the spring canoe or the winter packet at least. Good-by and good luck!"

"Bo'-jo', Meester Nicholson. I sen' you news from de fight," said Lecroix, and with a parting wave of his hand he cracked his caribou-hide whip and was off on the trail to the southern posts and far-off Flanders.

Day by day, as he followed the Singing Rapids trail to the Height-of-Land, now leading his team to pack down the new drift, now riding where the wind had brushed bare the icy shell of streams or beaten the snow hard on the lakes, the Cree came to look with changed eyes on the bleak winter hills and silent forests of his native land. It was a far journey he was entering on, and, as he hurried south behind his eager huskies, he realized that there might be no return down these valleys for the dog-team of Joe Lecroix. He was going he knew not where, to fight the

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enemies of the Great Father—the Great Father, of whom his children of the forests had but the vaguest ideas from post-trader and missionary. In the two days he spent at Half-Way-House he had learned what the factor had gathered from newspapers and letters brought by the Christmas-mail team, and it had been sufficient for Joe Lecroix.

The fur trade stagnant and no one depending on his efforts for support, the news of the fighting in France had fired the imagination of the Cree. The Big Chief was calling for men. Thousands of white Canadians had gone and more were going. Should the red man be found wanting? Where in all Rupert Land was there a keener eye over the sights, a more daring bow-man in Company boats, as tireless a dog-runner? And the enemies of the Great Father pressed him sorely. Down in Quebec by the big river all through the autumn the air had been torn with the speaking of the rifles in the ranges—so Nicholson had read to him—and the wide plain trampled by the feet of the marching sons of the Great Father. For a year, maybe two, a black fox would be worth hardly what an otter once brought. Far at the lonely post by the Fading Waters the deep snow mounded all that had once made his life a thing of value to him—the Montagnais girl he had married one year, and lost, all in the short space between the passing and the return of the gray geese. There were no small mouths for Joe Lecroix to feed, no ties that held him, and the Big Chief was calling for men. The word had travelled far into the north, even to the snow-swept spruces of Rupert Land, and had found the heart of one of his children.

It was a bitter trail that the Cree had chosen—the trail to the St. Maurice posts. In the Height-of-Land country the first January blizzard swept down on the team hurrying south. Burrowing into the snow with his dogs, to escape the searing wind with its scourge of fine crystals that struck like shot, he waited, while the forest rocked above him, for the storm to blow itself out. Then, after days of toil in the deep snow, the spent dog-team floundered into the post at Lost Lake.

There the factor raised his hands in protest at the purpose of the voyageur to push south in the bitter weather. "There's two feet of new snow. You'll be weeks making Kickendache; wait until the cold lets up and the wind eases the trail."

But the call of the Big Chief still rang in the ears of the Cree, and when his dogs were rested he pushed on. So he journeyed south, harassed by the stinging January winds which cut the faces of dogs and driver like a knife-edge; camping under star-encrusted heavens over which the northern lights pulsed and streamed, while forest and icy shell of river and lake snapped and cracked and boomed in the pinch of the withering cold.

At last a team of gaunt huskies crept out of the north into Weymontechene, where the new Transcontinental, leaving the upper St. Maurice, swings west toward the Gatineau headwaters. The weekly train to Quebec was due in three days, but the Cree would not wait; he had never seen the Iron Horse of the white man and preferred to keep on down the river with his dogs.

One day late in January a sentinel patrolling a road leading to the great training camp at Valcartier, now almost deserted of troops which had been forwarded to England, saw approaching a team of lean huskies hitched to a sled, followed by a tall figure in caribou-skin capote. As they neared him he gazed with surprise at the huge northern dogs and their wild-looking driver. Stepping into the road in front of them, he raised his hand. The tall driver shouted to the lead dog and the team reluctantly stopped, slant eyes, flattened ears, and low rumble in throat evidencing their desire to leap at the stranger who dared threaten the dogs of Joe Lecroix with lifted hand.

"Halt! No passing here! What d' you want?" shouted the guard, lowering his bayonet as the lead-dog bared his fangs with a menacing snarl.

"Quey! Quey!" replied the driver. Then quieting his restless dogs he continued: "I cum from de nord countree, Rupert Lan', to fight for de Great Fader."

The Canadian stared at the wind-blackened face, caribou capote with its gaudy Hudson's Bay sash, and embroidered leggings of the voyageur.

"Good Gawd! Rupert Land? You've travelled some to enlist," he said. "Come

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up to the sentry-box. I'll turn you over to the sergeant."

Leaving the Cree in the road, the soldier entered the neighboring shack.

"Sergeant, there's a wild Injun outside, with a team of man-eatin' dogs, who wants to enlist. He's mushed a long way from the bush."

The sergeant, who came from western Ontario, was interested.

"Bring him in!"

The Cree entered the shack where the sergeant and two privates sat around a stove.

"Quey!" said Joe Lecroix, his black eyes snapping with pleasure at the martial appearance lent the room by the rifles and kits of the men.

"Bo'-jo'! Where you from?" answered the Ontario man, using the Ojibway salutation. "You look like the end of a long trail over the snow."

"Oua, yes! My name ees Joe Lecroix. I travel one moon from Half-Way-House, four sleeps from Mistassini Lac."

"Well, I'll be damned! So you've been on the trail a month and want to enlist?"

"Oua! Fur no good! I cum to fight for de Beeg Chief. I am good man. Strong as bull moose, run lak de wolf."

The Cree squared his shoulders, shifting his gaze from one to another of his hearers as if challenging them to disprove his words.

"Well! Well! A month on the trail in midwinter over the Height-of-Land! That's some spirit, men!"

The sergeant turned to the others whose faces pictured the impression the physique and story of the Cree had made.

"I don't know whether they've enlisted any Indians yet, Joe; but I'll take you to an officer."

The Indian's face fell. Almost fiercely he repeated: "I am good man—can shoot, run wid dog-team, bow-man on Company beeg canoe. I can fight strong for de Great Fader!"

"I believe your story, my boy! You sure look like a rough customer in a mix-up, and any man who comes clear from Rupert Land to enlist deserves recognition. I wish we had a hundred like you in our regiment. I'll take you to the officer of the guard."

Followed by the Cree and his dog-team, the sergeant strode to the neighboring barracks, passing on the way soldiers who stopped to gaze in wonder at the wild recruit and his huge huskies.

Gaining admittance to the office of the officer of the guard, the sergeant saluted and told his story.

"I've got a big Cree Indian outside, sir, who says he's driven his dogs clear from the Rupert River Country to enlist. And from the condition of his face and the looks of his dogs, I believe him. I've driven dogs myself, sir, on the Transcontinental Survey."

"We haven't enlisted any Indians yet, sergeant."

"I know, sir, but I wish you'd have a look at him. He's a big, handsome-built lad, and it seems hard to turn him back after being on the trail a month."

"You say he's come all the way from the far north with his dogs?" asked a gray-haired officer present.

"Yes, sir. They look it, too."

"Have the sergeant bring him in, captain," said the older officer. "I'd like to see the Indian who is patriotic enough to spend a month on the trail in midwinter for a chance to get himself shot in France."

Entering the room the Cree opened his skin capote, throwing back the hood from a face cracked by wind and frost. A sinewy hand brushed the thick hair from the narrow eyes that searched the faces of the officers for a clew to the verdict that would send him back heart-broken over the bitter trail he had travelled, or make him a soldier of the Great Father.

"You want to enlist?"

"Oua, yes, I cum to fight for de Great Fader."

At the quaintness of the reply the suggestion of a smile crept into the gray eyes of the older officer.

"Where are you from?"

"I cum wid dog-team from Rupert Lan'."

"When did you leave?"

"I leave Half-Way-House, Creesmas tam."

"You've been on the trail ever since?"

"Oua, yes. I cross Height-of-Lan' to St. M'rees water and follow riviere trail. I cum more fas' but de blizzard ketch me."

Then the Cree, wondering, if men were wanted to fight, why they hesitated to accept him, impetuously burst out with:

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"I am strong man! I mak' beeg fight! I can shoot goose in de air wid rifle. I show you I am good man!"

The earnestness of the Indian had its effect. While the gray-haired officer talked with his junior in low tones, Joe Lecroix, perplexity and fear written plainly on his rugged features, awaited the verdict. They wanted fighting men, and here he was, known as a hunter and voyageur from Whale River down to Grand Lac Victoria, offering his services to the Great Father, and yet these soldiers seemed unwilling to take him.

"He'd make a smashing man in khaki, captain. He's the timber we want—look at his neck and shoulders. It would be shameful after the hardship he's endured in getting here to refuse to enlist him."

"We may have trouble with Ottawa over it, sir, but I'll give him a chance. These wild ones take a lot of drilling; they don't like discipline. They want to see fighting at once because they can ride and shoot. You remember those cattlemen from Calgary, sir?"

"Yes, but give the Indian a trial; I'll take the responsibility."

So Joe Lecroix was enlisted into the —th Canadian Infantry, then at Salisbury Plain, England, a reserve unit of which was still stationed at Valcartier awaiting removal to Halifax.

When the red recruit stripped for the physical examination the surgeon grunted in admiration as muscles, steel-hardened on the white waters and the portages and sled-trails of Rupert Land, rippled and bulged under the bronze skin.

"The handsomest big man I've seen at Valcartier, colonel," he told the gray-haired officer who inquired for his protégé. "He's got the back and arms of a Greek wrestler."

Then, after much heart-burning, mumbling in guttural Cree, mauling of hairy heads and pointed ears, and rubbing of wrinkled noses, Lecroix sold his friends, loyal since puppyhood—friends which no winter trail however bitter had daunted—to a resident of Quebec, disposed of his furs, and became a soldier of the King.

But great as was his joy in the attainment of the goal which had lured him out of the white north, his disappointment on learning that most of the Canadian troops had already left for England was no less intense. To have toiled through the mid-winter snows of the Height-of-Land country, only to find that he would be cooped up in barracks until spring, weighed heavily on the spirits of the impatient Cree thirsting for the firing line in France and a shot at these unknown enemies of the Great Father. Was it to be for this tiresome grind of daily drill and inactivity that he had left his trap-lines in frozen northern valleys?

At first there were those among the white recruits with whom Joe Lecroix was quartered who resented the idea of comradeship with a wild Cree from the Rupert Land "bush." But the big Indian who talked little and smoked much in barracks, apart from his comrades, was patently too dangerous a subject for the practical jokes or hectoring of any but the most reckless.

However, one night a commotion in the bunk-room brought a sergeant cursing to the door, to find an enraged Cree holding off two privates with the remnants of a heavy bench as he stood over the insensible bodies of three of their comrades. Blood welling from a cut made by the butt of a Ross rifle, smearing his thick black hair, heightened the fierceness of the narrow eyes blazing with the fighting lust of his race. The Cree had swung the bench back over his head for a rush at the last of his assailants, who brandished clubbed guns, when the sergeant sprang between them.

The officer afterward privately remarked to his captain: "The Injun had a fightin' look in his face as he stood over them drunks that'd 'a' put the terror to a regiment of Germans."

At the subsequent court martial, Lecroix refused to make a charge against his comrades who had returned from leave drunk and started the trouble. In fact, he scorned the opportunity, offered him by the officers presiding, to avoid punishment by pleading self-defense. So he suffered the penalty of confinement and extra duty meted out to the rest; but by the same mark, suddenly, to his surprise, found himself the most popular man in barracks.

"That Injun's white clear through, and a wolf in a fight," was the general comment from the ranks.

But Joe Lecroix was pining for the war

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in France and the weeks were slipping by. Then, one morning, when the reserve unit of the —th was ordered to Halifax, the heart of the Cree was made light. At last they were going—crossing the Big Water to the great fight.

But at Halifax they were assigned to the barracks of the —d Infantry which was about to sail and the Indian gave himself up to despair. He should never see the war, never have the chance to fight the hated Germans. As he watched the men of the —d march down to their ship there grew in his heart a fierce resentment at his lot, almost a hatred of those fortunate ones chosen to go, while he who had toiled so for the opportunity to fight in that far-off France, must stay behind.

Three days later Colonel Waring of the —d Canadian Infantry, bound for Southampton on the troop-ship *Ontario*, was saluted by one of his captains.

"We've found a stowaway aboard, sir. He's a Cree Indian; belongs to the reserves of the —th, who arrived in Halifax Monday."

"What in thunder did he stowaway on a troop-ship for if he wanted to desert?"

"He wants to fight, sir, not desert. He has quite a history."

"What do you mean, Captain Booth?"

"Why, one of the officers of the —th told me the Indian had travelled with a dog-team from the far north to enlist. He heard about the war in a Hudson's Bay Post and mushed five hundred miles in midwinter. I wish more Canadians had his spirit."

"Well, well!" muttered the colonel, "and he couldn't wait to go with the —th, so came with us? Let me see him!"

Smeared with the grime and tar of the ship's hold, Lecroix stood before Colonel Waring and saluted.

Unflinchingly the small eyes of the Cree met the gaze of the officer.

"Do you know what desertion means?"

"Oua, yes, seer!" replied the Cree.

"Why did you leave your regiment, then?"

"I wan' to fight, not to rot all dees winter in de barrack."

"Um!" The officer scratched his chin.

"Didn't you know you'd be sent back on the next ship for Halifax?"

"I wan' to fight, seer! I travail all de Januar' moon to Kebec to fight, not to lie like a squaw in de barrack."

The black eyes of the Indian bored straight into those of the colonel. The officer dropped his own to note the bold features and powerful build of the man before him. Here was no ordinary Indian, but the makings of a magnificent soldier. He found himself wishing that he commanded a regiment of the mettle of this deserter. Finally he said:

"Desertion in time of war is the gravest offense a soldier can commit. Um!" Again the stubby fingers sought the square chin. "To be sure, you have deserted for the front. Um!" Another pause. "Still you will be sent back to your command and severely punished. Um!" More rubbing of the chin followed; then:

"Captain Booth, enroll and quarter this man temporarily with your company and report immediately to Halifax by wireless. On landing I will turn him over to the authorities for deportation."

But somehow the case of Joe Lecroix was not reported to the authorities when the regiment landed and went to the great camp at Salisbury Plain. Furthermore, later, by some magic, the Cree's name was stricken from his company roll in the —th reserve unit at Halifax and allowed to remain on the roll of Booth's battalion of the —d. After another severe reprimand from the colonel, there the matter rested, to the surprise of the regiment.

But Joe Lecroix soon realized that at the camp at Salisbury Plain, with its army corps of marching men at drill, its ceaseless staccato of rifle practice in the ranges and roll of the deeper-tongued field-pieces, he was still far from the fighting in Flanders. Yet regiments and divisions were daily leaving for the front and his spirits rose. Some day to him would come the call to strike for Canada and the King.

It was not long before the —d Canadians had reason to be proud of the stowaway of the *Ontario*, for in the first rifle match in which the Canadian Division contested the red private from Rupert Land showed a total absence of nerves and an unerring eye by getting repeated bull's-eyes on the shorter ranges of two, three, and five hundred yards, winning the match for the Canadians.

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That night at mess the colonel of the —d was overheard saying to a captain:

"That little matter at Halifax has been adjusted, captain. They'll have to come and get him if they want him now, after this afternoon, eh?" And the officers grinned widely as they wrung each other's hands, for the rivalry at Salisbury Plain was keen.

Finally, one day there came an end to the impatience of Private Lecroix, for the Canadians were ordered to France. At last the men from the Selkirks and the Saguenay, from the ranches of the Saskatchewan and the forests of Ontario and Quebec—cowboys, miners, and city men, farmers, trappers, and lumberjacks—were to have their chance to strike for England and Our Lady of the Snows.

Without avail they had chafed and growled and protested under the long period of preparation demanded by the chief of staff, but at last these hardy sons of the north were pronounced fit, and soon their ears would vibrate with the shriek of shells from the great guns over the channel. And at the news no eyes in the Canadian Division brightened with anticipation as did the beady ones of Private Lecroix, sharpshooter. At last he was to see these hated enemies of the Great Father.

For three weeks the —d Canadians had been holding a section of trenches in the mud at Ypres. For three weeks sharpshooter Lecroix had been watching the Prussians opposite for a shot at a head or an arm, as the gray owl of his native north watches a barren for ptarmigan. Time and again an unwary German had paid the penalty of offering the target of a few square inches to an eye trained to the keenness of the hawk's in wringing a livelihood from the lean lands of muskeg and forest. An eye and a hand that had held the rifle-sights true on a gray goose riding the wind found little leisure in the trenches of Flanders.

But this holing up in the mud like a musquash, this dull waiting for action which never came, wore sorely on the patience of the restless Cree. This was not the manner of war he had pictured to himself as he lay by his camp-fire in the snow on the long trail south through the stinging January winds. It was the personal combat of lunge and thrust, of blow for blow, after rifle-firing and a wild charge—the struggle of strong men at close grips, of which he had dreamed and for which he now thirsted. Of artillery he had known nothing and this ceaseless thundering of the great guns, this taking to earth, like a fox to his burrow, when the high-explosive shells shrieked over, harassed his pride; this wiping out of men with shrapnel and machine guns was like emptying a charge of shot into a flock of bewildered yellow-legs on the James Bay marshes—it was not man's work.

But at length fate smiled on the one who had waited long. From the day that the —d Canadians reached the front, tales of the night forays of a neighboring Gurkha regiment had travelled to them down the trenches. In twos and threes these little brown men of Nepal, armed only with their terrible native kukeri, had been wriggling over on black nights, like snakes through the grass, to the advanced trenches and listening posts of the enemy. A leap, a thrust in the dark, a groan, and the stabbed men lying stiff in the gray dawn alone told the relief that the Gurkhas had been out again.

That these miniature men from far Himalayan foot-hills, whom he could toss with one hand, as he tossed the fur packs of the Great Company on a summer portage, should show the way to the German trenches to a dog-runner of the Rupert Land trails rankled sorely in the heart of the proud Cree.

"I know," replied his lieutenant, when asked for leave to go out on the next dark night, "but they haven't got a listening post or advanced trench in front of us; they're too far away and you can't expect to pile into a main trench full of Boches and not get wiped out. You're crazy, and besides, we need you."

However, one night, when, anticipating a surprise attack, the eyes of those on watch were straining into the blackness which enveloped them, the heavy silence was broken by a shout from the enemy's line, followed by rapid rifle-firing; then all sounds ceased. For three hours an officer of the battalion, followed by a sergeant, nervously patrolled his position. At intervals they climbed to the parapet and peered long into the darkness, conversing in low tones. Then, just before dawn broke blue in the east, there was a

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challenge from a sentinel, followed by a low reply from the gloom outside and shortly over the parapet into the trench crawled a dark shape. A half-frozen, mud-caked figure, with a crimson blotch smearing the neck of his sweater, stood before the captain.

"Are you hit hard, Lecroix?" Captain Booth asked anxiously. "We thought they had got you."

"Eet bleed beeg, but ees only leetle t'ing, seer. I leesen by dere trench, but many men camp dere. Eet was no good." And, shaking his head regretfully, Private Lecroix ran a calloused thumb over the razor edge of the long knife he carried lashed to his left wrist by a thong. "W'en I grow ver' cold," he continued, "and tak' de back trail, dey hear me and shoot."

During the following nights the Germans were heard digging, and shortly they occupied a new listening post a stone's throw from the Canadian lines. Following this discovery, Private Lecroix was observed putting the finishing touches on the edge of a second long knife, borrowed from a battalion cook in the rear. At last there was fighting ground within reach where he might find the odds as small as three or four to one, and the heart of the Cree beat high, for his great moment was at hand.

But at dusk, something was in the air on the front of the —d Canadians. Officers talking in low tones hurried up and down the trench. Then reserve battalions from the rear began pouring out of the communicating trenches, and from man to man sped the news that brigade headquarters had ordered a surprise attack at midnight.

Joe Lecroix lifted clenched fists to the skies and cursed his luck in French, English, and Cree. These officers in the rear at headquarters were going to spoil his little personal affair out in front, and it was sure to be a night of nights, for the darkness was closing in black as a spruce swamp. He had promised himself a call with a knife in either hand on that listening post, and now it was to be a general advance.

Shortly the order was read to the men in groups along the trench.

"At one o'clock the —d Canadians will rush the enemy's first line with the bayonet. At one-fifteen, the artillery in support will shell the enemy's reserve to check counter-attack. The advanced trench in front of —d Canadians will first be taken by surprise by a special detail to prevent drawing enemy's fire on main attacking force following."

To a grim group crowded in a dusk-filled bomb-proof, Captain Booth repeated the order for the night's work. As they listened to the call which meant to many there certain death gradually the earnest tones of the officer's voice died into the distance, while before their eyes flashed visions of far familiar hills and prairies fresh with rain, of rivers singing through forests green in a Canadian June, of loved faces—and then the deep voice of their leader brought them back overseas to a trench in the mud of the Flemish lowlands.

"Men," he was saying, "I want volunteers to go out and get that sentry-post. This is the job of the 1st Battalion. If we get them without a racket, the —d Canadians will see the sunrise from the German's first line. If we make a mess of it, dawn will find most of us out there stiff in the mud. I want single men, for it's desperate work."

For an instant the men stood motionless, silent, as the officer waited, then the tall figure of Private Lecroix pushed forward from the rear and saluted.

"I weel get dem trench, seer," said the Cree, his eyes glittering with excitement, for he knew now that he had not ground the edge of that second knife in vain.

Then another and another followed the Cree, and passing down the trench, repeating his call, Booth soon had the pick of the battalion. From these six were chosen.

"Lecroix," said the officer, "you've been out there and know the ground. You are in command of this party and will arrange the details at once."

The general advance was to start at one o'clock, so the six men on whose success depended the lives of hundreds of their comrades made their preparations.

At twelve the scouting party, stripped to sweaters, trousers, and socks, wrung the hands of officers and comrades, slipped over the parapet, and crawled out into the Flemish murk to their tryst with death. With a knife in his teeth and another bound to his left wrist with a thong, Joe Lecroix moved snakelike through the

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slime toward the trench-head fifty yards away. By agreement he was to attempt first to learn the number of men in the post and wait for the others to come up; they would then divide, three circling to the communicating trench in the rear, and at a whistle all rush the sentries with the knife. It was a long chance that they might wipe out the Prussians without warning the enemy's main trench, but the desperate nature of the work only steeled the muscles of Joe Lecroix, filling his heart with a wild exultation.

While his comrades of the forlorn hope had sent home many messages before starting, Lecroix had dictated but one, addressed to the factor at Half-Way-House.

"Meester Nicholson," he had said to the sergeant, writing in the dim lantern-light of the bomb-proof.

"De huntin' ees ver' good een dees countree. To-night I tak' leetle voyage, not ver' far, to see fr'en'. I bring leetle present for dem, one een each han'. Eef dey like dem present, I see you some tam een Half-Way-House, maybe. Eef ma fr'en' don' tak' dem present, tell de peop' een Rupert Land dat Joe Lecroix was no good to fight for de Great Fader.

"Bo'-jo'! ma Fr'en',
"Joe Lecroix,
"—*d Canadaw Infantree.*"

This was the farewell of Private Lecroix to Rupert Land. But as he wormed his way, foot by foot out into the black silence of the No Man's Land between the trenches to the death-grapple that the hour would bring, there went with him the poignant memory of a mound in a far forest clearing, where now the birch leaves of two autumns lay thick under the shifting snow, at the lonely post by the Fading Waters.

The Canadians, flat in the mud fifty feet from the trench-head, waited for Lecroix to reconnoitre.

Wriggling on his chest, like a goose stalker of his northern marshes, often stopping for minutes to listen for voices, the Cree noiselessly advanced. Finally, out of the impenetrable gloom, came the low sound of conversation. Whether the parapet was feet or yards away he could not tell. So he crept nearer. Again he heard voices. His keen eyes were unable to pierce the black wall in front. Yet the trench must be close at hand. The Cree moved a few feet. The voices ceased.

Lecroix waited, hardly breathing, for what seemed an eternity, then he thrust out his hand and touched a rise in the ground. It was the slope of the parapet. With mad indifference to the risk he ran he rose to his knees, groping up the face of the slope, when his fingers met a cold, unyielding surface. He extended his reach. It was the steel barrel of a machine gun.

Like a cat the Cree withdrew and circled the trench-head, hoping to find in the rear a vantage-point from which, if a match were struck to light a pipe, he might determine the number of his foes. Reaching the narrow passageway leading to the listening post, he crawled upon the loose earth thrown up at the sides and waited. Shortly in the trench-head an electric flash was turned on, and in the faint glow the Indian caught a glimpse of two faces bent over pipes and a burning match. Then all was dark again.

It was late, how late he did not know, but surely well on toward one o'clock. There was no time to lose. To go back to the men waiting for him and bring them up to rush the trench-head might take too long—and if they were heard? Then all was lost! He had been chosen by his captain to do this thing. He could not fail. He had seen but three, the two faces in the light and the back of another standing. This was the way to them, from the rear through their own trench, and—in a flash came the decision—he, Joe Lecroix, would go—alone.

At Valcartier they had hesitated to enlist an Indian. Well, a Cree should show them all, now, how one of his red children could strike for the Great Father. He would prove that the forests and barrens bred men. Here to-night, in the alien mud of Flanders, he would vindicate his dark skin and the honor of his race. He, Joe Lecroix, would go into that den of Prussian wolves and with the naked knife carve the name of the northern Cree high on the honor roll of the soldiers of the Great Father.

Fearing to disturb loose earth, he followed the trench back, then slipped into it. Down the passage, barely wide enough for a man's body, he crept upon

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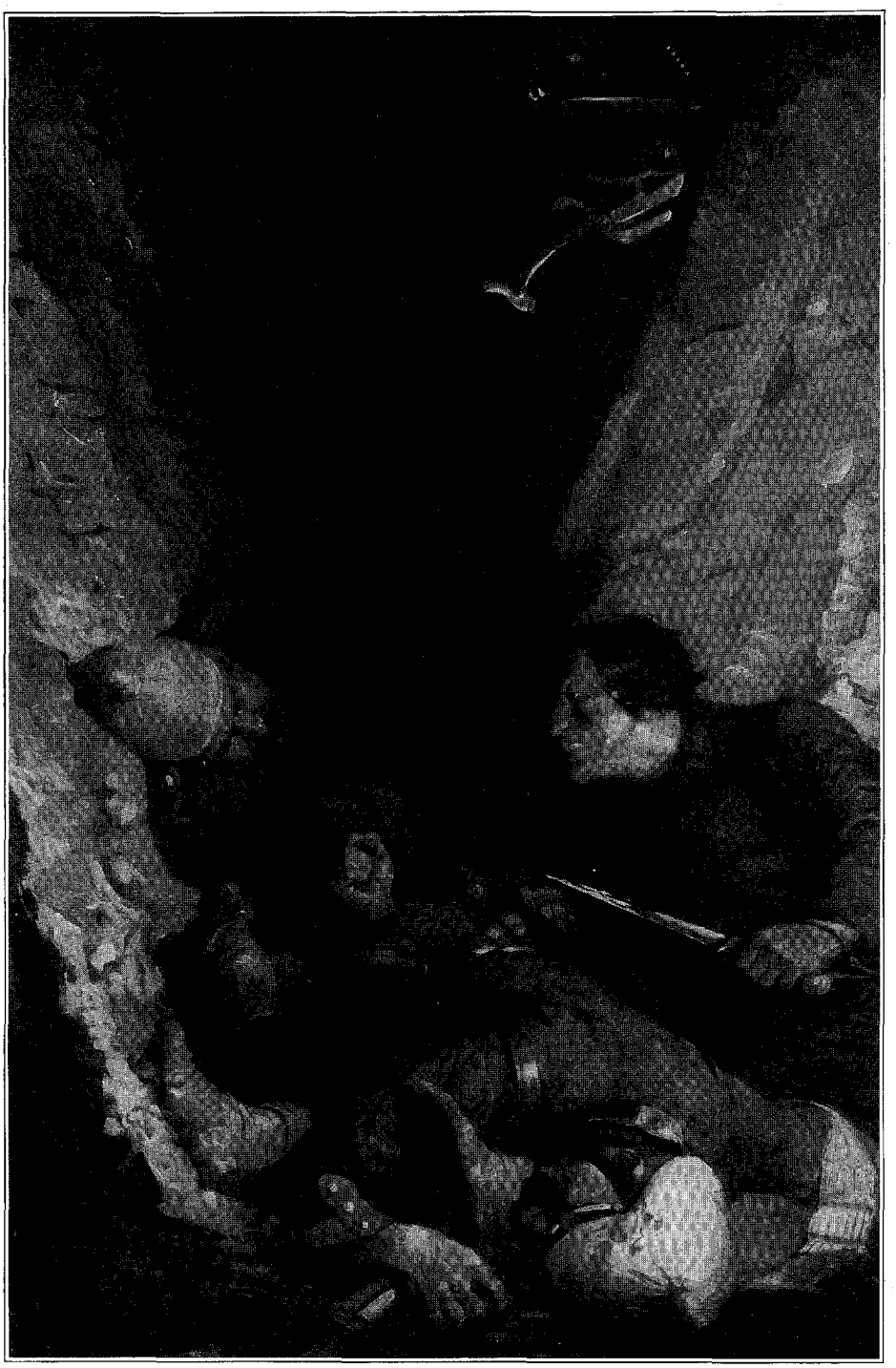

Drawn by F. E. Schoonover.

The left hand of the wounded Cree wrenched free from the mêlée of arms and legs, the long knife lashed to the wrist of steel found its men.—Page 336.

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his foes. At length the Indian lay within two yards of the opening into the trench-head, listening. He had already forgotten the men waiting out there for his return, for one o'clock was near and the lives of the —d Canadians now rested solely on the fighting blood of a dog-runner of Rupert Land.

Grasping a long knife in each hand, his legs set under him like steel springs, the Cree crouched at the opening for the leap, when again the flash illuminated the floor of the trench; but the light only served him the better to drive his first thrusts home as he sprang upon the Prussians.

Lunging savagely as he rose from the stabbed men, Lecroix knifed the sentry at the machine gun before the German knew the fate of his comrades, but at the same instant, from behind, a bayonet following a German oath was driven deep into the right shoulder of the frenzied Cree, crippling his arm. Brought to his knees, the Indian drove the knife in his left hand upward in a desperate thrust as another heavy body hurled itself upon him from the parapet, and the three, fighting blindly, rolled to the trench floor. But the left hand of the wounded Cree, underneath, finally wrenched free from the mêlée of arms and legs, the long knife lashed to the wrist of steel found its men, once, twice—and in the trench-head between the lines there was left no sentry to warn the Prussians in the rear of the coming of the Canadians.

Smeared with mud and blood, his right arm hanging helpless from his bayoneted shoulder, his comrades of the scouting party found Joe Lecroix with his Prussian dead. Close on their heels, the —d Canadians stole by and leaped, like wolverines, with knife and bayonet into the German trenches before a single machine gun spat its red flash into the blackness. Then the artillery opened on the enemy's reserves hurrying up from their second line, and chaos was loosed.

Dawn broke on the Canadians anchored in their goal, but long before this the tale of how the surprise was made possible by the taking of the Prussian trench-head, single-handed, by Private Lecroix, 1st Battalion, had travelled far up and down the lines.

Days later Booth told an interested group at brigade headquarters:

"When the rest of the advance party, fearing Lecroix had been wiped out, rushed the trench, they found the Indian stanching a bayonet wound in his shoulder with his good hand, and five dead Prussians piled around him. Our stowaway, colonel, has paid for his passage. He saved the —d."

"And the —d, and Canada, will not forget," came the answer.

The spring mail-canoe was in from the south at Half-Way-House. Nicholson, the factor, sat in his trade-room devouring the first papers he had seen since the Christmas dog-team brought into the north the news of the great war. The teepees of Crees in for the spring trade—little as the Company now offered for fur—covered the post clearing where huskies yelped and Indian children shouted at play while their elders lamented the ruin of the fur trade by the great war across the Big Water.

Presently Nicholson gasped, and with eyes bulging sprang to his feet.

"My glory! Listen to this!" he cried to the clerk.

"Official Gazette: For conspicuous gallantry in taking single-handed an advanced post of the enemy with machine gun, at Ypres, Flanders, in which he was severely wounded, Joseph Lecroix, private, —d Canadian Infantry, awarded the Victoria Cross."

"Hooray for Joe Lecroix and Rupert Land!" bellowed the excited Scotchman, waving the paper in his hand as he rushed past his open-mouthed clerk and the astonished Crees to tell his wife the news.

Presently a chattering throng of Indians and whites gathered at the flagstaff in the stockade, while the howls of the huskies added to the clamor. Then Nicholson shouted:

"Ten volleys of Company shells, lads, for Joe Lecroix and Half-Way-House!"

As the red emblem of the Great Company fluttered to the breeze, the explosion of many rifles shattered the age-long silence of the wild valley, loosing the echoes among the timbered hills, and from a hundred throats was shouted the name of one who had journeyed long and dared much in the far lowlands of Flanders for the honor of Rupert Land and the Great Father.

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STRANDED IN ARCADY

BY FRANCIS LYNDE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR E. BECHER

VIII

CRACKING VENEERS

AT the foot of the long portage which had closed the week for them the two voyagers found the course of their river changing again to the southeastward, and were encouraged accordingly. In addition to the changing course the stream was taking on greater volume and, while the rapids were not so numerous, they were more dangerous, or at least they looked so.

By this time they were acquiring some considerable skill with the paddles, together with a fine, woodcrafty indifference to the hardships. In the quick water they were never dry, and they came presently to disregard the wettings, or rather to take them as a part of the day's work. As the comradeship ripened their attitude toward each other grew more and more intolerant of the civilized reservations. Over the night fires their talk dug deeply into the abstractions, losing artificiality in just proportion to the cracking and peeling of the veneers.

"I am beginning to feel as though I had never touched the real realities before," was the way Prime expressed it at the close of a day in which they had run a fresh gamut of all the perils. "Life, the life that the vast majority of people thrive upon, will always seem ridiculously trivial and commonplace to me after this. I never understood before that civilization is chiefly an overlaying of extraneous things, and that, given a chance, it would disintegrate and fall away from us even as our civilized clothes are doing right now."

The young woman looked up with a quaint little grimace. She was trying to patch the frayed hem of her skirt, sewing with a thread drawn from one of the blankets and a clumsy needle Prime had fashioned for her out of a fish-bone.

"Please don't mention clothes," she begged. "If we had more of the deerskin I'd become a squaw at once. The fringes wouldn't look so bad if they were done in leather."

"Mere accessories," Prime declared, meaning the clothes. "Civilization prescribes them, their cut, fashion, and material. The buckskin Indians have the best of us in this, as in many other things."

"The realities?" she queried.

"The simplicities," he qualified. "Life as we have lived it, and as we shall probably live it again if we ever get out of this, is much too complex. We are learning how few the real necessities are, and it is good for the soul. I wouldn't take a fortune for what I've been learning in these weeks, Lucetta."

"I have been learning, too," she admitted.

"Other things besides the use of a paddle and a camp-fire?"

"Many other things. I have forgotten the world I knew best, and it is going to require a tremendous effort to remember it again when the need arises."

"I shall never get back to where I was before," Prime asserted with cheerful dogmatism. Then, in a fresh burst of confidence: "Lucetta, I'm coming to suspect that I have always been the merest surface-skimmer. I thought I knew life a little, and was even brash enough to attempt to write about it. I thought I could visualize humanity and its possibilities, but what I saw was only the outer skin—of people and of things. But my greatest impertinence has been in my handling of women."

"Injustice?" she inquired.

"Not intentional; just crass ignorance. I know now that I was merely imitative, choosing for models the character-draw-

*** A summary of the preceding chapters of "Stranded in Arcady" appears on page 5 of the Advertising pages.

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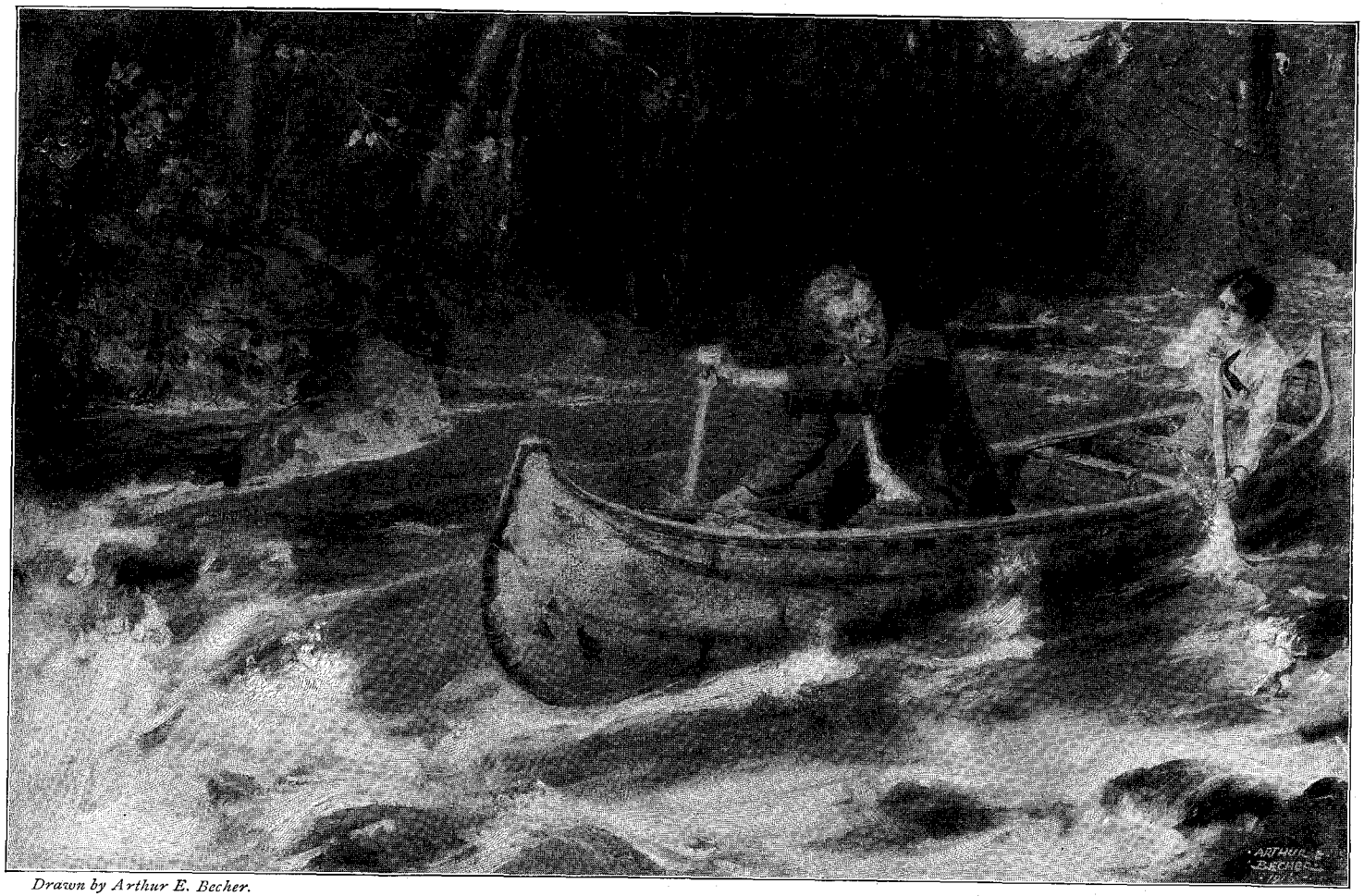

Drawn by Arthur E. Becher.

"Hold her!" he shouted. "We've got to make the shore, if it smashes us!"—Page 343.

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ings of men who knew even less about women than I did. Vapid sentimentality was about as far as I could get. It gags me to think of it now."

Her laugh was as unrestrained as that of a child. "You amuse me, Donald. Most women are hopelessly sentimental. Don't you know that?"

"You are not," he retorted soberly.

"How do you know?"

"Heavens and earth! if I haven't had an opportunity to find out——"

"You haven't," she returned quietly; "not the least little morsel of an opportunity. A few days ago we were thrown together—a man and a woman who were total strangers, to live or die as the chance might fall. I defy any one to be sentimental in such circumstances. Sentiment thrives only in the artificialities; they are the very breath of its life. If men and women could know each other as they really are, there would be fewer marriages, by far."

"And the few would be far happier," Prime put in.

"Do you think so? I doubt it very much."

"Why?"

"Because, in the most admirable marriage there must be some preservation of the reticences. It is possible for people to know each other too well."

"I don't think so, if the qualities are of the kind that will stand the test."

"Who has such qualities?" she asked quickly.

"You have, for one. I didn't believe there was a human woman on earth who could go through what you have and still keep sweet. Setting aside the hardships, I fancy most other women would have gone stark, staring mad puzzling over the mystery."

"Ah, yes; the mystery. Shall we ever be able to explain it?"

"Not if we decide to throw Grider overboard, I'm afraid."

"Doesn't the Mr. Grider solution seem less and less possible to you as time goes on?" she asked. "It does to me. The motive—a mere practical joke—isn't strong enough. Whoever abducted us was trying for something larger than a laugh at our expense."

"You'd think so, wouldn't you? Big risks were incurred, and the expense must have been considerable, too. Still, as I have said before, if we leave Grider out of it we abandon the one only remotely tenable explanation. I grant you that the joke motive is weak, but aside from that there is no motive at all. Nobody in this world could have any possible object in getting rid of me, and I am sure that the assumption applies with equal force to you. You see where it leaves us."

"I know," was the ready rejoinder. "If the mystery had stopped with our discovery of the aeroplane-tracks, it would have been different. But it didn't stop there. It continued with our finding of the ownerless canoe stocked for a long journey. Was the canoe left for us to find?"

Prime knew his companion well enough by this time to be willing to trust her with the grewsome truth.

"I don't know what connection the canoe may have had with our kidnapping, if any, but I am going to tell you something that I didn't care to tell you until we were far enough away from the scene of it. We reasoned that there were two owners for the canoe, arguing from the two rifles and the two hunting-knives. Do you know why they didn't turn up while we were waiting for them?"

"No."

"It was because they couldn't. They were dead."

"You knew it at the time?" she asked.

"Yes. I found them. It was in a little glade just below our camp at the river mouth. They had fought a duel with knives. It was horrible, and I thought it best not to tell you—it seemed only the decent thing not to tell you."

"When did you find them?"

"It was when I went over to the river on the excuse of trying to get some berries while you were cooking supper. I had seen the canoe when I went after the can of water. Instead of looking for berries I began to hunt around for the owners, thinking that probably they were camped somewhere near by. I didn't find any traces of a camp; but in the glade there were the ashes of five fires arranged in the shape of a Greek cross: one fire in the middle and one at the end of each

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arm. This mystified me still more, but it was then growing so dark that it was no use to look farther. Just as I was leaving the glade I stumbled over the two men, locked in each other's arms; they had evidently been dead for some hours, or maybe days."

"How perfectly frightful!" she exclaimed. "I don't wonder that you looked ill when you came back."

"It nearly knocked me out," Prime confessed. "But I realized at once that it wasn't necessary to multiply the shock by two. After you were asleep that night I went over and buried the two men—weighted them with stones and sunk them in the river, since I didn't have anything to dig with. Afterward, while I was searching for the other knife, I found a little buckskin bag filled with English sovereigns, lying, as I supposed, where one of them had dropped it.. It seemed to indicate the motive for the desperate fight."

"But it adds just that much more to the mystery," was the young woman's comment. "Were they white men?"

"Half-breeds or Indians, I couldn't tell which."

"Somebody hired them to do something with us?" she suggested tentatively.

"That is only a guess. I have made it half a dozen times only to have it pushed aside by the incredibilities. If we are to connect these two men with our kidnapping, it presupposes an arrangement made far in advance. That in itself is incredible."

"What do you make of the five fires?"

"I could make nothing of them unless they were intended for signal-fires of some kind; but even in that case the arrangement in the form of a cross wouldn't mean anything."

The young woman had finished her mending and was putting the fish-bone needle carefully away against a time of future need.

"The arrangement might mean something if one were looking down upon it from above," she put in quietly.

Prime got up to kick the burned logends into the heart of the fire.

"If I didn't have such a well-trained imagination, I might have thought of that," he said, with a short laugh. "It was a signal, and it was lighted for the benefit of our aeroplane. How much farther does that get us?"

The young woman was letting down the flaps of her sleeping-tent, and her answer was entirely irrelevant.

"I am glad the protective instinct was sufficiently alive to keep you from telling me at the time," she said, with a little shudder which she did not try to conceal. "You may not believe it, Donald Prime, but I still have a few of the civilized weaknesses. Good night; and don't sit up too long with that horrid tobacco."

IX

SHIPWRECK

THOUGH the castaways had not especially intended to observe the day of rest, they did so, the Sunday dawning wet and stormy, with lowering clouds and foggy intervals between the showers to make navigation extra-hazardous. When the rain settled into a steady downpour they pulled the canoe out of water, turning it bottom-side-up to serve as a roof to shelter them. In the afternoon Prime took one of the guns and went afield, in the hope of finding fresh meat of some sort, though it was out of season and he was more than dubious as to his skill as either a hunter or a marksman. But the smoked meats were becoming terribly monotonous, and they had not yet had the courage to try the pemmican. Quite naturally, nothing came of the hunting expedition save a thorough and prolonged soaking of the hunter.

"The wild things have more sense than I have," he announced on his return. "They know enough to stay in out of the rain. Can you stand the cold-storage stuff a little while longer?"

Lucetta said she could, and signalized the Sunday-evening meal by concocting an appetizing pan-stew of smoked venison and potatoes to vary the deadly monotonies.

The Monday morning brought a return of the fine weather. The storm had blown itself out during the night and the skies were clearing. The day of rain had swollen the river quite perceptibly, and a short distance below their Sunday camp

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its volume was further augmented by the inflow of another river from the east, which fairly doubled its size.

On this day there were fewer water hazards, and the current of the enlarged river was so swift that they had little to do save to keep steerageway on the birch-bark. Nevertheless, it was not all plain sailing. By the middle of the forenoon the course of the stream had changed again to the northward, swinging around through a wide half-circle to the west, and this course, with its Hudson Bay threatenings, was maintained throughout the remainder of the day.

Their night camp was made at the head of a series of rapids, the first of which, from the increased volume of the water, looked more perilous than any they had yet attempted. It was late when they made camp and, the darkness coming on quickly, they were prevented from reconnoitring. But they had the thunder of the flood for music at their evening meal, and it was ominous.

"I am afraid that noise is telling us that we are to have no thoroughfare tomorrow," was the young woman's comment upon the thunder music. "Let us hope it will be a short carry this time."

Prime laughed. "Isn't there a passage somewhere in the Bible about the back being fitted to its burden?" he asked. Then he went on for her encouragement: "It's all in the day's work, Lucetta-woman, and it is doing you no end of good. The next time you are able to look into a mirror you won't know yourself."

Though she had thought that she was by this time far beyond it, the young woman blushed a little under the rich outdoor brown.

"Then I'm not growing haggard and old?" she inquired.

"Indeed, you are not!" he asserted loyally. "I'm the beauty of the two"—passing a hand over the three weeks' growth of stubble beard on his face. "You are putting on weight every day. In another week your face will be as round as a full moon. It may not sound like it, but that was meant for a compliment."

"Was I too thin?" she wanted to know.

"Er—not precisely thin, perhaps; but a little strenuous. You gave me the idea at first that Domestic Science, with gymnasium teaching on the side, had been a trifle too much for you. Had they?"

"No; I was perfectly fit. But one acquires the habit of living tensely in that other world that we have lost and can't find again. It is human to wish to make money, and then a little more money."

"What special use have you for a little more money?" Prime asked curiously.

"Travel," she said succinctly. "I should like to see the world; all of it."

"That wouldn't take so very much money. Goodness knows, the pen isn't much of a mining-pick, but with it I have contrived to dig out a year in Europe."

"You couldn't have done it teaching the daughters of retired farmers how to cook rationally," she averred. "Besides, my earning year is only nine months long."

"Then you really do want money?"

"Yes; not much money, but just enough. That is, if there is any such half-way stopping-point for the avaricious."

"There is," he asserted. "I have found it for myself. I should like to have money enough to enable me to write a book in the way a book ought to be written—in perfect leisure and without a single distracting thought of the royalty check. No man can do his best with one eye fixed firmly upon the treasurer's office."

"I had never thought of that," she mused. "I always supposed a writer worked under inspiration."

"So he does, the inspiration of the butcher and the baker and the anxious landlord. I can earn a living; I have done it for a number of years; but it is only a living for one, and there isn't anything to put aside against the writing of the leisurely book—or other things."

"Oh; then you have other ambitions, too."

"The one ambition that every normal-minded man ought to have: I want a wife and babies and a home."

"Then you certainly need money," she laughed.

"Sure I do; but not too much—always remember that—not too much."

"What would you call 'too much'?"

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"Enough to spoil the children and to make it unnecessary for me ever to write another line."

This time her laugh was mocking. "Just now you said you wanted enough so that you could write without thinking of money," she reminded him.

"Oh, there is a golden mean; it doesn't have to be all honey or all vinegar. A nice tidy little income that would provide at a pinch for the butcher and the baker and the other people. You know what I mean."

"Yes, I think I do; and my ambition is hardly more soaring than yours. As you remarked, it doesn't cost so frightfully much to travel and live abroad."

He looked at her dubiously. "You don't mean that you'd wish to travel all the time, do you?"

"Why not?"

"Why—er—I don't know precisely. But you'd want to settle down and have a home sometime, wouldn't you?"

"And cook for a man?" she put in. "Perhaps I haven't found the man."

Prime's laugh was a shout.

"I notice you are cooking pretty assiduously for a man these days. But perhaps that is only in self-defense. If the man cooked for you you wouldn't live very long."

"I am merely doing my bit, as the English say," was the cool retort. "I haven't said that I like to do it."

"But you do like to do it," he insisted. "If you didn't, you couldn't hit it off so cheerfully. I know a thing or two, and what I don't know I am learning. You are a perfectly normal woman, Lucetta, and normality doesn't mean continuous travel."

"You have changed your mind again. Last week you were calling me abnormal, and saying that you had never met a woman like me before."

"I hadn't; but that was my misfortune. I hope there are a good many like you; I've got to hope it for the sake of humanity and the good of the race. But this talk isn't getting us anywhere. We had better turn in; there is a hard day ahead of us to-morrow."

In the morning the prophecy seemed destined to fulfil itself in heaping measure. While Lucetta was getting breakfast Prime took to the woods and made a careful survey of some portion of the hazards ahead. He was gone for the better part of an hour, and when he came back his report was not encouraging.

"Worse and more of it," was the way he described the difficulties. "It is just one rapid after another, as far as I went; and that must have been a mile and a half or more. Coming back, I kept to the river bank, and tried to imagine us picking the way between the rocks in the channel. I believe we can do it if you have the nerve to try."

"If *I* have the nerve?" she flung back. "Is that a revival of the sex idea?"

"I beg your pardon," he hastened to say. "It was simply a manner of speaking. Your nerve is like the rest of you—superb. We'll shoot the rapids if it takes a leg. It would ask for more than a leg to make the carry."

A little later they loaded the canoe carefully for the greater hazard, packing the dunnage securely and protecting the meal and the flour as well as they could by wrapping them tightly in the canvas roll. Past this, they cut strips from the remaining scraps of deerskin and tied everything, even to the utensils, the guns, and the axe, to the braces, taking time to make the preparations thorough.

It was well that they took the time while they had it. After the birch-bark had been headed into the first of the rapids there was no time for anything but the strenuous fight for life. Faster and still faster the frail craft leaped on its way, down one rapid and into another before they could congratulate themselves upon the latest hair-breadth dodging of the thickly strewn boulders.

From time to time in the brief respites Prime shouted encouragement to his canoe-mate. "Keep it up—it can't last forever! We're doing nobly. Look out for this big beggar just ahead!"

So it went on, from bad to worse and then to bad again, but never with a chance for a landing or a moment's rest from the engrossing vigilance. Prime gasped and was thankful that there were days of sharp muscle-hardening behind them to fit them for this crowning test. He was sure he could measure Lucetta's fortitude by his own. So long as he

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could endure the strain he knew he could count upon hearing the steady dip of her paddle keeping time with his own.

But the worst of the worst was yet to come. At the foot of a series of rapids which were like a steeply descending stair, they found themselves in a sluiceway where the enlarged river ran like a torrent in flood. On the still air of the summer day a hoarse clamor was rising to warn them that there was a cataract ahead. Prime's cry of alarm was not needed. With the first backing dip of the paddle he felt the braking impulse at the stern striking in with his own.

"Hold her!" he shouted. "We've got to make the shore, if it smashes us!" But the puny strength of the two pairs of arms was as nothing when pitted against the onsweep of the mighty flood. For a brief instant the downward rush of the canoe was checked; then it was caught in a whirling eddy and spun end for end as if upon a pivot. When it straightened up for the leap over the shallow fall it was headed the wrong way, and a moment later the crash came.

The young woman was the only one of the two who knew definitely what followed. In the tipping glide over the brink they were both thrown out of the canoe and spilled into the whirlpool at the foot of the cataract. Lucetta kept her head sufficiently to remember that Prime could not swim, and when she came up from the plunge she saw him, and saw that he was not struggling.

Two quick strokes enabled her to get her fingers in his hair, and then began a battle in which the strength of the single free arm had to match itself against the swirling current of the whirlpool. Twice, and yet once again, the young woman and her helpless burden were swept around the circle, each time drawing a little nearer to the recurving eddy under the fall. Lucetta knew well enough that a second ingulfing under the cataract meant death for both, and at the beginning of the fourth circling she made the supreme effort, winning the desperate battle and struggling out upon the low shingly bank of the pool, to fall exhausted when she had dragged her unconscious canoe-mate out of the water.

After a dazed minute or two she was able to sit up and realize the extent of the disaster. The canoe had disappeared after its leap into the pool, and she did not know what had become of it. And Prime was lying just as the dragging rescue had left him, with his arms flung wide. His eyes were closed, and his face, under the three weeks' growth of stubble beard, was haggard and drawn. In the dive over the fall he had struck his head, and the blood was oozing slowly from a great bruise on his forehead.

X

HORRORS

It is a trite saying that even the weakest strand in the cable never knows how much it can pull until the demanding strain comes. As a young woman with athletic leanings, Lucetta had had arduous drillings in first-aid, and had drilled others. If Prime had been merely drowned she would have known precisely what to do. But the broken head was a different matter.

Nevertheless, when her own exhaustion was a little assuaged, she essayed the first-aid. Dragging the hapless one a little farther from the water's edge, she knelt beside him to examine the wound with fingers that trembled a little as they pressed, in spite of the brave diagnostic resolution. There was no skull fracture, but she had no means of determining how serious the concussion was. Prime was breathing heavily, and the bruise was already beginning to puff up and discolor.

With hope still in abeyance, she worked swiftly. Warmth was the first necessity. Her hands were shaking when she felt in the pocket of Prime's coat for the precious bottle of matches. Happily it was unbroken, and she could have wept for joy. There was plenty of fuel at hand, and in a few minutes she had a fire blazing brightly, before which she propped the wounded man to dry out, though his wet clothing gave him a sweltering steam bath before the desiccating process began. It was heroic treatment, but there was no alternative, and by the time she had him measurably dried and warm her own soggy discomfort was also abating.

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Having done what she could, her situation was still as forlorn as it could well be; she was alone in the heart of the forest wilderness with a wounded man, who might live or die as the chance should befall—and there was no food. She set her face determinedly against the erosive impatience of despair. There was nothing to do but to wait with what fortitude she could muster.

The afternoon dragged on interminably, and to make the prospect more dispiriting the sky clouded over and the sun disappeared. Toward evening Prime began to stir restlessly and to mutter in a sort of feeble delirium. The young woman hailed this as a hopeful symptom, and yet the mutterings of the unconscious man were inexpressibly terrifying. What if the recovery should be only of the body and not of the mind?

As the dusk began to gather, Lucetta found her strong resolution ebbing in spite of all she could do. The thunder of the near-by cataract deafened her, and the darkling shadows of the forest were thickly shot with unnerving suggestions. To add the finishing touch, her mind constantly reverted to the story of the finding and disposal of the two dead men and she could not drive the thought away. In a short time it became a frenzied obsession, and she found herself staring wildly in a sort of hypnotic trance at the waterfall, fully expecting to see one or both of the dead bodies come catapulting over it.

While it was still light enough to enable her to distinguish things dimly, something did come over the fall, a shapeless object about the size of a human body, shooting clear of the curving water wall, to drop with a sullen splash into the whirlpool. Lucetta covered her eyes with her hands and shrieked. It was the final straw, and she made sure her sanity was going.

She was still gasping and trembling when she heard a voice, and venturing to look she saw that Prime was sitting up and holding his head in his hands. The revulsion from mad terror to returning sanity was so sudden and overpowering that she wanted to go to him and fall on her knees and hug him merely because he was a man and alive, and hadn't died to leave her alone with the frightful horrors.

"Didn't I—didn't I hear you scream?" he mumbled, twisting his tongue to the words with the utmost difficulty. And then: "What on earth has happened to me? I feel—as if—I had been run through—a threshing-machine."

"You were pitched out of the canoe and hurt," she told him. "I—I was afraid you were going to die!"

"Was that why you screamed?" The words were still foolishly hard to find and still harder to set in order.

At this she cried out again, and again covered her eyes. "No—no! It is there yet—in the whirlpool—one of the—one of the dead men!"

Though Prime was still scarcely more than half conscious of his condition and cripplings, the protective instinct was clamoring to be heard, dinning in his ears to make him realize that his companion was a woman and that her miraculous courage had for some cause reached its ultimate limit. With a brand from the fire for a torch, he crept half mechanically on hands and knees to the edge of the bowl-like whirlpool. In due time he had a glimpse of a black object circling past in the froth and spume, and he threw the firebrand at it. A moment later he was setting the comforting prop of explanation under Lucetta's toppling courage.

"It is nothing but a log—just a broken log of wood," he assured her. "Forget it, and tell me more about how I came to get this bushel-basket head of mine. It aches like sin!"

She described the plunge of the unmanageable canoe over the fall and its immediate consequences, minifying her own part in the rescue.

"You needn't try to wiggle out of it," he said soberly at the end of the brief recounting. "You saved my life. If you hadn't pulled me out, I'd be down there in that pool right now, going round and round like that bally log of wood. What do you charge for saving a man's life, Lucetta?"

"A promise from the man to be more careful in future. But we mustn't slide back into the artificial things, Donald. For all you know, my motive might have been altogether selfish—perhaps it was

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selfish. My first thought was a screaming horror of being left alone here in this wilderness. It made me fight, *fight!*"

"Is that the truth, Lucetta?" he inquired solemnly.

"Y-yes."

"All of the truth?"

"Oh, perhaps not quite all. There is such a thing as the life-saving instinct, isn't there? Even dogs have it sometimes. Of course, I couldn't very well swim out and leave you to drown."

"No," he put in definitively, "you couldn't—and what's more, you hadn't the first idea of doing such a thing. And that other thing you told me was only to relieve my sense of obligation. You haven't relieved it—not an ounce. And I don't care to have it relieved. Let it go for the time being, and tell me what became of the canoe."

"I haven't the faintest notion. I didn't see it again after we went over the fall. Of course, it is smashed and ruined and lost, and we are perfectly helpless again."

For a long minute Prime sat with his throbbing head in his hands, trying to think connectedly. When he looked up it was to say: "We are in a pretty bad box, Lucetta, with the canoe gone and nothing to eat. It is hammering itself into what is left of my brain that we can't afford to sit still and wait for something to turn up. If we push on down river we may find the canoe or the wreck of it, and there will surely be some little salvage. I don't believe the birch-bark would sink, even if it were full of water."

"You are not able to push on," she interposed quickly. "As it is, you can hardly hold your head up."

"I can do whatever it is needful to do," he declared, unconsciously giving her a glimpse of the strong thread in the rather loosely woven fabric of his character. "I have always been able to do what I had to do. Let's start out at once."

With a couple of firebrands for torches they set out down the river bank, following the stream closely and keeping a sharp lookout for the wreck. Before they had gone very far, however, the blinding headache got in its work, and Prime began to stumble. It was at Lucetta's insistence that they made another halt and gave up the search for the night.

"It is no manner of use," she argued. "You are not able to go on; and besides, we can't see well enough to make sure that we are not passing the thing we are looking for. We had much better stop right where we are and wait for daylight."

The halt was made in a small opening in the wood, and the young woman persuaded Prime to lie down while she gathered the material for another camp-fire. Almost as soon as it was kindled Prime dropped off into a heavy sleep. Lucetta provided fuel to last through the night, and then sat down with her back to a tree, determined to stay awake and watch with the sick man.

XI

"A CRACKLING OF THORNS"

THOUGH she had formed her resolution with a fair degree of self-reliance, Lucetta Millington soon found that she had set herself a task calling for plenty of fortitude and endurance. Beyond the circle of firelight the shadows of the forest gloomed forbiddingly. They had seen but little of the wild life of the woods in their voyagings thus far, but now it seemed to be stirring uneasily on all sides of the lonely camp-fire.

Once some large-hoofed animal went crashing through the underbrush toward the river; and again there were other hoof-beats stopping abruptly at a little distance from the clearing. Lucetta, shading her eyes from the glow of the fire, saw two gleaming disks of light shining in the blackness of the backgrounding forest. Her reason told her that they were the eyes of the animal; that the unnerving apparition was probably a deer halted and momentarily fascinated by the sight of the fire. But the incident was none the less alarming to the town-bred young woman.

Later there were softly padding footfalls, and these gave her a sharper shock. She knew next to nothing about the fauna of the northern woods, nor did she have the comforting knowledge that the largest of the American cats, the panther, rarely attacks a human being unless wounded, or under the cruelest stress of winter hunger. Breathlessly she listened and

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watched, and presently she saw the eyes of the padding intruder glowing like balls of lambent green fire. Whereupon it was all she could do to keep from shrieking frantically and waking her companion.

After the terrifying green eyes had vanished it occurred to her to wonder why they had seen and heard so little of the night prowlers at their former camps. The reason was not far to seek. Days well filled with toil and stirring excitement had been followed by nights when sleep came quickly and was too sound to be disturbed by anything short of a cataclysm.

As midnight drew near, Prime began to mutter disconnectedly. Lucetta did not know whether he was talking in his sleep or whether he had become delirious again, but at all events this new development immeasurably increased the uncanny weirdness of the night watch. Though many of the vaporings were mere broken sentences without rhyme or reason, enough of them were sufficiently clear to shadow forth a sketchy story of Prime's life.

Lucetta listened because she could not well help it, being awake and alert and near at hand. Part of the time Prime babbled of his boyhood on the western New York farm, and she gathered that some of the bits were curious survivals of doubtless long-forgotten talks with his grandfather. Breaking abruptly with these earlier scenes, the wandering underthought would skip to the mystery, charging it now to Watson Grider and again calling it a blessed miracle. With another abrupt change the babbler would be in Europe, living over again his trampings in the Tyrol, which, it seemed, had been taken in the company of an older man, a German, who was a Heidelberg professor.

Farther along, after an interval of silence in which Lucetta began to hope that the talkative fit had passed, Prime broke out again—this time waxing eloquent over his struggles in New York as a beginner in the writing trade. Here there were revelations to make her sorry that she was obliged to listen; for years, it seemed, the fight had gone discouragingly hard with him; there had been times when he had had to choose between giving up in defeat or going hungry.

Lucetta pieced together a pitiful little story of this starving time. Some one—once Prime called the some one Grider, and later gave him another name—had tempted the struggler with an offer of a comfortable income, the single condition precedent being an abandonment of the literary fight. Prime's mutterings made the outcome plain for the listener on the opposite side of the camp-fire: "No, I couldn't sell soap; it's honest enough, no doubt—and decent enough—everybody ought to use soap. But I've set my hand to the plough—no, that isn't it. . . . Oh, dammit, Peter, you know what I mean; I can't turn back; that is the one thing I've never learned how to do. No, and I can't take your money as a loan; that would be only another way of confessing defeat. No, by George, I won't go out to dinner with you, either!"

Lucetta wept a little in sheer sympathy. Her own experience had not been too easy. Left an orphan while she was still too young to teach, she knew what it meant to set the heart upon a definite end and to strive through thick and thin to reach it. She was relieved when Prime began to talk less coherently of other incidents in his life in the great metropolis. There were more references to Grider, and at last something that figured as Prime's part in a talk with the barbarian. "Yes, by Jove, Watson, the scoundrels tried to pull my leg; actually advertised for me in the *Herald*. No, of course, I didn't fall for it. I know perfectly well what it was . . . same old gag about the English estate with no resident heirs in sight. No, the ad. didn't say so, but I know. What's that?—I'm a liar? Like Zeke I am!"

There were more of the vaporings, but neither these nor the young woman's anxiety about the wounded man's condition were disturbing enough at the last to keep her eyelids from drooping and her senses from fluttering over the brink of the sleep abyss. Once she bestirred herself to put more fuel on the fire, but after that the breeze blew the mosquitoes away, the warmth from the upleaping blaze added its touch, and she fell asleep.

When she awoke the sun had risen and Prime was up and mending the fire.

"Better," he said cheerfully, in answer

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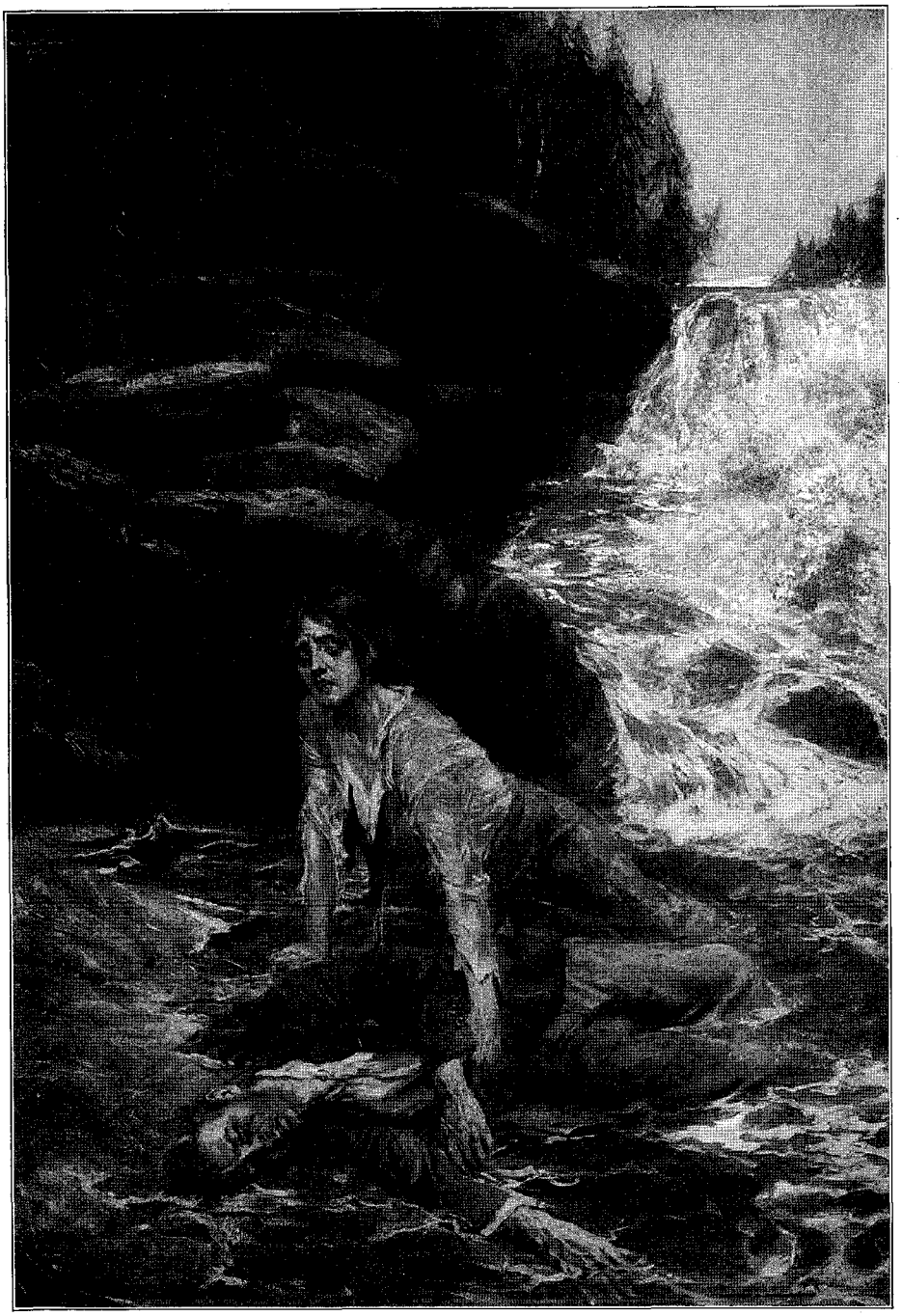

Drawn by Arthur E. Becher.

She made the supreme effort, winning the desperate battle and struggling out upon the low shingly bank of the pool.—Page 343.

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to her instant question. "Much better; though my head reminds me of the day when I got the check for my first story—pretty badly swelled, you know. But after I've had a good cup of hot tea"—he stopped in mid-career with a wry laugh. "Bless my fool heart! If I hadn't totally forgotten that we haven't any tea or anything else! And here I've been up a quarter of an hour and more, trying to get a good cooking-fire started! Where were we when we left off last night?"

"We had set out to search for the wreck of the canoe," she explained, rising to stand before the fire. "We came this far, and concluded it was no use trying to go on in the darkness. You were pretty badly off, too."

"It's coming back to me, a little at a time and often, as the cat remarked when it ate the grindstone," he went on, determined to make her smile if it were within the bounds of possibility. He knew she must have had a bad night of it, and the brightness of the gray eyes told him that even now she was not very far from tears. "Don't cry," he added abruptly; "it's all over now."

Her laugh was the sort that harbors next door to pathos.

"I'm hungry!" she said plaintively. "We had no dinner yesterday, and no supper last night, and there doesn't seem to be any very brilliant prospect for breakfast this morning."

Prime felt of his bruised head as if to satisfy himself that it was all there.

"Haven't you ever gone without a meal before for the raw reason that you couldn't get it?" he asked.

"Not since I can remember."

"I have; and it's bad medicine—mighty bad medicine. We'll put the fire out and move on. While there's life there's hope; and our hope this morning is that we are going to find the wreck of that canoe. Let's hike."

They set out courageously, keeping close to the bank of the river and scanning every eddy and backwater as they moved along. For this cause their progress was slow, and it was nearly or quite noon when they came to a quiet reach in the river, a placid pond with great trees overhanging its margins and wide stretches of reeds and bulrushes growing in the shallows. And on the opposite side of the pond-like expanse and apparently grounded among the bulrushes they saw their canoe. It was bottom side up with care, and on the wrong side of the river; also they knew that its lading, if any of this had survived the runaway flight, must be soaked and sodden. But the triumphant fact remained—the canoe was found.

(To be continued.)

AND YET

By Jessie S. Miner

I KNOW death was the end of her.
I know that when she died she ceased to be;
Like some rare vase that's shattered at a blow
And all that's left of it is memory.
And yet
This year my bulbs have burst into
A white-winged host of fair narcissus stars.
They never blossomed so for me before—
Only for her. I know they are but flowers,
And yet
They strive so gladly toward the light,
It is as if the flower-like soul of her
Had bid them be, in very transiency,
The symbol of her immortality.

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THROUGH THE EYES OF MARY ELLEN

By George Charles Hull

Illustrations by Frank Tenney Johnson

FORT RINCON, relic of the days of the Conquistadores, stands upon a plateau. Its well-kept parade-ground, bordered with the green of lawns, slopes gently to the brow of a steep bluff, at the foot of which there stood until recently two blocks of ramshackle, one-story structures packed so closely together that each seemed entirely dependent on its neighbor for support. This motley assemblage of shacks formed an apparent connection with other scattering houses, which, swelling in numbers as they marched northward, finally merged into a great city, so that the settlement at the gates of the fort appeared as the bob to the tail of a gigantic kite.

This settlement boasted several names, none of which belied its sinister appearance. Colonel Zeph P. McQuattie, commanding at Fort Rincon, always referred to it as that "roost of buzzards," and generally to the accompaniment of luridly descriptive adjectives.

On pay-days the enlisted men, with a patronizing sense of wealth, alluded to it as "Old Town," this being a comprehensive term in the West for settlements composed exclusively of saloons, gambling-houses, and dance-halls, and where dissolute joy is supposed to have full license.

On the other days of the month the men of all arms, being bereft of cash, spoke of it bitterly as "that there hell hole."

Sergeant William T. Smith of Battery B, from the heights gained by fourteen months of distinct sobriety, spoke of the settlement often, eloquently and profanely, by its common appellation. Time was when, as "Wild Bill of the Batt'ry," he had been a troublesome although valued patron of those lurid establishments. But the chevrons bestowed upon him by a wise captain had kindled the spark of ambition—led him to forego its dubious attractions and be content in the knowledge that his colonel pointed him out to visiting officers as a "natural soldier, and the best gunner in the army, begad!"

Sergeant Smith had entered the army because of a girl with a wonderful pair of gray eyes and much common sense who had formed the opinion that marrying a man to reform him was a waste of time. She believed in reform before marriage. When William declined to go on probation for a year Mary Ellen had cried a little and bade him depart. William T. Smith had sought a recruiting office. At the end of his first term of service Mary Ellen had betrayed no apparent interest in his career, so William had re-enlisted. Now he remained in the army because he liked the life. Also, the army liked William. He was as tall and lithe and straight as that Indian whose name he bore sandwiched between William and Smith—a name used only on pay-days when he signed the muster-roll as "William Tecumseh Smith." He was all American.

For months Sergeant Smith had not been modest in vaunting that the "Buzzards' Roost" held no lure for him. But now had come a pay-day, preceded by sundry sleepless nights, when he realized that the nerves of a full-blooded man had tired of the humdrum of barrack life and were singing of that desire for strong excitement which recks not of consequences. Fighting against that devil whose gripping talons caused his sanded throat to ache with a pain which knew but one relief, Sergeant Bill, in the twilight of the day, sat in an embrasure of the parapet crowning the bluff and told his troubles to "Billy Brass."

Now, this confidant, although but an ancient cannon doing decorative duty, had long been regarded by the sergeant as a close-mouthed friend, and it had been his custom to impart such secret thoughts as might weigh heavily on him to this artillery veteran of the Civil War. In re-

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turn, the sergeant had, to the amusement of his comrades, spent many an hour off duty in rejuvenating the old gun with polish and oils, so that "Billy Brass" still appeared, as the sergeant expressed it, "fit to make the fight of his life."

And as the sergeant wrestled his eyes dwelt on the settlement below, now ablaze with light and echoing with the guffaws of the enlisted men blending with the shrill laughter and songs of the women of the dance-halls. Even the music of the mechanical pianos, grinding tunes from soldiers' nickels, floated up to him.

"Look at it, 'Billy Brass,'" whispered the weary combatant. "It opens on a pay-day and for five nights blazes like a red-hot coal while the enlisted men feed the fires. The rest of the month it lies like a rusty, dead cinder because the soldiers' coin is gone.

"Why does it look good to me, 'Billy Brass'? If I go down there to-night it means losing my stripes, and mebbe the guard-house, for, knowing me as you do, 'Billy Brass,' it's a cinch I never stop until my money is gone. And yet, knowing this, I want to go. I'm tired of sitting around the post exchange playing seven-up and drinking soda pop.

"My blood runs hot, 'Billy Brass,' and I feel just like you would if you was loaded to the muzzle and was aching to be fired but didn't have no fuse or match to touch you off. You'd want to bust, the same as I do.

"Yessir, 'Billy Brass,' if I had a fuse—meaning a couple or three drinks, I'd probably go down there and tear things up; and if you was loaded, 'Billy Brass,' and touched off, you might, too. But it's no good—that business, 'Billy Brass'—and mebbe I can beat it if I don't have a fuse."

On the road below the bluff the sergeant could hear the tread of many feet. He could distinguish between the steady tramp of men going down to "Old Town" to spend their money and the faltering steps of those who had gone down earlier and now, with empty pockets, were finding an uncertain way to barracks.

One came stumbling out of the gloom and fell, sobbing with feeble wrath, against the carriage of "Billy Brass." Sergeant Bill forgot his own trouble for the moment as he dragged a dishevelled youth to his feet. "What's the matter, son?"

"They robbed me and beat me up down there," maundered the boy. "They give me the worst of it, and I've come up to get a gun, because there ain't anybody going to do that and get away with it."

"Steady now, son. Of course they robbed you. That's what them guys is there for. I suppose you bought one of them dance-hall girls a few drinks, and learned later you was paying a dollar apiece for the privilege, eh? Or did they just short change you at the bar and make you like it? Tell me the story, but make it brief, son. Now, in which particular trap did the rookie stick his head?"

"It was in Reagan's place, sergeant, and, honest, I didn't have no intention of taking a drink when I went down; but a fellow gets lonesome loafing around the fort on pay-day, when everybody else is in 'Old Town,' and so, when a couple of fellows in the infantry, whom I knew back home, come along, why, I went with them.

"Then it was just as you said. A girl, she comes up and asks me if I won't buy her a beer, and because she looked kind of pitiful like and tired I said I would, and the first thing I knew I was drinking too. Then the girl said I ought to have a bottle of liquor to take to quarters with me, and I ordered that, and when I came to settle I put down a five-dollar gold piece, thinking the bill will be six bits or a dollar at the most. But what does the man behind the bar do? He rings up my five and says: 'One dollar more, you!'

"'I gave you five dollars,' I says, 'gimme my change.' He laughs and points to a dinky little notice behind the bar which reads: 'Ladies' drinks one dollar each.'

"'You've paid for her drinks but not your own,' he says, and then I called him a robber. 'Go into the back room and see the boss, if you don't like it,' he tells me. I did so, and I'd no sooner got inside the door than a man jams his arm under my chin, puts his hand in my pocket, and takes what money I had left. Then he hit me and rushes me out a side door into the alley, and I come up here to get a gun so as I can clean up that place."

"Huh, same old stuff," remarked the sergeant. "What's your name, boy, and

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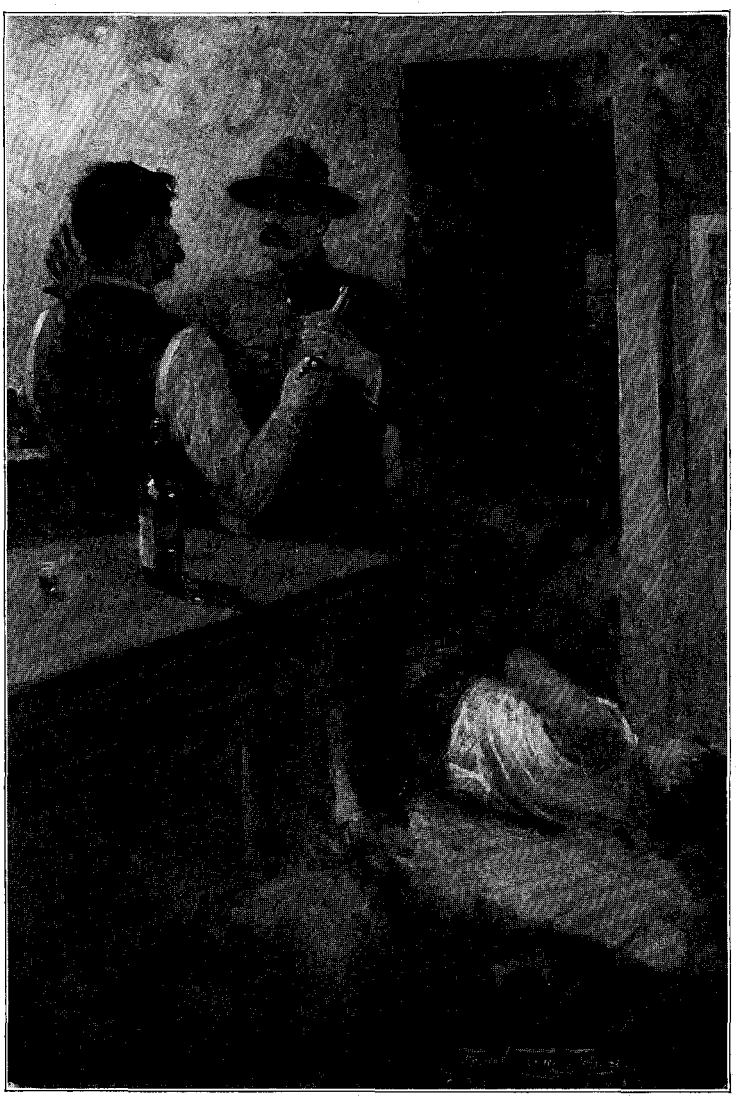
how did you come to take on, for you certainly ain't of age?"

"Eddie Stevens, that's my name, and I enlisted because my sister, the one that's my guardeen, talked me into it. She said I was getting worthless, hanging around pool-rooms, and that I had better join the army, because it had made a man out of an old friend of hers what had started out to be a tramp. So Mary Ellen—that's my sister—she signed up a paper giving me permission to enlist. She told me to join this outfit and to find her friend Bill Smith, and that he'd look out for me, but there's a lot of wagon soldiers around this fort named Bill Smith, and I've been too busy drilling with the rest of the rookies to go 'round and hunt him up. Anyway, I promised her I wouldn't drink, and this is my first pay-day, and I've broke my word and lost my money and—and now I'm going to get a gun and clean up."



"Shoot me, would yuh?" he stormed.—Page 352.

"And so you're Mary Ellen's kid brother and you ain't met her friend

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Bill Smith?" said the sergeant soothingly. "Well, son, you've met him now, and he's going to look after you as she expects. That means that you ain't going to get a gun and that you are going to bed. If there's any cleaning up to do, I'll do it."

When the sergeant deposited his charge on the latter's cot, something slipped with a gurgle from the boy's pocket. Sergeant Bill's hand closed on a flask from which the cork had escaped. The bottle was half full. The remainder of its contents was on the bedclothes and the sergeant's hands. An enticing, familiar odor assailed his nostrils. He trembled as he groped for the cork. "It's the fuse," he muttered.

"Aw, throw it away, sergeant," quavered a voice from the cot. "You don't drink no more, she said, and I won't, never again. Toss it out the winder."

Sergeant Bill straightened up and eyed the boy a full moment. "You mean that?" he questioned sternly.

"Sure!"

The bottle hurtled into the night, and without another word Sergeant Bill stalked from the room. "I'll have to explode without a fuse—on contact—I guess," he murmured as he went down the steps, "for he's Mary Ellen's brother, and he's got her eyes, but that strong chin of hers—why, that he ain't got."

"Red" Reagan, at the cash register, had finished counting the receipts for the day. His pink, fat face was wrinkled in smiling creases, for business had been good. Taps had sounded at the Fort and the soldiers were gone for the night, save those few who, lacking a friendly hand to guide them barrackward, were staggering aimlessly about the streets, courting the guard-house for remaining out after check roll-call. The dance-hall girls had disappeared, following the departure of the last soldier with money enough to buy a drink. In the back room the bouncer slept loudly.

His eyes resting gloatingly on the stacks of gold and silver on the back bar, "Red" Reagan poured himself a drink from a bottle which, bearing the government stamp, indicated that its contents, at least, had not been made overnight for the military trade. He was raising the glass when the swinging doors crashed open and Sergeant Bill strode in. The latter's eyes, sternly purposeful, swept over the array of coin and rested on the bottle. "Private stock for Reagan and prune-juice and fusel-oil for the soldiers, eh?" The sergeant's tongue clicked the sneering words.

"Why, if it ain't Wild Bill! Welcome, stranger!" exclaimed the complacent Reagan, pushing over the bottle and a glass. "Where have you been keeping yourself?"

The sergeant poured a drink and with great precision dashed it into Reagan's face. "Never mind that stuff," he growled. "Bring out that big bruiser that loafs around here beating kids and helping you rob 'em—the tall man of your hold-up team—the burly robber that helped you gather them yellow stacks to-day—bring him out or——"

"Hi, Ja-ack," quavered Reagan in terror and appeal. "Hi, Jack!" A chair fell over in the back room. The sergeant, with feline swiftness, changed position, and as the bouncer, glowering, appeared in the doorway, a heavy fist caught him under the ear and he dropped limply.

Then the sergeant swung toward the bar, where "Red" Reagan held a shaking pistol. With one hand he twisted away the gun and with the other blazoned the pudgy features with the red finger-marks of an open-handed blow.

"Shoot me, would yuh?" he stormed. "Why, you yellow thief, you never had the nerve! Now, you listen to me! A kid up at the Fort got robbed of a month's pay in this place to-day. When he made a holler one of your thugs threw him into the street. Now, you gimme that money or I'm coming across the bar after you."

Reagan blindly laid some gold down. "We didn't know the boy was a friend of yours," he stammered. "Have a drink, to show there's no hard feeling."

"Yeh," snapped the sergeant. "You haven't seen Wild Bill for months and you are wishful to collect his back pay. Want me to drink with you, and your heart this moment full of murder! Ain't you the fine citizen, you——"

The bouncer, temporarily forgotten, groaned with returning consciousness, and the sergeant, startled, turned his head. "Red" Reagan, whose right hand had been nervously clutching a lead billy under the bar for a moment past, struck

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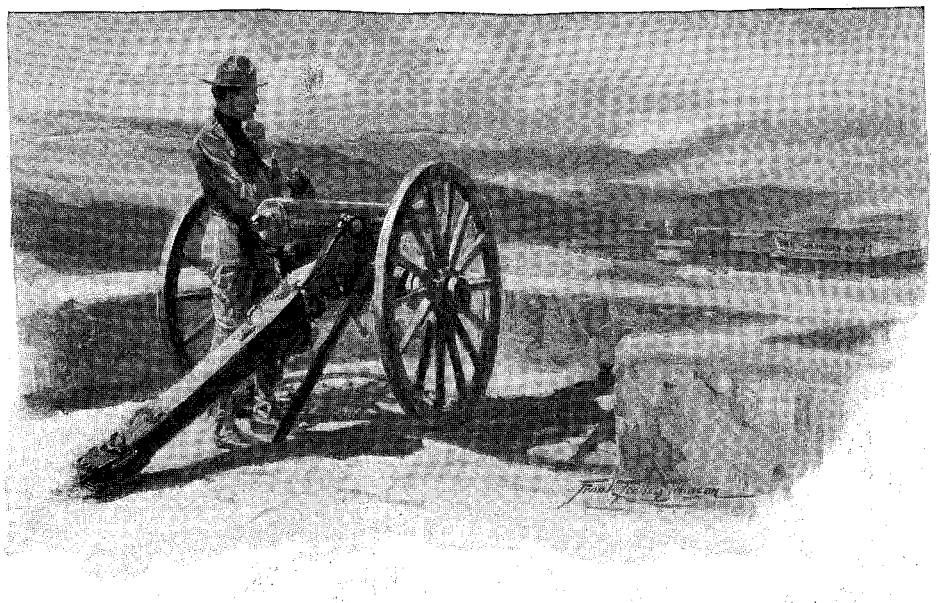

His eyes rested on the squat building where "Red" Reagan held sway.—Page 355.

with the energy born of desperation, and Sergeant Bill Smith crumpled up with his face on the floor. His assailant slipped swiftly from behind the barricade and, joined by a dazed bouncer hungering for revenge, finished the "trimmin'," as the latter styled it.

Sergeant Bill Smith was not present at reveille roll-call and so became a candidate for the guard-house. He was found a little later lying beside "Billy Brass." The condition of his uniform indicated that he had crawled there on his hands and knees, but the manner of his entering the Fort was a mystery. The sentry at the gate swore that he had not passed him; but Sergeant Bill was popular with the men of the garrison.

Hosker, senior major, sitting as summary court judge, had been disposed to deal lightly with the offender, not only because of the latter's record as a soldier, but because he considered the loss of his chevrons and the beating he had received was sufficient punishment. William Tecumseh Smith had himself obstructed the course of mercy. He had determined that the boy with the eyes of Mary Ellen should not get into the black book of his battery commander. Also, he was firmly resolved that Mary Ellen should never hear that her young brother had deviated for an instant from that path which, consistently followed, would, in the opinion of the young woman, "make a man out of a tramp."

So he had made no defense, and when asked why he, a good soldier—a model soldier—should have so demeaned himself, he had fixed his judge with one baneful eye, the other being covered by a bandage. "And why not, sir?" he had demanded fiercely. "We live rough, and we're supposed to die rough when called upon to do so, and so why, I ask, should we be expected to sit around and drink soda pop and play dominoes, being what we are? Talking of 'good soldiers and model soldiers,' if there's any of 'em left it ain't the fault of the people that gives us dives like those in the settlement to get sociable in. I've said my say." Major Hosker had imposed a sentence of ten days in the guard-house without further comment.

Sitting on the edge of his bunk in the guard-house, Bill Smith meditated fiercely on his personal wrongs and those suffered by his comrades through the "Buzzards' Roost." He would have revenge against all those birds of prey, he told himself.

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"Sounds like a big gun!" exclaimed the major, upsetting the chess-board in a dash for the telephone.—Page 355.

The manner of it was not plain, but when his present troubles were over he would devise and strike.

To him presently came cheer in the form of a fellow victim of the "Buzzards' Roost," also doomed to punishment. "Hosker sure soaked you for that little speech," said the latter, "but you made a hit with him just the same. I was sittin' there waitin' for my case to be called, when the chaplain, 'Old Four Eyes,' you know, comes in. Hosker up and tells him what you said, and at the end he says: 'The man was right, dead right, but, in the interest of discipline, I couldn't let it pass.'

"The chaplain, he wipes off his glasses.

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'You bet he was right,' he says, his eyes snappin'; 'an' I tell you, Hosker, that I hope the God of Battles, in lookin' after his own, hurls a thunderbolt that will blast the "Buzzards' Roost" off the face of the earth.'

"Hosker, he laughs. 'It will have to be a miracle, then, chaplain,' he says, 'because they don't have thunder and lightnin' in this country. You'd better wish for a young earthquake, which is an order more easily filled here.'

"But 'Old Four Eyes' don't smile. 'A miracle is what I want, Hosker,' he says, 'a blazin', blightin', blastin' miracle—an earthquake would be too tame,' and with that he walks off, pickin' at his collar as though it was chokin' him."

"That would be the proper thing," observed Smith dreamily—"a blazing, blasting bolt of lightning."

Picking up bits of rubbish on the parade-ground under the eyes of a sullen guard, as part of a prisoner's toil, William Tecumseh Smith, some days later, found himself in the company of "Billy Brass" once more. His custodian decreed a rest the while he stealthily disposed of a cigarette behind a companion to the gun. The prisoner seized the opportunity to commune with his ancient friend. "They got me, old timer," he murmured, patting the cannon as he surveyed the settlement; "they sure got me." His eyes rested on the squat building where "Red" Reagan held sway. Above it loomed the big electric sign, easy to read even in daytime: "The Soldiers' Club."

A cynical smile wreathed the lips of the prisoner. "Just as I told the major," he muttered. "That's our club—and a sign like a battleship's target! If I could only throw the muzzle of one of those big fellows up on the point down on that—oh me, oh my!" He looked at "Billy Brass" staring dumbly out over the settlement, then, with an exclamation of glad surprise, dropped to his knees at the sun-heated breech and peered at the sign. "Whe-ew! right on the nose, and me a real gunner! But the ammunition?" He pondered, frowningly, a moment, then snapped his fingers in excited delight. "The old magazine—and it full of the muzzle-loader shells they used to use—the key hanging up in the guard-room where anybody can get it—and me getting out to-night and sure to catch guard duty to-morrow, as is the rule. Oh, what a chance!"

"Here you, get to work now," ordered the sentry, coming from his retreat. William Tecumseh Smith gave "Billy Brass" a farewell pat. "Keep that big eye of yours right where it is now," he whispered, "and to-morrow night me and you and a nice percussion shell will fix up that there blightin', blazin', blastin' miracle the chaplain is wishful for."

Several times during the remainder of the day the morose sentry found it necessary to order his prisoner to stop whistling.

As he had hopefully anticipated, William Tecumseh Smith was detailed on guard duty following his release. During the day he had secretly acquired several implements which he would require in carrying out his plans and had safely and securely hidden them. Relieved at midnight, instead of seeking his bunk for his allotted four hours' rest, Smith had quietly drifted out of the guard-room unnoticed by the nodding sergeant. With him went the key to the old magazine.

Major Hosker and the chaplain, engrossed over a chess-board at the Officers' Club, had ignored the midnight hour. Fitful but fierce gusts of wind, which tore at the corners of the building and splattered vagrant rain-drops from an inky sky against the windows, attested that a storm which had been raging for twenty-four hours was releasing its grip sullenly and slowly.

"Fine weather, this!" snapped the major irritably at the end of his third successive defeat. "Might be a regular tropical burst coming up, save that there is no electrical display. By the way, chaplain, it's a regular setting for that thunderbolt you've been hoping for."

"I haven't given up hope," replied the chaplain serenely, and even as he spoke a sound as of thunder rattled the windows, followed by a more distant boom, and a flickering light splashed the ivory figures on the chess-board for an instant.

"Sounds like a big gun!" exclaimed the major, upsetting the chess-board in a dash for the telephone, to call for a report from the guard-room.

The chaplain strolled to the window and, as the major fumed over the wires,

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stood peering into the darkness toward the settlement.

"Colonel McQuattie is off the reservation for the night and the sergeant of the guard is on his way here to report," growled the major, slamming down the receiver. "You don't suppose, now, that——"

"It was the thunderbolt," said the chaplain quietly, "and it struck in its intended place. Look over there!"

The major slapped the chaplain on the shoulder as he joined him at the window. "Hah! the 'roost' is burning! Thunderbolt my eye! I beg your pardon, chaplain, but they don't have them in this country, as I've told you. At any rate, you've got your miracle."

Ushered by an attendant, a sergeant of the guard entered and saluted. "I have to report, sir, that the settlement is on fire from end to end. Six men have been detailed to go down, on the chance that there might be lives in danger. They were ordered not to risk their own in trying to save property."

"How did it start?" queried Major Hosker.

"Something of a mystery, sir. It might have been a bolt of lightning. Private Parks at No. 1 post—the lower gate—reports that he heard a noise like thunder, and the sky over the p'rade-ground flashed up. Then came another noise like a big explosion down in the settlement, and the next thing, why, the Soldiers' Club broke into flames——"

"The Soldiers' Club!" interjected the major.

"Yes, sir—'Red' Reagan's place. And the other buildings being frame, and them jammed close together, why, the blaze spreads right away."

"Any one living in those shacks?"

"No, sir; there's nobody stays around there after dark, 'ceptin' pay-day night and three or four nights after."

"Strange, very strange," muttered the major. "You may go now, but report any further details you may gather."

"I suppose, colonel, that we shall be called upon to investigate the phenomena of last night which blasted the 'roost,'" remarked Major Hosker on meeting the commanding officer the next morning.

"And why, sir?" rapped the colonel. "The city papers attribute it to a bolt of lightning—something unusual out here—and the scientists are puzzling their brains over it. Let 'em! This is no dashed weather bureau."

"But it sounded like——"

"Just like thunder, sir. I never heard a better peal, not even in the Philippines, where they make it to order. No, sir, there will be no investigation of meteorological disturbances at this fort." It might have been fancy, but the major thought his superior's left eyelid flickered suspiciously. "The birds of prey won't nest there again, either," added the colonel, "for the department has acted on a suggestion of mine, and if an attempt is made to rebuild those man-traps, the gates of Fort Rincon, with its thousand acres of park, will be closed to the public. I don't fancy that the citizens will permit themselves to be locked out of a showplace which forms one of the chief attractions of their city in order that a few ruffians may flourish in iniquity."

In the evening the chaplain flitted in and out between the ancient cannon, peering over the parapet at the foot of the parade-ground. When he reached "Billy Brass" he halted, for a black smudge had been transmitted from the muzzle of that venerable relic to the handkerchief he held. The chaplain drew from his pocket a ragged piece of concave metal. He had found it on the sidewalk in front of the ruins of Reagan's place that morning. It was apparently the fragment of a sphere, and, although a man of peace, he knew what it was. The chaplain had been with the artillery a long time. He walked to an embrasure and gazed for a time at the smouldering ruins below. Then he extended his hand, as if in benediction, and something fell tinkling down the face of the parapet.

The chaplain replaced his handkerchief in his pocket. It could be laundered, and he was a provident man.

Strolling toward his quarters, the chaplain halted a soldier who, with studied nonchalance, was strolling in the direction of the guns. "Sergeant Smith, isn't it?" he inquired with a bland smile.

"Private Smith, sir. I've been reduced to the ranks."

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"Oh, yes. A fight in the 'Soldiers' Club,' wasn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"You're a gunner, are you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"I've always understood that one of the chief duties of a gunner is to keep his piece clean."

"Yes, sir."

"Then, Smith, I wouldn't let anything interfere with my duty. I'd do it at once, or—er—at the first favorable opportunity."

"Yes, sir," whispered Private Smith with perfect understanding.

"And, by the way, Smith, some one from your home town was inquiring for you at headquarters a while ago, and, if I'm not mistaken, she has found you. Good night."

Turning, William Tecumseh Smith looked into the glad gray eyes of Mary Ellen.

AT THE GATE

By Olive Tilford Dargan

It is the month of Spring's full star;
Now Redwing makes each thicket his
And now the apple blossom is
The oriole's honey jar.

The road flows down with bend and whirl,
(They take it who to market go,)
Flows, ripples, flies and falls as though
The mountain wore a curl.

The twilight drops great shadows where
They nestle down like giant birds;
And silent worlds with baffled words
Tap at the door of air.

One still field sleeps, brown row to row,
Where yesterday in furrow-house
We laid the corn, ere dog-wood boughs
Should drop their stars of snow.

A bullbat measures downily
His wheeling watch above the wood,
And a Golden owl drifts down a rood
Beyond her chestnut tree.

Yon grim, fir-castled peak that shades
The early stars with swelling gloom,
Will hang with berries, Autumn come,
And laugh with lowland raids.

That dark ravine where waters sound,
And hemlock trees cloud duskily,
Is neither dread or dark to me,
But sweet as Maying ground;

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For there, on moss as soft as fur,
My love and I once lay in dream,
When we had followed up the stream.
A belted kingfisher.

II

In grayest dawn he left me here,—
My wagoner for market town!
I saw him in the mist go down,
A phantom charioteer;

And watched until the sun, grown bold,
Built cedar fires on Blackcap spur;
Till, far below, the white mist blur
Shone magically gold;

Then set my face to day's affairs,
Too busy far to know me lone,
And safely, softly, half unknown,
Love moved amid my cares.

When swift, forgetful moments pressed,
Some dear, chance thing, new-seen, would start
A fledgling stir within my heart,—
I knew who kept the nest.

His book by apple basket spread
Gave me his poet while I pared;
Again the bardic gold we shared
As goldenly he read.

My carven spoon, brown wood, inlaid
With whitest holly,—leaf and bird,—
In dairy bowl the same tune stirred
He sang when it was made.

And dipping water from the spring,
The stone-crop set in mossy cleft
Held up its stars,—his woodland theft,
There for my wondering.

At last a rifling hour I spent
By garden beds with ruthless knife
Where blossom clans were saucy rife,
And as I silent bent

Came thought of how he said "Let be
The valley lilies by the door;
They are the flowers that you wore
The night you came to me."

I rose, a blush, remembering;
Though he was far and I alone;
And stood as quiet as a stone
With eyes upon my ring.

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Let Fortune bless as Fortune can,
Fame show her face nor hide again,
Still is supreme the white hour when
The woman goes to man.

And blithe the way of thorn and furze,
And royal then a rustic part,
If he but bear a singing heart
And all that heart is hers.

III

Now every flower is a bride's
In twilight's hair. O love, come soon!
I can not meet the moon alone,
And all night's lisping tides.

Soon up, and up, the flowing road
A sound will greet me as I lean,
Of wheels that climb and climb between
The dark wings of the wood;

On, where the stream leaps down in showers,
And bloodroot in the moist dark gleams,
Thick-white, as though the fleet spray dreams
To linger still in flowers;

On, by the "rhododendron stairs,"
Where leaves will touch a cheek for me,
On, till the height has wrestled free
And the blue night unbares.

Then, ah, that panting minute long,
When all our love is in our throats,
And "Nan!" and "Jock!" fall like two notes
Dropped from a bird's first song.

IV

O Beauty, most thou lovest Night!
Now dost thou hold her like a mate,
And all the moon-swept mountains wait
As altar waits the rite.

Charmèd as they, beside the gate,
I watch the road that like a curl
Drops flowing down with bend and whirl,
And like a rooted lily wait.

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GOOD ROADS AND THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT

HOW TO MAKE THE MOST OF THE $75,000,000 APPROPRIATION

By Edwin A. Stevens
Commissioner of Public Roads, State of New Jersey

WITHIN the past year Uncle Sam has taken a hand in the road-building game. His coming in has been the subject of many dismal prophecies of the probable waste of public funds, of shiftlessness—in a word, of the "pork barrel." With our remembrance of useless army-posts and navy-yards maintained at Congressional behest, of the millions spent on so-called river and harbor improvements and on unnecessary public buildings, of legislative improvidence and of the code of morals that in Congress justifies the waste of public money for a member's political advantage, and, in the constituencies, not only accepts the loot but applauds and re-elects the looter, these prophecies cannot be brushed aside as unreasonable.

Against the undoubted and disgraceful facts on which these forebodings are based, it is well to recall some of the work that Uncle Sam has put through with credit to himself. The Panama Canal stands first, but is by no means alone. Our life-saving, geodetic survey, reclamation, and fish-culture services need no defense nor apology. Their work bears witness for them.

Which precedent is to rule our national road work? The answer depends on the people. However much a secretary of agriculture may want to get results, his way will be a hard one unless public opinion is behind him. If the public will not tolerate waste, stupidity, and ineptitude in their road work, almost any secretary will make good or soon find a way into the discard.

It is only fitting, therefore, that, in these days when federal activity is about to begin, those features of the problem that influence results should receive the fullest and frankest discussion.

There has been for some time a demand for federal aid. The outward signs were seen in the federal-aid road bills that for some years were regularly presented in Congress. In the older States of the East these were at first not given serious consideration. They were thought to be "buncombe." This may have been true in some cases, but whether the authors were merely selfishly striving for political advertisement or earnestly seeking to make a great forward step in national development, they, at least, voiced a popular demand that grew until it could no longer be denied.

It is, however, not enough to have aroused a public demand. The consequent effort must be intelligently directed to the end in view. This end, the object of all road building, is to reduce the cost of transportation. Any such reduction cannot but have a direct and very immediate bearing on the cost of living. But little of our national output is not subject at one time or another to some charge for highway transportation. This charge may be indirect, such as the cost of bringing labor, raw materials, and supplies to the point of production, or a direct charge for hauling the finished output. The former is a big factor at all times in agricultural work and to-day in the manufacture of munitions. Both form part of the price paid by the consumer. The citizen of Massachusetts who has contributed generously to the cost of that State's splendid road system is to-day paying for the cost of bad roads in the unnecessarily high prices of meat, flour, and cotton necessary for his existence. Bad roads in Wyoming, Kansas, and Mississippi are costing him money. To emphasize the conclusion let me repeat: the matter is one of general interest, and so forceful has the realization of this generality become that

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it has found expression in federal aid. To make the latter effective there not only must be a continued and lively interest, but that interest must be an enlightened one. For this there must be a general understanding of the enormous task and of its many difficulties, with an appreciation of the shortcomings of the methods heretofore pursued, and a general determination to secure those best fitted to insure success.

The sums to be devoted to work under government auspices bulk large, but the task before us is even larger. The federal appropriation, $75,000,000 for five years' work, is no insignificant sum, yet to obtain it the States must spend at least an equal sum. This $150,000,000 is but a small part of the total foreseeable cost of road construction in this country. Our total road mileage is some two and a quarter millions. Of this but a small fraction has been adequately improved. A considerable mileage will probably not repay improvement. Take it all in all, allowing for bridges, for increasing vehicle weights, for the unavoidable reconstruction of roads that have proved too light for their traffic, for the ever-growing total of our mileage, and for the even more rapidly growing cost of work, we shall be lucky indeed if we can get a road system suited to our industrial needs for twelve billions of dollars (a sum about equal to the present war loans of the German Empire). Our $150,000,000 is but one and a quarter per cent (1¼%) of this total.

It will probably take us forty years to build such a system. Assuming, roughly, that we shall need about 1,600,000 miles of improved roads of all classes, our average yearly construction works out at about 40,000 miles. This would, under present methods, require a force of about 400,000 laborers. This does not include those employed in producing broken stone, cement, and other road materials, nor those producing the tools and machinery used in the work. Under the labor conditions of to-day such a force cannot be found, at least not without greatly increasing labor costs. On New York State work it is stated that the laboring force is to-day but one-third of that needed. In New Jersey, in spite of a hitherto unheard-of wage scale, the proportion is but little better. Will the end of the great war bring any relief? It seems likely that the loss of men and the demand for labor to rebuild the destroyed factories and homes of Europe and to place the former on a producing footing will prevent our drawing very largely on that source of labor supply for years to come. We are excluding the Asiatics. The prospect is certainly not without its uncertainties. Of one thing we may be assured—there will be no return to ante-war labor rates for many years, and hence there is ample scope for the exertion of our national gift of devising labor-saving machinery and methods.

But labor will not be our only difficulty. If the government, after the end of the first five years, applies $25,000,000 a year to the work, it would have appropriated about 8 per cent of the total estimated cost. How are we to finance the other 92 per cent? We are but too apt to think that there is no doubt of the financial ability of the nation to build its roads even without federal aid; that we can afford to pay the bill if we get what we pay for. There is no doubt that at any reasonable cost and under reasonably good management improved roads will yield a generous return on the money invested in them. We therefore assume that we are pretty sure to build the roads, cost what they may, whether Uncle Sam continues his help or not. In fact, we are doing this very thing. But let us look around for an instant before we accept this view, as indicating a satisfactory plan for the future. Already, when as a nation our road-building task is but fairly begun, we hear a warning to our banking interests to carefully consider the wisdom of encouraging further increase in the total of our State, county, and municipal bonded indebtedness. This total is given as $4,000,000,000. The warning is based on the wasteful expenditure of much of this vast sum. Lenders are now beginning to ask whether they should not take the same precautions in advancing money to a public body as they now take in the case of a private corporation; whether the safety of their investment does not depend, in some measure, on the wise investment of the moneys advanced. The

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holder of a fifty-year bond, whose proceeds were spent on a road which has worn out and which cannot be rebuilt for lack of public funds, is beginning to ask whether he is as safe as if the road were earning a full return on its cost by furnishing adequate service. His question is a reasonable one. We cannot count on raising any large part of our road moneys by long-term bonds, and, unless we can insure proper use of the proceeds, this method of financing will have to be largely abandoned. It must be impressed on the people that a sale of bonds does not create wealth; that the proceeds are not income, and that the transaction is merely spreading the cost of work over a series of years; in other words, "passing the buck" to our grandchildren. This is all very elementary—kindergarten "stuff," in fact—but the prevalent ways of financing roads prove that the lesson is still to be learned.

We are also approaching the limit in respect to the amount that can be raised by taxation for road work. Neither the amount of bonds that can be sold nor the possible road charges in the tax levy will be materially increased unless it is felt that there will be a fair return. We must be able to prove this. There is evidently a serious proposition in finance awaiting settlement.

Another difficulty arises from our temperament. As a nation we dislike discipline; we each want our say. A man prominent in national affairs, who has given the hardest and most thorough study to road matters, was so obsessed with the fear of imposing any restraint on State or local officials, of creating a so-called "bureaucracy," that he proposed a plan that would limit the United States to loaning its credit to the States. Again, when the present Federal Road Law was framed, the greater part of the work was done by a committee of State Highway Officials. The question of division of federal aid was discussed at some length. There is, of course, no natural basis for such a division. Any hard and fast rule will work some inequity. It was suggested that the division be left to the discretion of the secretary, but this was voted down; nor in all probability could such a proposition have secured a majority in Congress. Each State, probably each State department, wants its own way, and each has not only a different way but a different set of laws. These differences are rendered more serious by the fact that neither theory nor practice in highway engineering has been standardized so as to make available to any great extent the digested experience of the past, as has been the case with other branches of engineering. Each State and most of their officials are jealous of their rights, and will yield little, if anything, to each other, nor even to the federal govment, unless they have to. Some of us need a lesson in discipline.

So much for our difficulties; the list is by no means complete, but let us now look how we are handling the job. For the formulation and the carrying out of our road-building policies the governments of our forty-eight States have heretofore been solely responsible. All of this work has been done under State laws and through officials who hold office and whose powers are fixed by legislative enactments. Its transfer to political subdivisions does not lessen the responsibility of the sovereign State.

In many cases the legislatures have established State agencies to care for a portion of the work, but in all cases, I believe, they have turned over the largest part of their road mileage to counties, or to minor political subdivisions, or to both; the former are numbered by the thousands, and the latter by the tens of thousands. There is little centralized control or uniformity. The legal responsibility for this local work rests usually on some board. However much the members may be interested in road work and however honest, they are not as a class accustomed to handling administrative problems of any importance. Furthermore, their duties must be and are discharged under most trying conditions. They are generally elected by the people and are naturally looking for re-election. Not only the employment of men, but the location of work, the time at which it is done, and its character will all influence votes. Tradition and custom not only allow but almost demand the exertion of such influences to the utmost extent.

Taxes in many States are by law com-

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mutable into road work. "Working off taxes" has become a byword. This problem has worried the famous "Ponts et Chausées" engineers; it would be miraculous if an average American township committee could solve it. Under such conditions, is it a wonder that favoritism, shiftlessness, stupidity, and vacillation should be characteristics of local road work? "Public office is a public trust." We love that maxim. For a large part of this trusteeship we have provided conditions under which it is not only hard but practically impossible for the trustees to faithfully discharge the trust. No court would allow an ordinary trustee in private affairs to continue under such conditions.

As units grow larger there seems to be more appreciation of the needs and of the importance of road work. Counties usually have engineers, and county work is generally done on some plan. There are counties in which a thorough plan of road improvement has been worked out before work was begun, but they are in a woful minority.

Of the States, some thirty-seven have State highway departments. The others will probably organize these agencies, as the federal act makes this a condition of the grant of government aid. Many of these departments, however, are far from being adequately organized for the work they should do. The amounts allowed for their administration and for State road work are too often ridiculously small; the powers of the department are limited in some cases to giving advice; in others, the fundamental idea or the legislation has not proven itself fitted to modern conditions. My own State is a case in point:

Our improved road development has been entirely along the lines of State aid extended to local communities. In this exercise of the power of the State, the greatest regard was at first paid to local self-government. As the problem increased in size and difficulty, it became evident that the State must assume more and more control over the local bodies, in order to insure the results aimed at. While municipal bodies and township committees had the right to improve roads with or without State aid, the State Road department became vested with the power of practically stopping county road improvement by withholding State aid. The demand for good roads, however, increased to a greater extent than the legislature was willing to meet in appropriations; it therefore became necessary to allow the counties, as an alternative, to build roads entirely on their own means, and this is the position to-day. The results have been far from satisfactory.

It has been very difficult to secure any consistent policy of road improvement. The question naturally becomes involved in local campaigns, and pledges are made on the "stump" which must be redeemed, if possible, often to the detriment of the roads.

Some of the counties rushed into construction with only inadequate provision for financing the first cost, and none at all as to that of maintenance; the patronage of road service was handled in many cases along political lines; the counties have generally shown themselves unable to meet the increasingly difficult problem of maintenance in any thorough and satisfactory manner; all of which resulted in waste and loss. This sequence of events covered about twelve years and coincided with a State-wide growth of traffic the like of which the world has never seen outside of such of our States as New Jersey, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts. This growth has been of the utmost industrial importance. It has changed methods in manufacturing and agriculture, and has opened up to settlement large areas heretofore unavailable for the purpose. The older roads were not designed to carry any such loads as these conditions have produced. As a consequence many of them have deteriorated in condition, repair charges have increased enormously, and several counties, overburdened with debt, find it difficult to provide adequate repair funds.

Yet results in New Jersey have not been bad, speaking comparatively. We have, however, outgrown an administrative system largely based on independent county units without centralized control, and are now paying for our failure to meet modern traffic conditions with modern methods of administration. Our experience proves that the county is too small a unit in which to attempt a thorough-

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going and complete road organization. There is much work of investigation and analysis for which the county does not offer a sufficiently wide field, and whose cost would constitute too high an overhead charge on the necessarily small volume of work that can be handled out of its resources. What is true of New Jersey to-day may not be—nay, is not as yet—true of most of our other States, but growth is everywhere enormous. Already, among others, Iowa, California, Michigan, and Illinois exceed New Jersey in motor vehicles per thousand of population and will soon approach her in vehicles per mile of road. The system of administration that would have provided for our present traffic is the same as one that will insure success in our more sparsely settled but fast-growing sister States. Our conditions to-day will be theirs at no very distant date.

I believe that all who have had experience during the last few years in those of our States in which the development of highway traffic has been most pronounced, will agree that our shortcomings are in organization and administration. These are by far the more difficult features of our problem. This, without doubt, is the opinion of European road men familiar with our conditions.

The strictly engineering questions will be settled; engineers have a way of doing this even without much aid from the public. The same, however, is not true of administration. This must furnish the conditions under which engineering can bear its full fruit. Mistakes in choosing administrative policy are hard of correction; it is essential that they should be reduced to a minimum.

In SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for February, 1916, I pointed out the reasons that led me to believe that we must work out our own methods. Not only our political conditions and the demands of the public for road service but also our traffic and our wage scale are so different from those of European countries that their example and experience cannot be directly applied to our problem. How are we, then, to attack our job?

I recall an experience of years ago illustrative of our situation. While in charge of a shop I hired an extra planerman. We had on hand a lot of small engine beds that had to be planed. The old planerman, a thorough workman, was doing them one by one; my new man sat down on a bench and studied the tool assigned to him and the pile of engine beds. I came around again about one hour later, and he was still sitting down and studying. There was no change when I came around again about an hour and a half later. I was on the point of discharging him, but thought I would let him stay on till noon. At that time I came back and found that he had contrived a frame to hold six beds and was planing them all at once. By quitting time he was ahead of our old hand, and the next morning both were doing their work in the new way.

It is just such preparatory study that must be given to our road problem. I have already said that we are impatient of discipline, but we are even more so of delay. We want to see the dirt fly, and we are apt to make it unpleasant for the fellow who insists on studying his job before he lifts the first shovelful.

It will be hard, very hard indeed, to devote time and money to organization and preparatory study when the people in every State are suffering from the wretched conditions generally prevalent, and clamoring for better roads, and, withal, are heavily taxed. Yet, when the great mileage of roads to be improved, the immense tonnage moving over them, the still greater tonnage that will move after their improvement, the necessarily high cost both of construction and up-keep, and the probable cost of mistakes in the original design or in the methods of maintenance are considered, almost any amount that can be spent at this time in preparatory study and in organization seems trivial. It will take us not a few years to build our system; we can well afford to devote a few months to getting ready for the task.

It is a hopeful sign that the Secretary of Agriculture is to-day asking the States to forecast their work for the whole of the period covered by the federal appropriation. This request will probably be answered in many cases by the statement that the State law will not allow any such arrangement, and this point of order will

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be well taken. Notwithstanding this, the only fault with the secretary's policy is that it could not be made mandatory. It is a fact that most State laws hamper foresight. They fail also generally to provide for concerted team-work.

If there were no interfering State legislation it would be but natural to aim at the mobilization of all available resources of the nation in materials, machinery, and men, into a compact disciplined and centrally controlled force. Could this be carried out under one controlling head, it would be an immense but, for a capable man, by no means a hopeless undertaking. A rough estimate of the force required may be of interest. As work is now usually done, there would be needed, in addition to the laboring force of 400,000 men already mentioned, from 30,000 to 35,000 foremen, superintendents, and resident engineers, and about 10,000 instrument men, rodmen, axemen, and draftsmen. There would also be needed some 150,000 horses, 20,000 rollers, and 4,000 steam-shovels, or their equivalent, and, in addition, road machines, drags, scoops, and concrete-mixers galore. This force would use something over 53,000,000 cubic yards of road-building material. This volume would be equal to that of a dike similar to the Palisades opposite New York City, about 300 miles in length.

Whatever is to be done, however, as to organization, must be done under the laws of forty-eight States. Uniformity, however desirable, will not be possible. Even were there a willingness to strive for it, constitutional provisions will interfere. Many States forbid any public improvement by State agencies. The outlook is not too hopeful, but it is by no means hopeless. While the powers conferred on the Secretary of Agriculture are by no means so wide as to allow him to control all features of road work, he can, under them, exercise an influence of no small importance.

There is in all of us an instinctive determination not to be outdone in securing our proper share of government appropriations. Through this instinct much can be accomplished. To draw attention to this possibility, to suggest how we can take advantage of it, and to urge the necessity for success of a popular demand for such action, is my only warrant for this article.

There are many details that will and must form part of the government's requirements. These I shall merely mention. Such matters as nomenclature, scales, sizes of drawings, etc., will standardize themselves in some way or other; on others, such as methods of getting bids, forms of contracts and specifications, no general agreement as to methods will probably be possible. There are, however, some general principles on which Uncle Sam can insist as conditions of his extending aid. I venture to suggest the following as practicable of enforcement:

1. The formulation by law in each State of a general road policy and organization which shall provide for the proper care of every mile of road in the State, co-ordinate the activities of the different agencies in charge of work, definitely locate the responsibility for road conditions, and afford the means of enforcing the proper penalty for failure.

2. The planning of State road systems, including the location of roads, the character of work to be done on them, the order of their improvement, and the probable cost thereof. In no other way can a comprehensive plan for interstate routes be laid down by the general government. It is only too clear that State road plans laid out at this time can only be tentative. Traffic will develop along unexpected lines and plans must be changed to suit conditions. Even in so old and densely populated a State as New Jersey, the unforeseen growth of the munition business has played havoc with the plans for road work, but necessary changes can be made.

The preliminary plans of the Panama Canal were none the less valuable because during the period of construction the growth in ship dimensions made changes in the design necessary. Such changes are well-nigh inevitable in any important work the execution of which will cover a period of years. The character of the road must depend on the amount and character of traffic. What these will be after improvement cannot be foretold with our present data, excepting in a haphazard way. That a method based on ascertainable facts can be devised to re-

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place present neglect of this precaution, or the guesswork that is not much better than neglect, is, I believe, indisputable. For a new line of railroad, the traffic department reports on probable business, its data are given the same consideration as those of the engineering staff, and its predictions are usually equally trustworthy. Even if exact prophecy is impossible, approximate knowledge will be a sufficient guide. The forecasting of traffic is also necessary to allow of intelligent decision as to the order of construction.

He would, indeed, be a bold man who, remembering the development of the last ten years, would care to foretell the cost of work ten years hence. Not only have unit prices increased, but the amount of traffic has grown beyond all belief. Future increases may involve changes in design and construction. Unit prices will depend mainly on the labor supply and demand, and on our providing conditions under which it will pay to install labor-saving machinery. As to the former, I can see no probability of return to ante-war wages; as to the latter, the work must be planned on big lines, such that it will pay the States or their contractors to provide the outfit needed to do it in the most modern and American way. As to character of roads, let us frankly admit that past growth has caught our road authorities unawares and unprepared. This, I submit, may be excused. It will, however, not be excusable if, with this experience in mind, the same thing happens again, and happen it will unless the solution of the problem is reached in a modern way.

3. A definite financial scheme should be required of each State. These must vary, but they can be formulated in each State. Their thoroughness must depend on the planning of the road system; but, even if costs are roughly approximated, some financial plan is far better than none. It must include in its forecasts not only road construction but the repair, depreciation, and betterment charges, as well as the costs of administration. The latter are sure to be higher, but without this increase thoroughness and economy will be out of the question.

4. A system of accounting and cost keeping that will not only be formally correct but which will include such surveys of traffic as will allow the unit cost of the service rendered to be accurately determined. Of the great services which our American engineers have rendered of late years, possibly the greatest has been the weight and importance they have given to the correct and exact recording of every item of cost. This is impossible without accurate and detailed bookkeeping. The exaggerated caricatures of the application of this principle that we sometimes get from so-called "efficiency experts" are no argument against its proper use. As to accounting of this sort, our highway engineering has differed from other progressive American work, but only in the failure to apply the principle, not in the need thereof.

These four requirements—a policy covering organization and fixing responsibility, thorough planning of work, financial provisions, and accurate accounting—must be enforced on all road authorities if the best results are to be secured. Its full enforcement may to-day be impossible as to the minor political subdivisions. It may take years to produce the necessary force and to educate the people into demanding the thoroughness and foresight in road work that marks our railroad service, but until they are thus educated, the end will not be fully obtained.

It is here that the participation of the federal government becomes of value. It might keep the $75,000,000 it has voted to spend on roads, if it could otherwise become the leading factor, the one which can require others to conform to its views and ways, and by this insistence lead the general public to believe its demands possible and reasonable. The power of the federal government, properly exerted, will be worth many times its $75,000,000; on the other hand, it can, by lax methods, allow its own cash and that of the States to go as do the other millions it has thrown in the past and is yet throwing into the "pork barrel."

Here let me repeat the assertion of the importance of holding up the hands of the secretary on whom devolves this great responsibility. The published expressions of the present incumbent of that office (*Review of Reviews*, September, 1916), the instructions and the preliminary

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papers issued by his department, bear evidence of a realization of his task. This work is not a party measure and must not be allowed to degenerate into a political issue. The government has committed itself to a policy that, wisely carried into effect, will yield a priceless return, but which, ill administered, is fraught with loss and disgrace. The difficulties are great; let us not belittle any of them, but let us recall that the greatest is our own failure to understand the problem, our ignorance of its requirements, our assurance that it is the easiest thing in the world, and that each one of us knows exactly what remedy to apply and how to apply it. We must learn that the job ahead for the nation, the States, and their subdivisions is, however we look at it, one of great cost, of difficulties, political, administrative, financial, and engineering, that will try our wisest statesmen and our ablest engineers; one that offers special temptations to the well-meaning meddler and to the spoilsman, and one that will require, in addition to our best talent, that backing that can be supplied only by an enlightened public opinion.

URIEL

[II ESDRAS 4TH]

By Corinne Roosevelt Robinson

THEN Uriel spake—the great angel, the angel of God—
"Would ye know then the secrets of Yahveh, the rule of his rod?
So, weigh me the weight of the fire, the blast of the wind
That has left in the wake of the tempest no whisper behind;
Or call me the day that has vanished—one hour of the day—
And I will interpret Jehovah, his will and his way!"

And I answered, "Oh! angel of Yahveh, ye know and I know
That the questions ye ask are a riddle. The gleam and the glow
Of the flash of the fire are fitful, and cannot be weighed,
And the whirl of the cyclone unmeasured can never be stayed,
And the day that is past—could we call it—then Heaven would be here,
But, perchance, we could walk, even blindly, were the pathway more clear!"

Then Uriel answered, "I ask ye of things ye have known.
Ye have sat at the warmth of the fire; the breeze that has blown
Has cooled ye when faint with the summer's long sweep of the sun,
And the day that is past, ye have lived it, although it is done.
If ye cannot discern, though half hidden, the things ye have seen,
Would ye look on the veiled face of Yahveh, his might and his mien?"

And I answered God's angel in sorrow, "'Twere better by far
That we ne'er had been born to the bitter, blind things that we are;
To suffer, and not to know wherefore, to be but the sport
Of Jehovah who reads not the riddle of all he has wrought!"

Then, gently, the angel of Yahveh made answer to me—
"When the flame of the fire has flickered, oh! what do ye see,
The smoke that is left? Yea, the ashes, but fire and flame
Are greater than smoke or than ashes. The clouds are the same—
They pass to the earth in the shower, the drops shall remain,
But greater than drops, and unending the rush of the rain.
What has been is but drops and but ashes to the more still to be,
For the ways of Jehovah are wondrous. Wait, mortal, and see!"

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IN PRAISE OF GARDENING

By Frances Duncan

"THERE be delights," says an ancient writer, "that will fetch the day about from sun to sun and rock the tedious year as in a delightful dream." Thus, and very much after this manner, the charming old prose-poet, amiably garden-made, continues, page after page, to describe the "1,000 delights" to be found in the "flowery orchard" of his century—describes them with an abandon of happiness that suggests the rapture of Saint Bernard when hymning the New Jerusalem!

In fact, barring the equally ancient and alluring pastime of going a-fishing, no hobby has a stronger grip on its devotees than gardening. At four o'clock of a summer morning Celia Thaxter could be found at work in her radiant little island plot, a sister in spirit to old Chaucer when on his knees in the grass at dawn to watch a daisy open. And these were not exceptional, not extraordinary cases of devotion; they were merely typical exponents of the true gardener's passion.

Nor is this tense enthusiasm fleeting. Not in the least! It is no more transient than the bibliomaniac's passion, no more evanescent than the collector's zeal, which only death can quench. It is no sudden, youthful fervor; indeed, it is rarely found in youth at the storm-and-stress period, while it may be observed to be strongest in those for whom the days of wild enthusiasm are over. The bachelor clergyman or the quietest of spinsters, for whom other passion is non-existent, will yet lavish on their gardens enough devotion to have won the heart of the most obdurate of persons, enough tenderness to have sufficed for the mothering of a dozen little ones. A garden is the world of the recluse, the passion of the lone man or woman, the diversion of statesmen, the recreation of poets and artists of all ages—except, perhaps, musicians, who may be overcareful of their hands. It is the plaything of monarchs, the solace of the prisoner; it is also the delight of little children.

No passion is more democratic than that of love for a garden. The love of literature, of art, or of music can, it is true, occupy mind and heart with equal completeness, but in all of these the joy of creation is limited inevitably to the gifted few. The passion for a garden, however, and the joy of making one may exist alike in millionaire and washerwoman; the day-laborer, returning from his work, betakes himself to tending his rose-bush, and so, perhaps, does the banker; learned and illiterate may be alike in their devotion to their gardens; to saint and sinner, otherwhere poles apart, it is common ground; ill-tempered and serene are one in their tenderness for their plants. "Oh, I forgot the violets!" exclaimed Landor in a shocked tone after (according to tradition) hurling his manservant through the window to the violet bed below.

Since so much enjoyment is to be had in the cultivation of a bit of ground, it is a pity that it is ever missed and that the care of garden and grounds should become for any one a perfunctory thing. Yet in suburb after suburb one sees lawn after lawn whose treatment is wholly perfunctory; they are as ready-made and uniform as the contractor's houses, made by the dozen, that they garnish. These little yards reflect no more the thought and personality of the owner than a sample drawing-room or dining-room or bedroom fitted up in a department-store radiates charm and personality. Evidently the same nurseryman's agent has been about and sold to each owner the same small evergreens.

Very noteworthy it is, that those to whom the garden is a source of vivid pleasure do a part or most of the work of it themselves. This practice seems to be a necessary precursor of the happiness. A garden may make incessant demands on the time and energy and patience of its author—demands as exacting and con-

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tinuous as those of a child on its nurse or mother, and yet, like the child, its very dependence makes it the more beloved.

For real enjoyment the garden must be considered as a work of art, not as a "chore," and one's plants as friends and intimates, not employees. A garden on a business basis is another matter. It may yield a certain amount of pleasure and satisfaction, but never the joy of a garden grown just for itself. The plants must conform to certain standards; definite results are expected, and failure to attain these means disappointment and loss.

One may smile at a gypsy kettle filled with coleus, at a boat marooned with its cargo of flowering plants in the midst of a sun-scorched lawn, but none the less these express a definite creative effort on the part of the author and are probably the source of keen pride and enjoyment. The impulse is the same as when the millionaire drags marble exedræ to an Adirondack lodge and worries a rustic bungalow with a Florentine well-head—and no more discreditable.

One of the sweetest characteristics of a garden—chiefest, I think, of its "1,000 delights"—is that its charm is wholly unrelated to the amount of money spent upon it. The simplest of little gardens may have more of this lovely and endearing quality of charm than the most pretentious of estates. For garden art for the sake of aggrandizement always misses charm. The display may have cost thousands, but if the purpose is to make as startling an effect as possible for the astounding of the visitor or passer-by, rather than the pleasure and happiness of the owner, such gardening must always miss charm. Like the prayer of the Pharisee, it "has its reward" and is seen of men. The kingdom of art, no more than the kingdom of heaven, is entered into that way.

The garden art for which I hold a brief is within the reach of every one who loves the plants enough to place them where they can grow happily and be in harmony with the house, the situation, and each other.

Much has been written about the beauty of wide stretches of turf, about the wisdom of massing the shrubbery and "creating a park-like effect," which is an excellent thing when the grounds are spacious enough to admit of such treatment. The wide greensward framed in flowering shrubs and trees is restful, indeed, to look upon and should be a part of every place blessed with sufficient ground. But the garden which is loved and labored in and enjoyed to the utmost is the flower-garden—a flower-garden close enough to a man's house to be lived in, not one which has for its purpose the making of an effect from a distance. A rose is the same whether grown in a nursery row or trained on a trellis around one's window, but the latter becomes a friend and intimate and is beloved accordingly, increasingly as the years go by. It is for this reason, that they never become really "at home," that the so-called "bedding plants" are few in the gardens of real flower-lovers. They are transients—outside talent brought in temporarily for display—and so are not comparable in interest with the little crocus that comes up every year in the grass and may be loved and looked for.

To most amateurs the real fun of gardening is in the flower-garden, with its incessant claim on one for attention—incessant, as I have said before, as that of a baby on its nurse or its mother. And (like the infant) it yields to its admiring parent "1,000 delights," although less prejudiced observers may fail to locate these. The tiniest garden has room for infinite possibilities and gives room for endless experimenting—now in the naturalizing of some wild flower, now in the cultivation of some garden sport. The sight in a pasture of a squat little apple-tree, cropped year after year by cows until it is as much of a shrub and more than a Japanese quince, suggests that one might make a hedge of apple-trees. And how interesting to try! A New Hampshire artist, Mr. Stephen Parrish, clips his *Spirea Van Houttei*, after it has finished blooming, into as stiff a hedge as English holly, and it finishes the summer as a formal background for gorgeously colored phlox. Another artist-gardener has made house plants of tiny hemlock-trees and used the common pine for topiary work. No less a gardener than Robert Cameron, of the Harvard botanic garden, holds the theory—like that which some of our most advanced psychologists hold

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in respect to human plants—that it is among the "discards," those rated as probably defective, and, in the garden, those weaker plants that are pulled out when thinning is done to give room to their lustier brothers—that it is among these that the genius, the new and rare sort will be found, and that for the plants as well as for the human youngsters these are always worth tending in a secluded garden corner, to see what they will come to.

Another of the delights of a garden is that it is as changeful as life itself and as capable of experiment. In other arts or crafts what's done is done. One may do better in the future, but for the present work—there it is, and so it must stand. On the other hand, the peculiar charm of the garden is that always one may change it, better it, shift this plant where it will be happier, separate two whose colors quarrel, plan some new effect here or there. To many a gardener there is nothing more exhilarating than making changes, planning a new pool, a new trellis, or steps; there is pure joy in thinking what one will do next year. Always there is the "next year." In this lies the garden's long fascination.

In this America of ours we have large estates a-plenty and some elaborate gardens, but of lovely little gardens we have sore need. And sore need we have also for keeping what loveliness we have inviolate. In every suburb the contractor is busy wiping out the wild beauty with a baleful industry and thoroughness which makes his progress like that of the army worm or the seventeen-year locust; not a tree or a bush is left in his path which might hearten the gardening of some newcomer; burdock and five-hundred-year oak-tree fare alike, and instead springs up his ideal—the checker-board of treeless streets lined with close-set houses, their outward form as exactly alike as the clothes of asylum orphans. It may be progress, it may be improvement, and yet improvement, as St. Paul says of science, is often "falsely so called." In a community where charming little gardens were the rule, such activity would at least be modified in the interest of beauty.

Whoever is keenly interested in civic or social betterment can begin in no better way than in making his own garden lovely, for never did any one make a garden without being the better and happier for it; and one of the sweetest effects of a garden is that the art is both contagious and infectious. I doubt if ever any one made a garden without some other being tempted to go and do likewise. Long before the roses have covered his bare fence or even his bulbs begun to poke their noses above the chilly earth, some neighbor, who has been watching, is sure to go a-gardening also.

"I go a-fishing," said St. Peter, and the inevitable response is that of Thomas and Nathaniel: "We also go with thee!"

TO A CHILD

By Carroll Aikins

I CLING to thee, as thou
To laughter clingest;
I sing to thee, as thou
To thy heart singest.

Thou, whom the elves make free
Of elfin lands—
Child, are they aught to thee,
My clinging hands?

Thou fluttering baby-bird
On fairy wing,
Sweeter thy songs unheard
Than those I sing.

Starry my child alway
Hides from the morrow;
Knows he that age is gray—
Age that is sorrow?

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FRANÇOIS' JOURNEY

By Archibald Douglas Turnbull

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. M. BERGER

SOMEHOW, it seems a good deal like giving away a secret to tell you about Bonmets at all. It does a brisk little business already, so does not need the advertising; and it cares not at all for the seeker after Bohemia.

Least of all do we want to drop in next Thursday night and find our pet places taken. Still, if you are not our kind of person you will forget all about it. If you are our kind, then you may go and search in the upper Forties, a little off Lexington.

There will be no carriage-caller, no row of staring motor-lamps to guide you. But just after you pass the second entrance, on the north side, with its long iron-railed steps, look sharp, and you will make out the little sign "BONMETS." Then go down two short steps from the sidewalk and peep over the sash curtains in the little door; or, if it is not storming, pop in at once between its open hands.

On your right will be a tall desk, madame's own, from which a single dark red rose will bow you a welcome, even if the warm smile and cheerful "*Bonsoir*" of madame are absent elsewhere in her little kingdom. Count the tables—eight of them in all. Six take comfortable care of four guests each, while one at each side, at the back of the room,—*table amourette*,—is reserved for those who come here, not to dine, but to dream away an hour. Candles—real ones—with crimson shades shed the soft glow upon the walls that changes taking food into dining. And the deep blue edge on all the china completes the color plan that gives the spirit of Bonmets.

But before you have noticed half these

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things you will have fallen into the hands of François. For it is he who will at once come to meet you, with his smile that begins with a tiny wrinkle at the corners of his mouth and then, if he knows you for one of his own, spreads until it covers his whole beaming face. More plainly than any words that smile says: "Ah, yes, it is a friend who enters; it is not one of those others. I make him welcome."

Watch for that smile and, if you win it, then know that you are free of Bonmets, and of all that is within those white walls.

When François has led you to a table; when he has put you in your chair with his never to be excelled combination of servitor and confidential friend; when, menu in hand, he bends attentively beside you; then it is for you to say: "I am hungry (or not hungry); what you will, François." For it is thus we put ourselves wholly into his hands, knowing that when we reverently approach our tiny liqueurs it will be with that satisfied sensation that this old world is a beautiful one, New York the best place in it, and ourselves the leading citizens. So I say to you—leave it all to François.

He will disappear behind a swinging green door, and in an instant his head will peep out at you again, with perhaps another small gray head beside his. If this last happens then you are blessed indeed, for that means that François and Père Bonmets, who rules supreme in the kitchen, have really gone to the length of consulting together upon the vitally important matter of the tempting of your palate.

But if I tell you more of Bonmets then we who like to call it ours will find you too thick about its sweets for our own comfort. Go, then, and search for it. Besides, it was of François' journey that I began to talk. That came about in this wise. Some we saw ourselves, some we had from the lips of dear, wise old madame.

For more than a long year the beloved France had been at war. Always we had discussed the day's reports with madame, with François, often with both at once. Together we had felt encouraged at every advance, had mourned over every setback; these last recognized to be but temporary, for we are all ardently of the cause of Bonmets. Two we had seen leave the little place for France and glory. These were the two younger men who had attended those not favored by François—madame's own boy, Jean, and a friend. In their places had come young girls. Père Bonmets was too old to go. Indeed, he could on some nights, when none but ourselves were there, be drawn from his kitchen to tell his tales of a Paris beleaguered years ago. François himself had applied, but, to his deep chagrin, had been rejected. "Ah, yes—it was the lungs, monsieur—*que voulez-vous*. She would not have me, *mon pays*. It is my hard luck. *Monsieur le médecin* he say I should go to your Arizona—but I—I have not the money for your so expensive railway. I remain here with monsieur *et* madame."

We had long thought François failing, had known him growing perceptibly thinner; but what could we, coming in for our seventy-cent dinner, do more for him than sympathize? So it was with the greater joy that we watched the coming of the fairy godparents.

It was on a Thursday, our regular "party night," that they came. Four of "those others" burst into Bonmets from somewhere outside our part of the city, led by what we may call chance, but what seems in truth the angel of François. Three men and a girl, full of cheer and good spirits and, from their exclamations of delight, obviously making their first visit among us. In that quiet street the soft purr of a stopped motor had told us, even before we saw the newcomers, that they were of those whose path is made easy by wealth.

François met them just inside the door, quickly appraised them, and, because I think he saw what he sought in the face of the girl, smiled and gave them the table next to ours. Our ears and eyes were open, for, as you know already, we are jealous of Bonmets and of its impression upon the stranger.

"What a gem of a little place, Aleck! How did you ever find it?"

This from the girl to the grave-eyed young man at her left—a doctor, for a thousand dollars.

"Chap I operated on told me of it. About the time he began to take an inter-

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est in food we got to arguing the old 'where to dine' question. Shouldn't have thought of it to-night, though, if you all hadn't said you were starved."

"Well, then, I say thank the Lord my

The warm smile and cheerful "*Bonsoir*" of madame.—Page 371.

appetite is like the poor, if not of them—eh, Alan?"

Thus the man opposite the girl, a keen, lawyer-like person, who gave one the queer feeling that he, with his sharp, black eyes, was photographing everything around him for some mental album.

Meanwhile the fourth member of the party had entered into an earnest, low-voiced discussion with François. This satisfactorily explained his evident tendency toward a growing waist-line, his general air of being engaged in the real business of his life. It was easy to foresee that the père's little cellar, of which we knew not much more than rumors, would that night be raided. The appreciative "*Mais oui*, Monsieur, I understand; certainly, I will see to it," in François' carefully dropped voice, told us that. It was evident that these guests, new though they were, had started well at Bonmets.

Perhaps it was not all due to the girl, then, though it was certainly she who had made the first impression upon the susceptible little Frenchman. And why not,

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when it was so rare a pleasure to look at her?

Her high-held head was properly carried upon honest shoulders. The long-lashed blue eyes looked from beneath nicely arched brows directly into the face of the world, with sympathy, understanding, and liking, but not without a touch of fire. Only birth and breeding could have moulded the lines and curves of that fair face to meet and part without a false note, without a disappointment, even in the nose that spoke so plainly of a long, clean strain. And we were wholly satisfied when a small, modelled hand came up to push back an inquisitive chestnut lock, peeping down from beneath a big black hat, with which a blue gull was about to sail away. It must have felt obliged to come down, that lock, to caress a dainty ear, set out just enough to look generous.

Sitting there among the three men, making play with her flashing white smile, her elusive, chuckling little laugh, she easily met these widely differing spirits, each upon his own ground. And she made them wholly hers. Each seemed visibly to glow as for a second she brought him to the front only to set him back upon his shelf at once and take down another of her puppets. Yes, after all, it must have been the girl.

While we were making our several eye sketches of her the quick, efficient hands of François had led the four through the *hors d'œuvres* and up to one of the père's wonderful clear soups. Indeed, it was as he came in with their entrée that he coughed his first hastily stifled cough.

"It is a friend who enters. . . . I make him welcome."—Page 372.

We saw "Aleck" look up sharply, then turn back to his dinner. A few moments later, however, when the discreet waiter was not so successful, and when he was seized with a real paroxysm, the man we had taken for a doctor proved it by turning squarely in his chair and looking at François with a little frown between his eyes.

"How can that be allowed in a place like this?" we heard him mutter. With a word of apology he sprang from his chair and strode up to madame, sitting at her desk. There he stood for some time talking, after waving away François, who had run forward, fearful lest some fault of his had been made the subject of complaint.

We could see madame pouring into the man's ear a voluble French explanation. And that this was having its effect we could not doubt, for the doctor's expression changed from the most positive annoyance to the livest sympathy and interest. When presently he returned to the

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table the others beset him with questions. What was it all about? The four friends bent their heads together as he whispered a story, evidently that of François, for we heard the words:

"And so the poor beggar is staying on, just to help out the proprietors. Darned good pluck, I call it. Ought to be out at Billy White's this minute, if I know my name."

Of course the story had been hushed on the appearance of François from the kitchen, and he, poor man, wholly at a loss to understand either the obvious silence or the neglected food, looked questioningly across at us, his old friends. We could tell him not a thing, though we were as interested as he.

Presently the girl's voice rose a bit with excitement when the waiter was out of the room:

"It must be money, too. Of course he couldn't afford to go way out there—or to any lung place, poor faithful creature."

Then she leaned eagerly forward, a little hand laid pleadingly upon the doctor's gray sleeve:

"Oh, Aleck—Tom—Alan—couldn't you—couldn't we all—make up a purse, and send him out to Billy White's? You could write him, Aleck, and tell him the man is coming on my special recommendation. Oh, please—couldn't we do that? It would be, somehow, like doing something for France; you all know how I love her! Oh, do! Come on!" She was already opening a wonderful bag, done in the Bulgarian colors. "Here's fifty—fifty-three—and wait—the gold piece! I'm sure, Aleck, this is the luckiest thing I could do with it, isn't it? There!"

For a moment the three men sat looking first at the girl, then at the bills thrown upon the table, one shining coin on top. Then suddenly three hands were reaching into three breast pockets and three wallets appeared like a conjuring trick.

"Well—let's see"—from the epicure—"here's one-fifty—sixty—seventy—eighty—eighty-five. Leaves me about enough to get downtown in the morning, if you'll see me home tonight, Aleck."

"Hurrah!" cried the little lady. "Now, Aleck——"

"H-m-m—best I can do is ninety; hold on, though—Tom, I never knew you to carry less than five hundred——"

"Three-seventy is the exact total," interrupted our lawyer person.

"Well, let me have a hundred overnight, old man—even your check isn't good here."

"Help yourself—and here's my ante."

And thus, before our dazed eyes the pile upon the table-cloth grew to upward of seven hundred dollars! We gasped.

"Madame—madame!" called the girl; and when that comfortable person had reached her side she poured out to her in excited tones the tale of her plan.

"—So, don't you see, in a year he can come back to you, your François, and be far more help to you than ever. Tell him—oh, do tell him that he must go; I know he'll say he can't leave you."

"Go?" said madame; "*mais certainement*, he shall go—*bien entendu*. Only—pardon, mademoiselle—for the moment—*c'est trop fort*. It is—what you call—magic—so much money—and for our *bon* François."

Then, as the little waiter came in again, she went on:

"*Eh, mon garçon—vois-tu c'que dit*

His head will peep out at you again, with perhaps another small gray head.—Page 372.

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mademoiselle—pour toi—cette folle somme de monnaie!"

"Comment, madame? Ah—c'est pour rire."

Naturally, the stunned man had never heard of such a tip, and he turned from one smiling face to the other, looking for the key to the riddle.

It was the girl who explained it to him, partly in French, mostly in English, with a word or two here and there from the doctor about sanitariums, camps, and treatments. Gradually they made it clear to him that here was no joke, but the reward of long and faithful service; incidentally making it clear to us that the spirit of human sympathy was alive and working hard in the great pressing, driving city.

As he began to understand the little Frenchman's effort was pathetic:

"Ah—it is too moch—madame, mademoiselle—messieurs—*je ne sais*—but—but—I cannot——"

His protestations were drowned in a chorus of "You must," and then the girl went on:

"Madame has put you for to-night at my orders, François. You are going to-morrow."

Of what use to resist that lovely young tyrant? François, in a flood of protestations, vows, and blessings, was obliged to agree to start before another twenty-four hours had passed; to put himself wholly into the hands of Billy White, the mysterious man of miracles, and not to return until he was a well man.

Then what rejoicings swept the company! Père Bonmets, dragged from his kitchen to hear all about it, slapped François upon the back, called him "*mon gars*," and, with a ridiculous broad wink, told them a half-dozen times that they would be well rid of "*ce vaurien*." And then he disappeared, to return in a few moments with two long, slim bottles—oh, so dusty!

"Ah, mademoiselle, messieurs, it is for Bonmets a great night. You must all drink a glass of wine with madame and me," cried the old veteran, and in a lower tone he added: "Something special, messieurs—for years I have kept it."

At this madame must needs come over to our table. Would not we, the old friends, join the new in the little celebration? We sprang up gladly. Introductions all around followed. Père Bonmets filled the glasses, and as we stood about the table the girl raised hers and cried:

"To France—and François!"

I doubt if there was a dry eye as we drained that toast. François himself was so moved that the père fairly had to lead him to the kitchen to pull himself together for a moment.

Next, the doctor called loudly for pen and paper, to "fix it up with Billy" then and there. Meantime the girl and madame were making the money into a neat packet, tying it with a bit of red twine, into which the girl thrust one of the white roses she was wearing. Letter and money were placed in François' shaking hands, and then at last Alan's "How about dinner?" finally got some attention. Even so, there was such a flow of interested excitement, so much chatter, that the père's most wonderful creations were treated with but casual respect. Little he cared for that, however, popping in and out, telling over and over again how thrilled and pleased he was.

As for madame, she had plunged deep into the story of her boy Jean at the front; of course these new friends must hear all about him too. She gave them the news she had had from his meagre letters, outlined her proud hopes of the *croix de guerre*, and could not, naturally, hide her fears, never absent for long from her mind.

"Such a splendid soldier he will make, my boy. But I—I would have him here. Yet it is for France, if he——"

Somehow, there was that in the girl that made one long to tell her "all about it." In an hour she had us feeling that she had been for years one of our inner circle, so many were the confidences already given her.

When at length thoughts of home and bed began to strike us we moved in a body to the door, where the doctor gave François some last directions for his trip. Once outside, it was the père and François who handed mademoiselle into her chariot with a delicate grace which we, who could never have learned it, were fain to admire. Gay good-nights were said, and, as the

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"To France—and François!"—Page 376.

great car began to move slowly up the street, those of us left upon the sidewalk broke into a low cheer. This was answered at once by the four as the street-lamp threw them for a moment into plain view. And then, after more handshakes and blessings, we went our several ways, feeling as if we ourselves were responsible for that night's fine work.

Next morning's breakfast seemed strange without our little Frenchman, but madame regaled us with an account of his final leave-taking. She told us how he had insisted upon her accepting twenty-five dollars, "*pour mon Jean*"; how he had embraced them, every one, even to the small boy who helped in the kitchen, and how he had patted his black serving coat when he hung it on its nail, bidding it await him faithfully, and vowing to return in six months to wear it again. And his plans! He was to go first to Buffalo to see a sister who lived there. (And probably, we thought, to leave much of his

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He had embraced them, every one, even to the small boy who helped in the kitchen.—Page 377.

new wealth with her. That would be his way.) Then on to Arizona, where this so wonderful Monsieur Billee was to make him over new.

How bright it made that day to hear madame's details, to add them to the memory of last night's excitement!

Toward noon two of us were near the Central Palace. Drawn by the flaunting banners of the Allies we joined the throng that poured into and filled the great building to the straining-point. Past the booths, the stands, we made our slow way, pausing now and again to buy some unconsidered trifle and so add our mite; rejoicing always in the sight of so many fellow citizens and in the knowledge of their purpose in the Bazaar.

What a heart-warming sight about the "Melting-Pot"! We stood there, watching enthusiastic sympathizers throwing in money, rings, pins—anything of great or small value, but usually beyond their apparent means to give! "I must do what

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I can to help on the Cause," seemed the spirit that pervaded that whole crowding mass.

We had been looking on, fascinated, for some minutes, when my friend cried:

"Surely that is—no, it can't be—yes, it is François!"

He, indeed, it was, though we should scarcely have known him, dressed thus for the street and with a flower in his buttonhole. What was he doing there, who should even now have been on his west-bound way?"

Gazing down into the pot, he stood motionless, as unobserved we began working our way through the crowd toward his side. We had nearly reached him when we saw his hand thrust into the breast of his neat black cutaway, saw it come out again, laden with something, and then—saw him throw into the pot, still tied as it had been, still bearing the faded white flower, the packet we knew so well! And we heard him, forgetful of the crowd about him, cry out:

"Alcide! Gaston! Jean! *Pour vous, mes braves—pour vous, et pour la France!*"

We could not push forward and stop him. We could not call to him to reclaim his packet. We could only stand silent, as with straight back and with flashing eye this little recruit whom his country had refused to accept pushed his way out into the air, to march for that same country—to march back to a worn, shiny black serving coat.

ONE of the latest of Sir James Barrie's plays, "A Kiss for Cinderella," produced in London last winter, has been brought out in New York this winter by Miss Maude Adams; and one of the earliest of his plays, "The Professor's Love-Story," has recently been revived in Great Britain by Mr. H. B. Irving and in the United States by Mr. George Arliss. Written originally for Sir Henry Irving and acted for more than a thousand times by the late E. S. Willard, "The Professor's Love-Story" has reappeared without loss of popularity on either side of the Atlantic. It is now seen to be perhaps a little thin in motive, a little straggling in its construction, but it has the essential quality—it has the perennial Barrie "charm." This quality may not be easy to analyze, but it is never difficult to feel; and since the gently humorous comedy was acted by Willard a new generation of playgoers has sprung up to find pleasure in the respective impersonations of the guileless professor by Mr. Arliss and by Mr. Irving.

The Professor in the Play

The guileless professor, unsuspicious and unsuspecting, entangled in a love-affair all unwittingly, as blind in fact as the god of Love was fabled to be, is the central figure of the humorous complications which make up the story. How came Barrie to choose a guileless professor as the hero of a love-story? Did he evolve this character from his kindly memories of any of his own instructors in the distant days when he was an undergraduate at Edinburgh? Or has the appealing figure no solid support in actual observation of life, being only the author's individual version of an accepted stage type? Certainly the playgoer who is amused by "The Professor's Love-Story" and who consults "An Edinburgh Eleven" can find in that collection of character sketches no one which might serve as the original of the figure in the play; and if this playgoer has been a constant playgoer he can replevin from his playgoing recollections other professors in other plays quite as guileless and quite as simple-minded as the Scotch professor Barrie has lovingly delineated in his charming comedy.

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And this raises the further question: Why is it that the professor when he is a personage in a play is so often represented as guileless? In the modern drama of our language Barrie's unworldly hero can be companioned by half a dozen or half a score other professors as unworldly as he is. In fact, it is scarcely too much to say that constant playgoers, when they discover from their playbills that the play they are about to witness contains a character described as a "Professor" are immediately justified in expecting to behold a wool-gathering innocent mooning through life, never knowing where he is at, and hopelessly ignorant of the state of his own affections.

These constant playgoers are likely to find themselves wondering how a creature wholly unable to take care of himself ever succeeded in being appointed to a university chair. They wonder furthermore how it is that this pathetic incapable having once "landed his job" is able to "hold it down." And finally the constant playgoers puzzle themselves in the vain effort to discover the special chair which so guileless a professor could fill; and they are ultimately forced to fall back on the only possible professorship for so inexpert a being—the one to which Mark Twain accredits the New Zealander who once was the cause of a Blank Day at Yale. Readers of "Following the Equator" will remember that this visitor was a Professor of Theological Engineering.

Now even in New Zealand, a land of contradictions, no university has yet established a chair of Theological Engineering. How is it that a dear and delightful creature, fit only for this impossible professorship is to be discovered rambling through Barrie's love-story and taking a more or less prominent part in other modern comedies? It is easier to put this question than it is to find the answer; and an investigation of earlier drama affords very little help. In the Italian comedy-of-masks there was a recognized type of professor, speaking the Bolognese dialect, because Bologna was the seat of the most famous of Italian universities. This professor was frankly a pedant, and his mouth was crammed with quotations from the classics; he was a figure of fun, set up to be laughed at. From Italian comedy he wandered into English comedy and into French comedy, and we can find him in Shakspere and in Molière. But this harsh projection, tinted in the primary colors, is not even a first cousin to the gentle and unpedantic figure we find in Barrie's subtler piece.

Other Professions in Other Plays

WHAT gives novelty to the professor in the modern play is that he is a pedagogue who is entirely devoid of pedantry, a teacher whom we should never suspect of teaching unless we were told on the programme and by the other characters that he was by trade an instructor of youth. He is described as belonging to a profession which is known to have easily recognized characteristics and peculiarities—just as all other professions have; and yet he appears before us on the stage entirely devoid of the accredited characteristics of his calling. He stands forth as a professor who never practises the art of professing. Now this is never the method employed by the modern dramatist when he summons before us the members of the other professions.

On the stage the clergyman not only wears the cloth in one form or another, he is not only costumed for the part, he is also made to speak and to act as a minister of the gospel. He may be caricatured but he is not self-contradicted, whether he is one of the bland little curates who meander in and out of a multitude of mild British comediettas or whether he is one of the four vigorously drawn and boldly contrasted bishops whom Mr. Henry Arthur Jones in a recent comedy set over against four equally vigorously drawn and boldly contrasted actor-managers. Humble or lofty, curate or bishop, the clergyman appears in modern comedy as a clergyman; and it is as a clergyman that he functions. That he is a clergyman is his excuse for being; and he is never expected to lay aside his cloth to stand forth merely as a guileless and unworldly man.

The lawyer and the judge are also expected to abound in their own sense and to reveal the bent of their litigious profession. They also may be caricatured, as in the rascally attorney who is the pettifogging agent of the absentee landlord in Boucicault's Irish plays or as the pert and perky

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Lawyer Marks in the theatrical perversion of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Or they may be accredited with all the acumen popularly believed to be the portion of the leaders of the bar, as in the brilliant Queen's Counsel in Mr. Jones's play who unexpectedly finds himself forced to break down Mrs. Dane's Defence. In so far as the lawyer is introduced into modern drama, it is as a lawyer that he is called upon to act. He may be compelled to justify by his contemptible deeds the worst opinion which the ignorant hold or he may be allowed to reveal the noblest qualities of the man who seeks the truth only and who does his best to serve justice; but whether he is villain or hero, he is a lawyer, first, last, and all the time.

And so it is also with the physician. If he strays on the stage, where he is far less frequent than either the lawyer or the minister, he is sent for professionally. He is bidden for a purpose; he is there to cure or to operate or to declare that the case is hopeless. He may be the guardian angel, but it is as a medical man that his wings sprout and that he is seen soaring aloft. He may be a demon of selfishness, but he is ever and always represented as a physician, whether general practitioner or specialist. Even when he is held up to scorn, as he was by Molière more than two centuries ago or as he has been more recently by the lively humorist whom a French critic has rashly hailed as the "Irish Molière" the doctor, whatever his dilemma may be, is a doctor to the bitter end.

Clergyman, lawyer, physician, each and all of them, play their parts in modern plays panoplied with their professional skill. Only the teacher, the professor, is represented as bereft of a profession, unrelated to it, unsustained by it—remote, unfriended, solitary, slow. Only the professor is put into a love-story on the stage so that he may show himself as laughable as he is harmless. In the phrase of Artemus Ward, we may well ask ourselves: "Why is this thus?" And perhaps we Americans may feel ourselves entitled to wonder at this strange fancy of the playwright to represent the professor as a guileless innocent incapable of taking care of himself and unable to see what is going on around him; —we Americans may wonder at this more than other folk, because we cannot help knowing that the man who is now President of the United States was once, and not so long ago, a professor and that the man who was last the President of the United States is now a professor.

IT was with real consternation that the present writer read the extremely interesting and logical article in "The Point of View," entitled "Parsing 'Paradise.'"

Grace and Grammar

The statement that grammar and poetry never did go hand in hand, and never will, and that the practice of illustrating sentence-structure by exquisite quotation is both unscientific and unæsthetic and that, further, it is profoundly unethical, ought to be overwhelmingly convincing, from the pen of so reasonable and ready a writer. And doubtless the dictum should be accepted also that no school-child will ever unconsciously imbibe a love of noble lines by gulping them down as syntax.

It is not safe to forecast the future. Perhaps no school-child ever *will*, but once upon a time the school-child whom the writer knew better than any other *did* find that her path to Paradise largely lay in the suggestions that came to her through the exercises for parsing that bestrewed the pages of her much-worn book of English grammar.

It gives her a slight shudder to think that maybe she was an abnormal child! But the remembrance of torn and bedraggled frocks and of sticky fingers surreptitiously licked, which seem to indicate a natural childhood, gives her courage to believe that there have been others—quite human children—who actually have enjoyed the study of grammar, because of the brightness shed upon its pages by the unscientific, unæsthetic, and unethical radiance of the passages from poems which were to be analyzed and parsed!

Verily, to recite three times over to one's self (in order to make sure that it would go off spontaneously at the critical moment when it might be of practical service in class), "'Eden' is a proper noun, third person, singular number, neuter gender, and objective case, after the preposition through, according to Rule XVI," in no wise dimmed the vision for one youthful student, nor

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hindered her from wondering why they (whoever *they* were!)

> "with wandering steps and slow,
> Through Eden took their solitary way."

In fact, the beauty of the lines so affected her that she actually waded through pages of "Paradise Lost" a little later, in order to re-experience the thrill that had accompanied the reading of them when she had had to parse "way" and "solitary" and "Eden."

What might have happened if we of that well-remembered class in grammar had been required to work our way through the whole of "Paradise Lost" is not certain, but it is certain that the slight inconvenience caused by having to parse the nouns and adjectives and verbs "to be," in the short quotations from the world's great literature which were offered for our dissection, could in no appreciable measure allay the joyous spirit in which we read the lines that enabled us to see visions and dream dreams, and to feel the first conscious response to rhythm.

I opened a thoroughly modern and scientific and ethical grammar the other day, to the page devoted to illustrations of the case of address. "William, please open the door," I read.

There is no reason to doubt that that is a scientific and ethical request, and it surely is couched in irreproachable English, but how about

> "Milton, thou shouldst be living at this hour"?

We could have recited the rule for the case of address and have given its application in either instance, but even the most sluggish brain cells could hardly help responding, in some slight measure, to that arresting call to the great poet, while the Williams who are requested to shut the doors in our grammars are so numerous and so commonplace as to be hardly worth the breath it takes to parse them.

There is no contention, I am aware, that the youth of our day should not be introduced to Milton and Wordsworth in due season and with seemly conventionalities, but I am sorry for the youngsters who have to wait for the years when they may really study poetry as such before they can get even a whiff of the feast that is before them, and to whom the book of grammar, unillumed by any such gleams of radiance as streamed across the pages of ours of an earlier day, must be a dark means of discipline indeed!

The smell of printer's ink still recalls at times the delight that was awakened by a brand-new advanced grammar which was placed in my hands, and upon the pages of which, as I glanced them through, I read (among the exercises that were to be parsed, forsooth):

> "I love the old melodious lays
> Which softly melt the ages through,"

and

> "The gray sea and the long black land,
> And the yellow half-moon large and low."

and

> "I held it truth, with him who sings
> To one clear harp in divers tones,
> That men may rise on stepping stones
> Of their dead selves to higher things."

What if we did have to remember that "which" is a relative pronoun referring to "lays" for its antecedent—the music of those lines kept singing in our brains; and though "gray" and "black" were adjectives in the positive degree, that wonderful marine picture was hung forever on the walls of our memories; and though truth, in the stanza, held some occult relation to the rest of the sentence, there was a sentiment in those lines that stirred our blood.

The statement is doubtless true that any good teacher could find enough examples on an average editorial page to equip any pupil with an unerring precision in regard to the parts of speech, but I must take exception to the clause in the article to which I refer: "But to grammar its place and to poetry its place in the classroom as in life."

I want my poetry with my grammar all the way along. I want a view from the kitchen window by which I wash my breakfast dishes, and I would rather have my children parse the words in

> "Breathes there a man with soul so dead
> Who never to himself hath said,
> 'This is my own, my native land!'"

than in the sentence: "The United States is bounded on the south by Mexico."

By all means let us march to the music of the spheres, even along the dusty highways!

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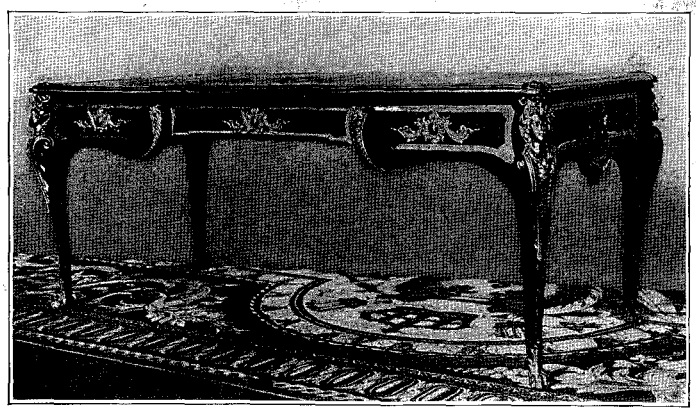
THE FIELD OF ART



Writing-table.
Louis XIV—Regency period.

SOME MISCONCEPTIONS REGARDING FRENCH DECORATIVE ART OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

A SOMEWHAT strange though common impression held by many in regard to French decorative art is that under each succeeding monarch a new fashion in furniture and decoration was suddenly invented. This idea is due to the prevailing habit of affixing the name of a certain king to furniture displaying those lines and motives which are generally supposed to be peculiar to the epoch in question. Thus everything rococo becomes "Louis-Quinze," while all pieces which have been designed on straight lines are at once labelled "Louis-Seize." Nothing could be further from the truth, however, and these very comprehensible errors give one a totally false idea of the dates which coincide with the development, culmination, and decadence of French furniture and decoration during the course of the eighteenth century.

In the case of the art of Louis XIV the use of that monarch's name to designate a very clearly discernible style is far more accurate than in describing those belonging to the succeeding reigns, for it is an undoubted fact that that sovereign's personality dominated even the art of his time, and it is quite permissible and accurate to designate as such all the furniture made from the beginning of the middle period of his reign until some eight or ten years before his death. This uniformity is of course due to the fact that at that time there was a very strict state intervention in art matters and that the establishment of the "Manufacture Royale des Meubles de la Couronne" imprinted on its productions a distinctiveness which resulted in a sense of remarkable unity in all the decorative art of the epoch.

Concerning this period, however, there is to be noted one very wide-spread mistake. This is the popular belief that at the death of the "Roi-Soleil" the art of France underwent a sudden change and, freed from those restrictions which had likewise imposed rules of the strictest etiquette on society, plunged suddenly into a veritable orgy of riotous forms. In the case of the so-called "Style Regence" this last was practically entirely developed before the disappearance of Louis XIV, which fact quite does away with the somewhat absurd theory that French decorative art by its great exuberance denoted at once that feeling of relief with which the court and society are

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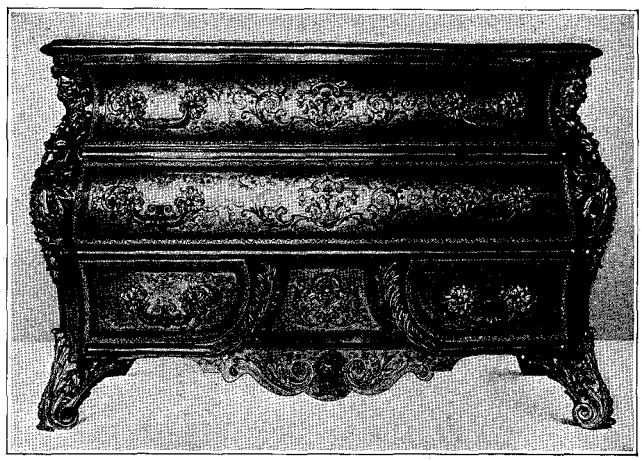
supposed to have greeted the end of the *ancien régime*.

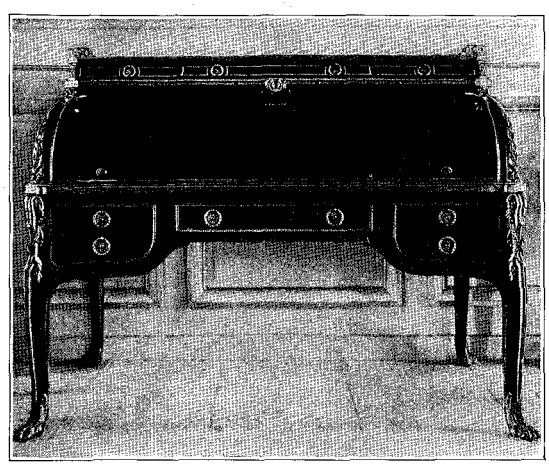
It would be of course extremely difficult to ascertain the exact dates in which a movement in the evolution of forms gave rise to a difference in contour, but it is safe to place the renewed interest in classicism at that date when the excavations of Herculaneum first began seriously to arrest public attention, namely, in the year 1748. This marks the impetus, during the reign of Louis XV, which aided the perfecting of that style which we are accustomed to call that of "Louis-Seize," and it is equally safe to assert that by the year 1765 its forms had been fully mastered and the style had reached its highest point of perfection. By this date the decorative arts, following the lead of the architecture of the time, had once more returned to the principles of Vitruvius, principles which were applied in the making of furniture as well as in the building of houses.



Console.
Style of the latter half of the reign of Louis XIV.

Thus it will be seen that French styles of the eighteenth century should merely be described as forming two classes, that belonging to the first half of the century and that which flourished and finally became decadent during the latter half.

It is also clear that it is an obvious absurdity to imagine that with the accession of a new king or with the advent of an emperor the art of France, or indeed of any other country, could immediately undergo a practically complete transformation, and that, with, as we have seen, the exception of Louis XIV, the French rulers could so strongly have impressed their own personal taste, whatever that might have been, so completely on their subjects as to revolutionize the art of their country. The evolution of French decorative furniture from the middle of the seventeenth century until the end of the following one is, on the contrary, a distinctly slow and logical evolution, naturally somewhat influenced as to details by passing events or discoveries, but developing nevertheless in a progression entirely harmonious and expected. Even the somewhat short-lived but greatly appreciated rococo period never in any way undermined the march of classicism, which, having begun in the first days of the French Renaissance, reached its apotheosis during the reign of Louis XV.



Writing-table with sliding top.
By Riesener, dated 1766. Epoch of Louis XV.

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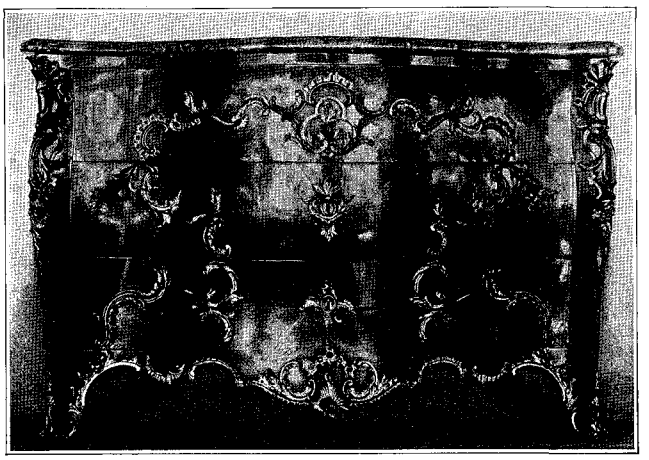
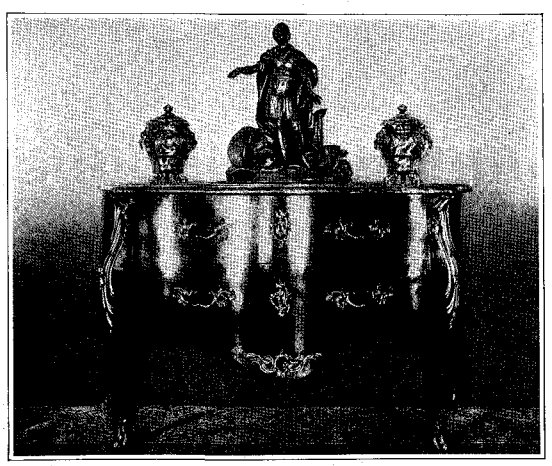
It must be admitted, however, even in the face of the above facts, that the habit of describing styles in interior decoration by using the name of a certain ruler is an extremely convenient method of classification and one which is bound to contain some amount of truth. It has as well become a recognized method, which is used by many authorities, and one which, erroneous as it may be, and particularly so in the case of the eighteenth century, would be found difficult to replace by some more accurate denomination.



Large marquetry commode ornamented with gilt-bronze.
Period of the Regency.

It would be an interesting question, though one attended by many difficulties, to ascertain how many "ébénistes" and decorators (in the latter case invariably architects as well) continue through the years 1715–1799 to design during one reign in a style exactly similar to that which had prevailed in a former one, and also to observe how, as is evident in numerous cases, a piece of furniture which may exhibit all the characteristics supposed to denote a later epoch in reality belongs to an earlier one.

Even a cursory examination reveals the significant fact that the applied or superficial ornament used on furniture was, at a given moment, invariably a herald of structural tendencies to come. The bronzes on the commodes of Cressent, the numerous designs for various details pertaining to objects of domestic use by Caffieri, as well as the treatment of interiors by Oppenordt in the last year of Louis XIV, are as fantastic and extravagant almost as the later chairs and tables of Meissonier themselves became. And, in this same period, it will be found that the most overdecorated and turbulent commodes of Cressent date, not from the years when the Regent was actually in power, but from the time when the serious Maintenon still gave the "ton" to the court of France. Already the Palladian-Rococo compromise, which marked the decoration of the middle period of the reign, had grown into the freer arabesques and curves which, somewhat later, becoming practically independent of an underlying order of construction, as formerly understood, developed into the intricate, fascinating, and illogical "style



Mahogany commode.
First half of the epoch of Louis XV.

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rocaille." Although this last fashion was greatly appreciated during the Regency, it was only natural that many forms which had obtained during the preceding reign still remained in favor, and this is to be particularly noticed in the case of the writing-tables or bureaux which continued to be designed in almost precisely the same manner as under Louis XIV. The most usual form of bronze decoration in this case was the use of human heads supporting the four corners on the table-top, the shoulders emerging from a rococo motif, a treatment distinctive of Louis XIV decoration in its later period and equally popular during the Regency, but which fell into disfavor shortly after Louis XV had assumed the reins of government.

Gilt console.
Made about 1755. Epoch of Louis XV.

We have said that at the death of the creator of Versailles France did not, in breathing a sigh of relief, at once change the aspect of her salons and bedrooms, that a change in the ideas of men did not become suddenly apparent and reflected in the appearance of the inanimate objects within their houses. There was one factor, however, which had been slowly developing, which gradually showed itself in the interior surroundings of those who constituted French society. This was the desire for privacy, the heretofore uncomprehended charm of intimacy.

For centuries the world had progressed, it seems, without the slightest comprehension of the meaning of this word, and it was only after society had expanded into all the brilliancy of a carefully deliberate display that a natural reaction took place and, tired of a fatiguing splendor, it looked toward new retreats in an awakened vision of things. It at last realized the charm of intimacy. Throughout the greater part of the seventeenth century France had witnessed a series of theatrical tableaux, most perfectly arranged, and most of the civilized world had acted as audience to the carefully thought-out entries and exits of its privileged personages. Even the throes of love and its attendant desires and passions seem to have been regulated for the benefit of an admiring populace, and the most customary actions of every-day life had perforce to be performed with noble gestures and pompous amplitude.

So as not to be dwarfed by the splendid decorations of their surroundings, by the gods and goddesses who had found a last Olympus upon the walls and ceilings of French palaces and châteaux, the perhaps less human inhabitants of these sumptuous abodes decked themselves out with the attributes of semi-divinity and walked through life and into death with much more deliberate staginess than was visible in their painted, transplanted deities.

Henry Coleman May.

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THE FINANCIAL WORLD

THE PROBLEM OF OUR GOLD IMPORTATIONS

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES
Financial Editor of the New York *Evening Post*

WHEN the extravagant speculation for the rise—which had prevailed last autumn on almost every stock market and commodity market of the country—was suddenly halted, and was replaced in the closing weeks of the year by a series of extremely violent declines, there were at least four explanations offered. Germany's sudden appeal for peace was the explanation most in vogue. Its reminder to the markets, that reliance on indefinite continuance of "war profits" was precarious, had undoubtedly much to do with the change of attitude. The Federal Reserve Board's much-misunderstood remarks about loans to Europe—whose warning was directed, though too obscurely, to one or two minor operations in which circumstances were peculiar, and not to the more important loans to the powerful Allies—may have had its influence.

But long before either of these occurrences, American bank reserves, on whose plethoric condition the speculative markets had relied for indefinite supplies of credit, were rapidly and heavily reduced.

Reduced Cash Reserves

On December 2, the amount of cash reserve, held by the New York banks in excess of the required percentage to deposits, was reported as only $41,000,000. It contrasted with $125,000,000 barely three months before and with $224,000,000 in the autumn of 1915. This December surplus was by far the smallest reported at any time since our markets emerged from the "war panic" of 1914. As a result, the Wall Street rate for loans repayable on demand (the form in which Stock Exchange borrowings are largely placed) rose on December 4 to 15 per cent, a rate not only nearly double the highest previous figure of war time, but actually above any Wall Street rate since November, 1912, when the Balkan war began.

This action of the money market, it will be observed, involved not only a fundamental influence on the speculative markets, but it introduced wholly new considerations. However much the Stock Exchange may have been taken off its guard by the German peace proposal of December 12, the certainty of eventual termination of the war and the possibility of its early termination had never been absent from the financial mind. But "tight money" and heavily depleted bank reserves had been possibilities so remote as hardly to engage attention.

YET this phase of the situation passed as suddenly as it had arrived. Three weeks of the new year had not elapsed before New York's surplus bank reserve had once more risen above $200,000,000; that excess being larger than any in 1916, and having been itself surpassed in only four weeks (all during 1915) in the whole of our banking history.

Never before had any such violent alternation occurred in the New York bank position as the decrease in surplus reserves, from $124,000,000 on November 4 to $41,000,000 on December 2, and their subsequent increase to $202,400,000 on January 20. There was scarcely more than half as wide a swing, even when our people hid away upward of $200,000,000 cash in the panic of 1907, and then threw it back into bank at the moment when Europe was sending gold to relieve the situation. There had been no "panic" in the autumn of 1916; yet the actual reserve money in the New York bank vaults decreased $86,000,000 between the November and December dates, increasing $176,000,000 in the next seven weeks. To many even of our experienced observers, the thing was a mystery. Yet

Tight Money Soon Passes

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the general principles which dominated the movement can be easily stated.

What Caused the Rapid Changes

IT is true that during the first eleven months of 1916—the period of decreasing New York reserves—import of gold by the United States had reached the enormous sum of $527,000,000. It is also true that during 1915 the New York banks retained a large part of these gold arrivals. But in 1916 came the immensely rapid industrial expansion of the Middle States, the West, and the South. Such expansion has always, even in ordinary times, drawn actual money in great amounts from Eastern institutions. That would happen for three reasons. Active interior trade means rapidly expanding interior bank loans, with larger cash reserves in bank a consequent necessity. Such active trade calls also for very much larger sums of actual cash for hand-to-hand circulation, to provide for the daily purchases of prosperous communities and for the increased weekly or monthly pay-rolls.

If, in addition, as was notably the case last year, prices of merchandise rise to a much higher level, then a proportionately greater amount of credit (and therefore of local bank reserves) is required to conduct a business. New York being the banking centre of the nation, where inland banks keep large balances of their own continually on deposit, it is from New York that the cash for all these purposes is drawn. It was drawn all the more easily, during 1916, because the grain and manufactures sold in such quantity to Europe were in the main produced by inland communities, were largely paid for from the proceeds of European government loans floated in Eastern cities, and therefore gave to the Western markets an exceptionally large New York credit on which to draw.

The reasons why the decrease in New York bank reserves was so particularly heavy in November were, first, that demands on interior bank resources for the "holiday trade" are always the largest of the year, and, second, that gold shipments to New York, on English account, had slackened. The reasons why the subsequent increase in reserves progressed so rapidly were, first, that England sent to our ports through Canada, during December, $157,000,000 gold—by far the largest importation of any month on record—and, second, that with December ended and trade activity relaxing, Western banks began to pour back their reserve money to New York.

The Flood of Gold

THE incident, taken as a whole, throws a somewhat confusing light on the much-discussed question of what the markets call the "incoming flood of gold." That movement has certainly been remarkable enough to disturb the financial brain. During the two years since the flow of European gold to our markets began, at the end of 1914, receipts of the precious metal at American ports reached the prodigious sum of $1,138,000,000. In 1915 we imported $452,000,000 gold; in 1916, $686,000,000. Even the moderate offset of some $160,000,000, sent by us to South American and other markets in the period, was counterbalanced by the two-year production of $200,000,000 new gold from American mines.

The result of this movement, as shown by the government reports, was to increase the stock of gold in the United States by $1,039,000,000 between the end of 1914 and the end of 1916. What these additions meant to the country's money supply may be judged from the fact that the largest gains in that supply during any previous two-year periods were the $205,000,000 increase of 1879 and 1880, when resumption of specie payments drew back great sums of gold which the country had previously lost to Europe, and the $246,000,000 of 1905 and 1906, when we were borrowing heavily in Europe to support at home an enormous trade and speculation. Even if all kinds of currency are included, the increase in our total money supply, since 1914, has been three times as great as in any former period of equal length.

No Precedent in Economic History

NOTHING exactly like this episode has ever before occurred in the economic history of the world. There is precedent enough, to be sure, for large export of gold by a nation at war, especially when its currency had become depreciated. The United States sent $220,000,000 in gold to Europe during the three-year period from the middle of

(Continued on page 56, *following*)

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(Continued from page 388)

1862 to the middle of 1865, although our own mines were then producing less than $50,000,000 a year. But those gold exports were distributed as automatically and naturally among the various foreign markets, in proportion to their trade activities and their monetary needs, as is the gold which goes out in an ordinary commercial movement.

There have also been times when a given country, especially in stress of panic, has grasped at the gold reserves of the outside world and has drawn to its own markets abnormally large sums. The United States did this in the crisis of October and November, 1907, when our market's bid of a 4-per-cent premium on gold, payable in checks on solvent American banks, drew $100,000,000 gold with great suddenness from the bank reserves of Europe. Not only, however, was this a high emergency expedient, but the machinery utilized to effect the importations

(Continued on page 58)

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(Continued from page 56)

was wholly unlike that which has effected our gold imports of 1915 and 1916.

Undoubtedly, in the 1907 episode, the gold was eventually paid for through exports of merchandise, just as the present gold imports are being paid for in war munitions. But, aside from the fact that the gold import of 1907 was a trifle compared with the present movement, the radical difference of circumstances is that, in the panic year, New York was calling desperately for foreign gold in order to save the currency from disorder and the banks from disaster, our circulating medium having been immensely depleted by withdrawals for hoarding purposes. On the present occasion, the foreign gold continued to come in long after any need for increased American bank reserves had apparently disappeared, and long after any peril to our currency had been averted. Furthermore, it poured into our markets in such quantity that before many months even Wall Street, which of all things usually desires abundant bank reserves to support enlarged demands for credit, began to talk of the gold import movement as involving grave danger to our own financial system.

Strange Ideas of Finance

THE abnormal character of the incident has produced some strange economic ideas, which have been set forth gravely to the general public, often by responsible financiers. Incidentally, it has shattered completely a notion long prevalent on financial markets. From time to time in past years—even in official reports by secretaries of the United States Treasury—the proposition has been urged for creating an international gold reserve, to be kept at some one or more designated points, to be managed by a commission of international bankers, and to be made a basis for gold certificates current in all the markets of the world. By this machinery, it was argued, the costly and wasteful process of shipping gold back and forth between markets of the various nations might be avoided, and great economy in international finance be effected.

Whether such a plan is destined ever to achieve success, in some changed era of international relations, it will have to be admitted that the incidents of 1914, the rupture of financial as well as political

(Continued on page 60)

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35 years without loss to any investor.

(Continued from page 58)

relations between the great European states, the seizure of banks in one country by the soldiers of another, the suspension of gold payment on their currency by a majority of the great belligerents, can hardly have advanced its prospects of immediate acceptance. What, for instance, would have happened to $100,000,000 or so in gold deposited at Berlin, to which London had a claim through certificates issued against it and held in England? What would have happened to a similar amount lodged at London to the credit of Berlin?

This old proposition has been forgotten in the rush of events during the present war. It has been replaced, however, by several far more peculiar economic suggestions. The first of these was the notion, which became prevalent last year, that our own financial and business organism was threatened with ruin through this huge accumulation of gold. The idea seemed to be, first, that increase in our money supply through these gold imports was raising the cost of living at an abnormal rate, and, second, that the rapid expansion of bank reserves was encouraging reckless speculation both in stocks and in commodities, thereby making inevitable hardship to consumers and an ultimate overwhelming collapse.

Gold Imports Discouraged by Scandinavia and Holland

THE idea of such immediately impending consequences was greatly encouraged by news that the state banks of Scandinavia and Holland were discouraging gold imports to those countries, contrary to all previous experience. That action, however, has been much misunderstood and its purport greatly exaggerated. The actual motive for it was officially explained in last year's annual report by the president of the Bank of the Netherlands, which set forth that the abnormal war conditions had "created new inducements to foreign countries for financing gold via the Netherlands when occasion offered, the proceeds of which would benefit foreign countries"; that the Dutch Bank would thereby "have become a tool in the hands of foreign arbitrage agents, in transactions for which the bank would not directly have rendered its assistance if it had been asked to do so." There-

(Continued on page 62)

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The profits for the year ending June 30, 1916, as reported by Price, Waterhouse & Co., were over $884,000.

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(Continued from page 60)

fore, the report continued, the bank "had made the stipulation that the causes and purposes of such gold consignments should first be clearly and fully explained before the bank would be prepared to purchase," and that "whenever the bank considered that there was insufficient ground for such purchase of gold, it refused to do so." Clearly, the motives thus set forth were political as well as financial, and in spite of the attitude thus taken, the same report pointed out that from $120,000,000 at the end of March, 1915, the bank's reserve of gold had risen by the end of last October to $242,000,000.

Statement by Our Federal Reserve Board

NO such objection as that referred to by the Dutch Bank could have arisen in connection with the American imports of gold, concerning whose occasion, source, nature, and purpose no doubt whatever has existed. In a public statement of last November, the Federal Reserve Board made this official declaration:

"The Board does not share the view, frequently expressed of late, that further importations of large amounts of gold must of necessity prove a source of danger or disturbance to this country. That danger, the Board believes, will arise only in case the inflowing gold should remain uncontrolled and be permitted to become the basis of undesirable loan expansions and of inflation. There are means, however, of controlling accessions of gold by proper and voluntary co-operation of the banks."

And to this the Advisory Council of bankers, which confers with the Federal Reserve Board, added their formal opinion that "there are no dangers that need come from further importations of gold in settlement of our heavy trade balances, provided proper methods are employed to control the gold and to prevent undue expansion. The consensus of opinion is that a general adherence to a policy of prudence and conservatism would be the surest means of maintaining our present prosperous conditions."

THE second notion which gained vogue as a result of our huge gold imports was more fantastic. It was, that the belligerent governments, in view of this

(Continued on page 64)

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(Continued from page 62)

country's absorption of so great a part of the world's gold supplies and in view of their own financial strain, would deliberately demonetize gold when war was over, leaving the American accumulations, from an international point of view, a mere heap of dead leaves in the bankers' hands. The question asked, by any one interested enough in this fanciful idea to ask questions at all, would naturally be: If the Allies, or belligerent Europe as a whole, propose to demonetize gold as the standard of value, what would they substitute for it? The experience of the last half-century might suggest silver as an answer. But a silver standard would not help post-bellum Europe; because, while the belligerent governments, through their state banks, now hold more gold than they did in the middle of 1914 (despite the losses on export) their holdings of silver coin have been heavily reduced.

Another Fantastic Idea About Gold

All European markets have been drained of silver, against whose hoarding or export, unlike gold, few barriers have been imposed. The Bank of France at the end of 1916 held only $58,500,000 silver coin, as against $125,000,000 in 1914; the Bank of Germany, $4,000,000, against $11,000,000; whereas the gold reserve at the Bank of France at the end of last December had increased $187,000,000 since the war began, to $1,000,000,000, while the Bank of Germany's gold reserve had risen $100,000,000 to $629,000,000. The Bank of Russia holds to-day nearly fifteen times as much gold as it holds of silver, and the reserve against the $158,000,000 Bank of England notes and the $700,000,000 war-time currency notes of England is entirely in gold.

But if gold, though demonetized, were not to be replaced by silver as a standard, then what would be the substitute? Suspension of gold payment on notes of a bank or government does not demonetize gold; it makes both the markets and the governments so much more eager to get the standard money that they bid a premium for gold. To say that the gold standard had, under such conditions, been replaced by a "paper standard" would be to make an assertion which is meaningless—save possibly for the very

(Continued on page 66)

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(Continued from page 64)

commonplace meaning that debts, prices, and wages were now reckoned in a currency which was not worth its face in gold.

Gold Will Be Exchanged for Commodities

THE third notion which held the stage, in this series of eccentric theories regarding our gold import, was the suggestion that such accumulations were both evil and dangerous because we should lose them again when war was over. That result is possible. No one denies that the more gold we accumulate during the war, the larger will be our conceivable exports when surrounding circumstances change. But nobody knows how much our markets will be called upon to export, even after war, or whether the process will be inconvenient. One thing is certain—that whatever we do send back from our wartime hoards, it will go in exchange for something else which is equally or more valuable to us. A once very celebrated English economist of the early Victorian period, Professor Senior, stoutly contended that it was better to export gold than to import it, because by sending it abroad the country would get merchandise which the people could use for their individual comforts, instead of gold which could not be used at all except by parting with it.

The grain of truth in the theory last set forth lay in the possibility that our banks and bankers might become so used to our enormously increased stock of gold that all bank credits and bank loans would be adjusted to it; so that extensive decrease in this gold reserve through export, especially if its occurrence were sudden, would compel disastrous curtailment of commercial and financial credits. That, however, is a possibility which must always arise after every period of expanding economic power, suddenly enlarged export trade, and consequent import of foreign gold in unusual quantity, with resultant increase of bank reserves. The situation which has been created in the United States since 1914 differs only in degree, and not in kind, from the situation created in the two or three years after resumption of specie payments in 1879, and after formal adoption of the gold standard in 1900—both of those episodes having (like the episode of the

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European war) been accompanied in this country by unprecedentedly abundant harvests, in the face of foreign shortage, and by large increase of our money supply through gold importations.

Reaction and Forward Movement

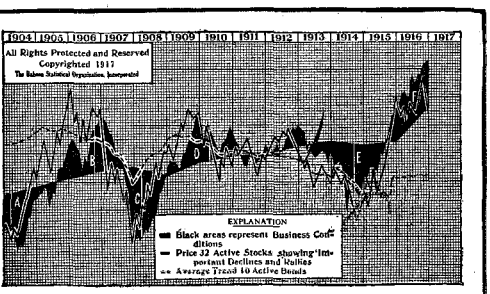
ON both of the earlier occasions, the ending of the period was marked by economic reaction in this country, due to the striking of too fast a pace in expansion of home credit; but that reaction was as invariably followed by another forward movement in American economic prestige and prosperity. To what extent, in the present instance, we shall be preserved from the shock of reaction through the enormous fund of European obligations which our markets have accumulated since 1914 is a question much debated. It depends, no doubt, very largely on our own self-restraint at home. But even that consideration leaves the question open, how belligerent Europe has been able to spare such prodigious sums of gold, and what will be her own financial condition as a consequence.

The striking fact about this $1,138,000,000 import of gold, during 1915 and 1916, was that $960,000,000 of it came from England, either directly or through Canada. It represented Great Britain's financing of the foreign war requirements, both of herself and of her Allies. But where did London get possession of any such sum in gold? During the two-year period the gold reported as held by the Bank of England decreased $76,000,000, and that of the Imperial Bank of Russia by nearly $50,000,000. But this is far from accounting for the huge sum sent to the United States; and, moreover, the gold owned by the Bank of France increased $187,000,000.

The Transvaal Mines

THE explanation is not wholly difficult. English investors own the Transvaal gold-mines, which have produced $390,000,000 gold in the two-year period. Under ordinary conditions, the new gold thus produced is shipped to England, either to be retained there or to be distributed elsewhere as financial and commercial needs prescribe. There can be no doubt that, since 1914, all of this African gold output has been sent direct to Canada; whence it was forwarded, as

(Continued on page 68)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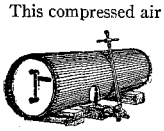

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(Continued from page 67)

needed, to the United States. In years of peace, a good part of the Transvaal gold went into English circulation or English bank reserves. How it has been so readily dispensed with for such uses, on the present occasion, is explained by the fact that England's special war-time paper currency, against which a reserve of only 19 per cent in gold is at present held, increased $550,000,000 between the end of 1914 and the end of 1916.

Furthermore, the Bank of France has at intervals been placing at the disposal of English bankers part of the new gold obtained from the French people in exchange for bank-notes. A year ago, the Bank reported no gold reserve except what was held at home. Last year it introduced a new item into its weekly reports, calling it "gold abroad." By the end of 1916 this account (whose deduction from the total gold holdings would have left for the whole reserve a decrease for the year) was reported as $338,000,000. There can be no doubt that it represented a gold fund established, probably in Canada, to the credit of the Bank, but on which drafts for export to the United States could be made. How much has been similarly drawn from the $770,000,000 gold fund of the Bank of Russia is less clear.

How the Readjustment Will Be Made

THESE known circumstances show what has actually happened. France and England have largely drained their home circulations of gold and have sent part of the proceeds to this country. It is much the same process as has occurred in belligerent nations during other long and costly wars—though managed this time with expert precision, instead of leaving the movement to be regulated wholly by the depreciation in exchange rates and the premium on gold. There can be no doubt whatever that, when peace returns, these nations will endeavor to draw back gradually to their own markets, with a view to restoring normal conditions in the currencies, a good part of the gold with which the American markets have been deluged.

It is as little open to doubt that the United States will meet these economic requirements of financial Europe, subject always to its own legitimate needs for gold at home. The reassuring fact in this part of the outlook is, that the gold export from America after war will be as carefully supervised and regulated by competent public authority as has been the gold export from Europe to America. No question at the present moment is engaging greater practical attention and discussion, in the strongest financial quarters, than the question of perfecting the already highly serviceable machinery, whereby the Federal Reserve Board will be able to direct, and within reasonable bounds control, that movement.

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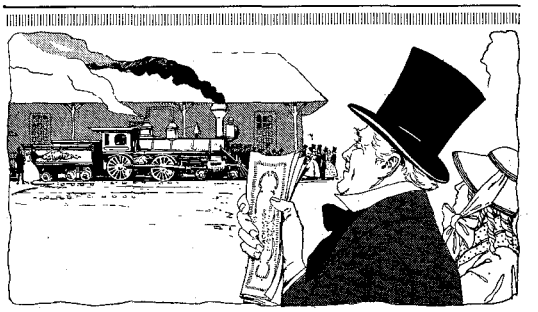

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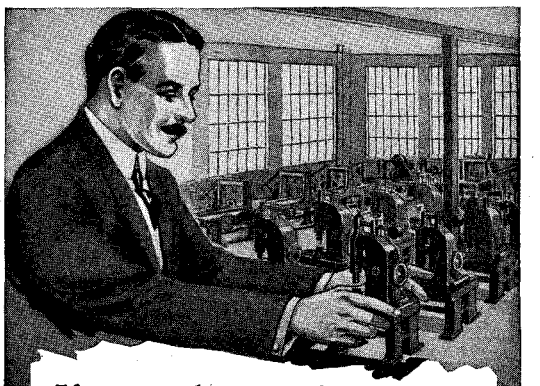

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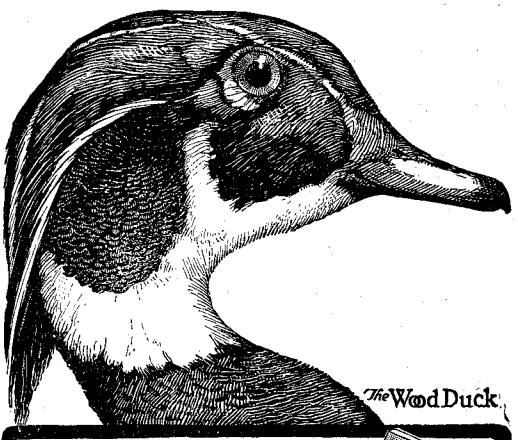

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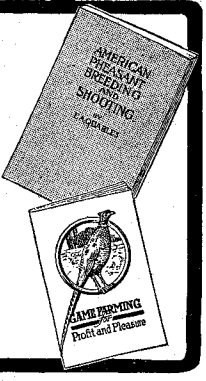

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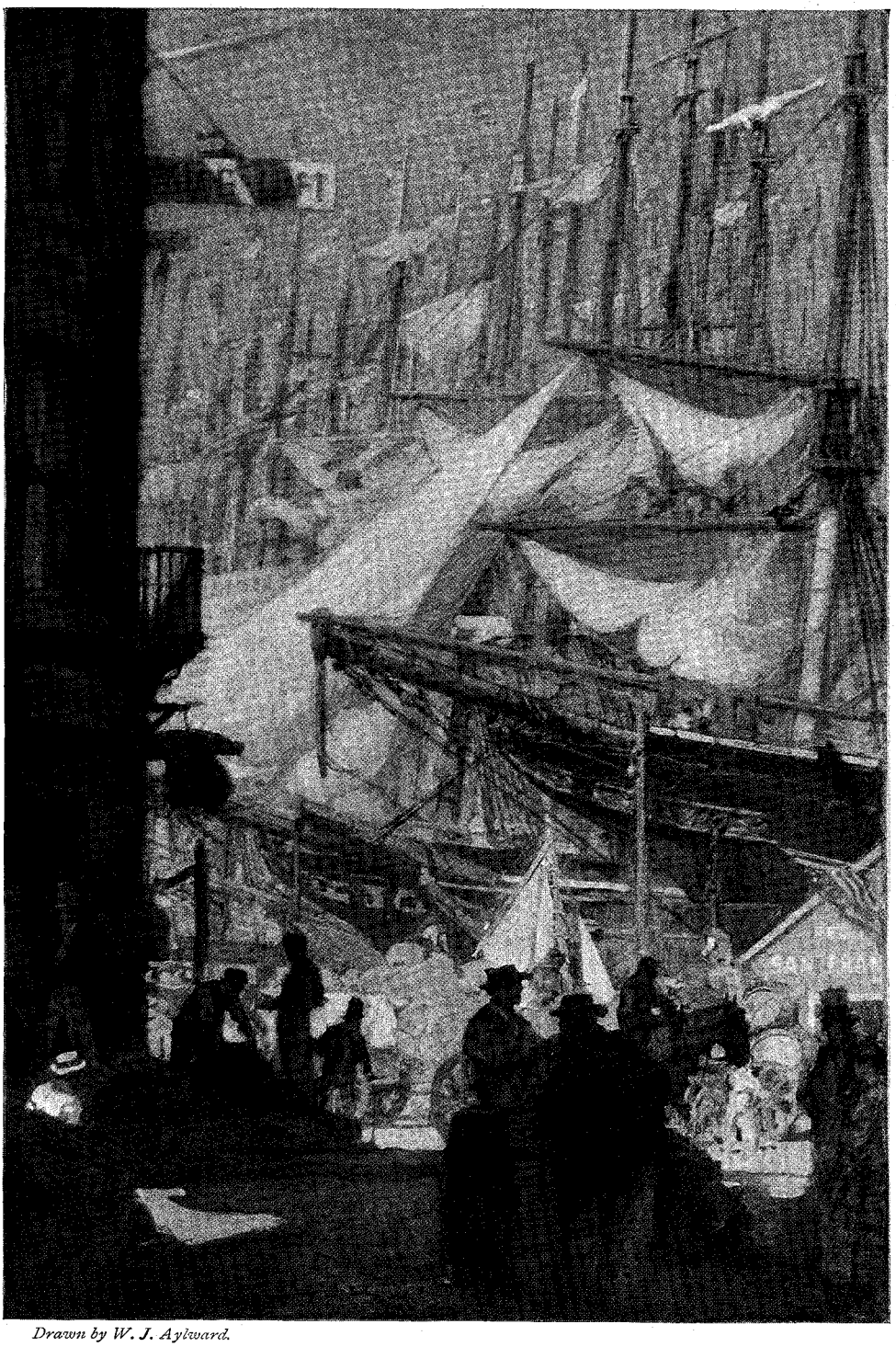

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